

Time's Telescope

FOR

1829;

OR,

A Complete Guide to the Almanack:

CONTAINING AN EXPLANATION

OF

Saints' Days and Holidays;

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF BRITISH HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES,
EXISTING AND OBSOLETE RITES AND CUSTOMS,

SKETCHES OF COMPARATIVE CHRONOLOGY,

AND

CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES

IN EVERY MONTH,

INCLUDING REMARKS ON THE PHENOMENA OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES;

AND

THE NATURALIST'S DIARY;

EXPLAINING THE VARIOUS

APPEARANCES IN THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOMS.

With numerous Engravings on Wood,

From Drawings by Eminent Artists.

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY.

London:

[illegible]

20, Paternoster Row.

1829.

Compton & Ritchie Printers, Middle Street, Cloth Fair, London.

Description *of the* Frontispiece.

THE charming picture, of which our artist has given so admirable a copy, was painted by David Teniers the younger, *a pupil of his father and of Adrian Brauwer. This piece appears to have come from the easel of the master when his touch and composition had reached the period of their most refined delicacy and greatest facility: it is full of character, and is valuable as being free from any of that grossness which too frequently intrudes itself into his exquisite productions. The original picture is about 7 inches by 10: Le Bas, who engraved it in 1739, has oddly enough, christened it* 'Solitude,' *and subjoined the following verses:—*

> De la tranquillité séjour délicieux,
> Lieu champêtre et désert, vous enchantez mes yeux
> Et de vivre chez vous tout m'inspire l'envie,
> Mais mon plus grand plaisir, ce seroit d'écouter
> Ces trois graves docteurs qui me semblent traiter
> Des plus sublimes points de la philosophie.

David Teniers the younger was born at Antwerp, in the year 1610: he obtained the sobriquet *of the 'Ape of Painting;' for there was no style but what he imitated so exactly, as to deceive even the nicest judges. He improved very much on the talents and merit of his father; and his reputation introduced him to the favour of the great. The Archduke Leopold-William made him gentleman of his bedchamber; and all the pictures*

of his gallery were copied by Teniers, and engraved by his direction. Don John of Austria, and the King of Spain, set so great a value on his pictures, that they built a gallery on purpose for them. Prince William of Orange honoured him with his friendship; Rubens esteemed his works, and assisted him with his advice. His principal talent was in landscapes with small figures. He painted men drinking and smoking, chemists, elaboratories, country fairs, &c. His small figures are superior to his large ones. The distinction between the works of the father and the son is, that in the pictures of the latter you discover a finer touch and a fresher pencil, greater choice of attitudes, and a better disposition of figures. David Teniers the younger died at Antwerp, in the year 1694, at the age of eighty-four.



Advertisement.

IN the present volume, we have not contented ourselves with pursuing the beaten path in which we have travelled since the year 1814; *but, in compliance with the growing taste for* ornamental illustration, *we have embellished our work with a highly finished engraving of an exquisite cabinet picture, by* David Teniers the young: *and with numerous* wood-cuts, *after drawings from nature by eminent artists, which, we trust, will prove acceptable to our readers. We need only point to the figures of* British birds and fishes, *as an evidence of our anxiety to merit a share of that patronage so liberally bestowed upon the very attractive* Annuals *that have sprung up, in the garden of knowledge, since we commenced our successful career.*

We do not intend, however, by the introduction of engravings, *to attempt a competition with the splendid and showy works now so universally distributed over the four quarters of the globe; but we confidently hope that our ornamental deficiencies will be amply compensated by the entertaining variety, and* general information, *to be found in our miscellaneous volume: and that, in this point of view,* Time's Telescope *will be considered an eligible keepsake for such as would rather mix the* useful *with the agreeable, than* voler de fleur en fleur, *in pur-*

suit of those various objects of admiration which never fail to delight, but which seldom contribute to the instruction of the youthful inquirer.

Our Telescope *is, as usual, enwreathed with ' a fresh-blowing garland' of some of the sweetest flowers of* poesy, *culled, with no sparing hand, from the wide-spread garden of the British Muse; and when we record the names of* Joanna Baillie, Mary Anne Browne, Felicia Hemans, L. E. L., Eliza Rennie, Mrs. Richardson, *and* Jane Taylor; *of Messrs.* Bayley, Blanchard, Bowring, Coleridge, Barry Cornwall, Cunningham, Darley, Delta of Blackwood's Magazine, Hood, *the* Howitts, Kennedy, Knight, Malcolm, Robert Montgomery, Pringle, D. L. Richardson, Horace Smith, Watts, Wiffen, *and* Wordsworth,—*our readers, we trust, will consider our selection of ornamental plants of this class quite equal to any annual show in the kingdom.*

London, Nov. 18, 1828.

Notices of Time's Telescope.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1814 *(third edition)*, containing a POPULAR VIEW OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, the CALENDAR OF JULIUS CÆSAR, and METEOROLOGICAL REMARKS, with Twelve descriptive Engravings on Wood.

'This work contains a great variety of very useful information, conveyed in a most pleasing manner. We cannot hesitate to pronounce that it will be popular. It deserves to be so; and it has too many attractions, for every kind of taste, to be overlooked. It will form a delightful as well as instructive present for young persons at Christmas.'—*British Critic for December* 1813.

'We cheerfully give to Time's Telescope our warmest recommendation as a pleasing and *safe* book for the rising generation.'—*Eclectic Review for February* 1814.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1815 *(second edition)*, with an Introduction containing the PRINCIPLES OF ASTRONOMY, and an Account of the FASTS AND FESTIVALS OF THE JEWS.

'We never met with a compilation better calculated for the use of families, and to serve as a portable companion for young persons, than this elegant little volume, which abounds with valuable information on subjects of general interest, and with a pleasing variety of rational entertainment. The book is written in a popular style, the articles are selected with great judgment from the best authorities; and while the scientific illustrations tend to quicken curiosity, the reflections interspersed with the extracts, occasionally given from the most charming of our poets, will increase the delight afforded by contemplating the works of nature, and raise the mind to a devout admiration of the Divine Author.'—*New Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1815.

'The work before us supplies accurate though popular, instruction on a variety of topics. It is written in a correct and tasteful style, enlivened by many exquisite quotations from the poets of the day; and is interspersed with such reflections as flow naturally from the conviction that knowledge, to be extensively beneficial, either to its possessor or to others, must be purified by religion, manifested in benevolence, and consecrated to God.'—*Eclectic Review for Feb.* 1815.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1816, with an Introduction containing the ELEMENTS OF BOTANY, a Description of BRITISH FOREST TREES, and a HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY.

'Time's Telescope is compiled with skill and judgment, and contains much desirable miscellaneous information, and many interesting and instructive sketches, particularly on some parts of Natural History. We recommend this work to the attention of our juvenile readers, who will find it an agreeable and instructive companion.'—*Monthly Review for November* 1816.

Notices of Time's Telescope.

'We are glad to see that the Editors of this useful work find encouragement to continue it annually, and that the articles it contains increase in their interest.'—*Gentleman's Magazine for August* 1816.

'A very entertaining and useful compendium of multifarious lore.' —*Eclectic Review for January* 1817.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1817, with an Introduction containing the PRINCIPLES OF ZOOLOGY, SKETCHES OF COMPARATIVE CHRONOLOGY, and *General Index to the first four Volumes*.

'We have already noticed the preceding volume of this amusing and instructive performance; and we have now little to add to or deduct from the encomiums which we deemed it our duty to pass on the contents of that part; the plan being still the same, and the execution and arrangement as nearly as possible on the same model. We shall not consider it as requisite for us to continue our report of this annual publication.'—*Monthly Review for August* 1817.

'There is in this volume an excellent Introduction [illegible] Principles of Zoology," quite *studded* with poetical citations; [illegible] copious index is added to the whole series. In point of quantity and quality, indeed, the present is fully equal, if not superior, to any of the preceding volumes; and our readers will not readily find a more attractive "*New Year's Present*" for their juvenile friends, which, while it acquaints them with the pleasing wonders of Nature, teaches them, at the same time, that all these "are but the varied GOD."—*Gentleman's Magazine for December* 1816.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1818, with an Introduction containing the OUTLINES OF GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.

'We cordially recommend this volume to the attention of persons of every age and taste, but particularly to the enquiring youth of both sexes.'—*Antijacobin Review for December* 1817.

'Time's Telescope for 1818 deserves the same praise, and is entitled to the same support and encouragement, which the former volumes have received from the public.'—*British Critic for December* 1817.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1819, with an Introduction containing a COMPENDIUM OF CHEMISTRY, and a Description of BRITISH FRUIT TREES.

'While this annual companion and guide retains the respectable character which now belongs to it, no parlour window, school room, or private study, can well dispense with its presence.'—*New Monthly Magazine, Feb.* 1819.

'Time's Telescope presents us with a new view of the ensuing year. To give variety to an almanack has long been considered as impossible; yet this ingenious little work, by means of recent or passing events, by an appropriate new selection of Poetical Illustrations, and by a new Introduction, offers an amusing novelty, without departure from its original plan.'—*Literary Gazette, Dec.* 12, 1818.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1820, with an Introduction containing the OUTLINES OF ENTOMOLOGY.

'TIME, not the world's Time, with wings besprinkled with cards, dice, and "at homes,"—but the Time of the Astronomer, the Naturalist, and the Historian, again opens his annual *Magazin des Noveautés;* and we can safely assure those who may wish to become purchasers, that all the articles in this literary bazaar are well selected, and of the first quality This pleasing volume is well adapted for Schools, either as a class-book, or the reward of merit.'—*Gentleman's Magazine, Dec* 1819

'We hail with pleasure the annual re-appearance of Time's Telescope, which presents, in an easy, popular style, with judicious arrangement, clear and copious illustrations of almost every day in the Calendar, not only in regard to Saints' Days and Holidays, but also memorable events of the earliest times down to the passing year. The Naturalist's Diary for each month is interesting to all classes, for the specific information it contains as well as for the pleasing view it affords of God's Providence at all seasons. He who takes up this little volume must be wiser, and perhaps *better*, before he lays it down.'—*Sun, Jan.* 18, 1820.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1821, with an Introduction containing the ELEMENTS OF BRITISH ORNITHOLOGY.

'TIME flies so rapidly, that a *Telescope* becomes necessary to look at him when past, and is not less amusing to examine him as he approaches. *Time* also is that which we can never *reform*, but still we may improve it· and if it be a mark of wisdom to make the most of our time, it must be allowed that the Editor of the work before us has equally succeeded; for he has not only improved the past to make it useful for the present, but has also made the most of the future, by showing that *almost every day in the year is good for something*. He who wishes to know why one day is more remarkable than another? Why he must eat mince-pies at Christmas, or Pancakes on Shrove Tuesday? Why he must eat goose at Michaelmas, or be made a goose of on All-Fools-Day?—he who wishes to turn his Telescope on human events, or on the Heavens;—he who wishes to be directed, agreeably to the season, in his observations of nature, enlivened and illustrated by apt quotations from our best poets; or who, in short, wishes to know what time *was* and *will* be, cannot fail of gratifying his curiosity by a reference to this useful little parlour-window book. It has been before the public for some years, and is now considerably improved in arrangement, as well as in quantity; so that those possessed of former volumes will find that the present

is far from being a twice-told tale. In short, we wish it, and our readers, a happy new year!'—*Sun, December* 20, 1820

'To young persons, either in town or country, this volume will be very acceptable, as it will furnish them, in one case, with much novel and amusing instruction; and in the other, will prove an agreeable guide to many of those pursuits which are the peculiar charm of a country residence. We know not any publication of a similar nature in which there is a better union of pleasure and amusement.'—*Monthly Magazine, January and July* 1821.

'Time's Telescope blends something of the character which belongs to the Literary Pocket Book with that of a general Almanack, but at the same time possessing features different from either of these and peculiar to itself, and being altogether much more useful and compendious than both.'—*Baldwin's London Mag.*, *Feb.* 1821.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1822 (*2d edition*), with an Introduction containing OUTLINES of CONCHOLOGY.

'We should have called this work *Time's Kaleidoscope* instead of Time's Telescope, for at every turn of a page it presents the reader with a new and agreeable combination of form, colour, and material; but, while it resembles, it also surpasses that curious instrument, inasmuch as its express object and tendency is to blend instruction with amusement, and to make the one as attractive as the other. We observe that the pages of this useful miscellany are diligently enriched from the leading publications of the times, which are referred to in a manner honourable to the parties quoting them, and valuable to readers who may wish additional information on the subjects thus brought to their notice. Taken altogether, Time's Telescope is one of the best productions to be put into the hands of youth which our teeming press sends forth. It leads by easy roads to improving studies, it is exceedingly various, it is full of hints for thinking, and it is honest and unprejudiced. From the child of five years of age to the mature of fifty, it will afford both entertainment and intelligence.'—*Literary Gazette, Dec.* 1, 1821.

'To look back with advantage, and forward with pleasure, is the sum and substance of human happiness. Fortunate is he who can do so, and still more fortunate is he who has this little work to assist him in his retrospect and prospect, thereby giving an additional value to the time present. Whatever his pursuit, however multifarious his researches, he cannot fail of finding here both information and amusement, united to a degree of novelty and variety by no means to be expected in an annual publication of this kind. In this selection, good taste is evident, recapitulation has been avoided as far as possible, without omitting necessary information; whilst the author, without seeming to infringe in the slightest degree upon its contemporary utility, has with ingenious propriety rendered it specifically adapted to its place in the regular series of which it forms the ninth volume.'—*New Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1822.

See also *Monthly Magazine for January* 1822, *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, No. I, Vol. I, N. S.; *Arliss's Pocket Magazine, December* 1821.

Notices of Time's Telescope.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1823 ***(second edition),*** with an Introduction on the HABITS, ECONOMY, and USES of BRITISH INSECTS.

'We are acquainted with no annual work which has united so many suffrages in its favour as Time's Telescope. The present publication does not derogate from the character of its predecessors, but is indeed an agreeable and instructive miscellany.'—*Literary Gazette, December* 7, 1822.

'This publication will convey, to young persons of intelligence and education, much entertaining and useful information, without that corrupting admixture of unsound principles, or improper allusions, by which so large a portion of the current literature of our times is unhappily debased.'—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, Jan.* 1823.

'We have now had the gratification of approving the design and execution of this useful annual work for ten succeeding years; and can safely assert that the present volume is inferior to none of its predecessors. Novelty has been so studiously considered, that each volume is almost entirely a new work. The poetical selections are numerous and judiciously introduced.'—*Gentleman's Magazine, December* 1822.

'The sustained excellence and improving reputation of this agreeable and highly useful series, afford a gratifying illustration of the extent, depth, and richness, of the resources of English literature; and of the sure reward which attends the exercise of industry and judgment in exploring them. The present volume fully supports the character of its predecessors; and saying this, we are not aware that we could give it a higher praise.'—*St. James's Chronicle, December* 10, 1822.

'Of all the annual publications of the present day, numerous as they are, there is not one that we long so much to see as Time's Telescope; for there is none, from which, in times past, we have derived greater pleasure and profit. Its reputation is now so fully established, that it stands in no need of any recommendation from us, or it should certainly have it. We scarcely know a work in which the *utile* and the *dulce* are more happily blended.'—*New Evangelical Magazine, December* 1822.

'We have repeatedly recommended this work to our readers, who have a taste for scientific studies. The present volume contains a vast variety of interesting matter.'—*Supplement to Evangelical Magazine for* 1822.

'If the times are not better, still it must be owned that their Telescope is improving annually. Indeed, we think this little work deserves peculiar credit for its constant variety, whilst still preserving the original plan on which it started.'—*New Monthly Magazine, December* 1822.

'For the tenth time we meet this truly interesting compilation, which seems to improve with every recurring year, and may be justly said to afford a high intellectual treat to all who possess a *love for literature and science.* ***We know not a volume, indeed,***

even in the present productive state of the Periodical Press, which is so well calculated as this, to excite in the youthful and ingenuous mind a vivid and durable impression of the value of time, and of the beauty, sublimity, and utility, of the mighty works of God. It is evidently the production of a man of great ingenuity and research; for he has contrived, notwithstanding an apparent necessity for repetition in some of the details, to give to each succeeding volume, and through every department of its contents, the charm of variety and the impress of novelty; a result which he has been enabled to obtain through a very happy use of the almost inexhaustible treasures which are to be found in the mines of Philosophy and Natural History, in the delightful stores of Biography and Literary Anecdote, and in the curious *minutiæ* of Manners, Customs, and Superstitions. With these he has mingled copious and judiciously selected illustrations from our best poets, living as well as dead; a feature in the work which stamps it with a lively and endearing interest, and which appears, indeed, in the volume before us, with singular attractions for our Suffolk readers, as it includes some highly finished effusions from the moral pen of one who resides amongst them (Mr. B. Barton), and who, whether regarded as a poet or a man, may be correctly said to reflect honour, not only on the sect to which he more peculiarly belongs, but on the country which has given him birth.'—*Suffolk Chonicle, December* 14, 1822.

See also *Morning Post, Dec.* 19, 1822; *Courier, Dec.* 24, 1822; *John Bull, Dec.* 27, 1822; *Ladies' Museum, June* 7, 1823; *Bell's Messenger, Dec.* 29, 1823; *Literary Chronicle, Dec.* 7, 1822; *London Journal of Arts, &c. Dec.* 1822; *Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1823; *Monthly Censor, March* 1823; *Arliss's Pocket Magazine (Supplement), Dec.* 1822, *&c. &c. &c.*

TIME'S TELESCOPE for **1824**, with an Introduction containing OUTLINES of HISTORICAL and PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, by T. MYERS, LL.D.—*Prefixed to this Volume is a Medallion Portrait of Captain Parry, engraved by* Charles Heath.

'Time's Telescope is really so meritorious a work, that we cannot refuse it the meed of a willing gift,—unfeigned praise. Like its ten predecessors, this eleventh annual volume is an entertaining and well-selected miscellany from the good things of past literature, together with original productions of congenial character.'—*Literary Gazette, Nov.* 20, 1823.

'This useful and agreeable little work, which is at once an *annual* and a *perennial* in the garden of periodical literature, has now reached the eleventh year of its revival, and yet still appears under a new aspect. It is "another yet the same"—"an old friend with a new face"—and yet the better, instead of the worse on that account.'—*New Monthy Magazine, Jan.* 1, 1824.

'We have more than once noticed the former volumes of this very agreeable miscellany, and we must do the ingenious Editor the jus-

tice to repeat, that his eleventh volume is by no means inferior in point of merit or variety to its predecessors. The work is, indeed, kept up with great spirit, and no pains have been spared to render it as useful as it is entertaining.'—*Eclectic Review, Jan.* 1, 1824.

'This work displays the same pleasing variety as was exhibited in the former volumes. It is one of those delightful books which is always welcome to us.'—*Literary Chronicle, Nov.* 29, 1823.

'The number of Time's Telescope for the ensuing year is quite equal to its predecessors: there is no work of the kind with which we are acquainted, that contains such a variety of apposite and interesting matter: it is a work at once remarkable for ingenuity and industry.'—*Times, Nov.* 22, 1823.

'We do not hesitate to pronounce the plan of this work a "felicitous conception;" but as it is much easier to plan than to execute, we must do the Editor the justice to say, that he deserves unqualified praise for industrious research and judicious selection. The numerous poetical flowers, with which it is both ornamented and enriched, evince the purity of his literary and moral taste Like the bee, he has roved abroad and at home, collecting his treasures from the rich blossoms in the cultivated garden, and the wild flowers in the pathless desert; always, with becoming candour and modesty, acknowledging the field from whence he culled his sweets; by which, those who are pleased with his banquet, know the sources from which he catered. He deserves still higher praise, for the pure and exalted strain of rational piety which pervades the work; the sublime notions of the Great First Cause, which are every where inculcated; and throughout the whole an obvious tendency to render the wisdom and goodness of the Deity conspicuous, in his works of creation and providence. *In all schools and seminaries of education, where English books are awarded as prizes for meritorious application, Time's Telescope should have a place among those distributed; and we have no hesitation in saying, that, nine times out of ten, it would be highly esteemed.*'

'This annual repository is replete with useful and pleasing historical and antiquarian illustrations of the Calendar.'—*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, art. CALENDAR.

'*C'est le onzieme volume d'un ouvrage qui se publie annuellement sous ce titre. Un choix bien fait des meilleurs morceaux de litterature qui ont paru dans l'année, et quelques productions originales qui ne manquent pas de merite, recommandent ce livre aux lecteurs curieux de suivre et de comparer les progrès que font les Anglais dans les belles-lettres avec ceux de leurs voisins.*' — Revue Encyclopedique, Août 1824.

See also *Gentleman's Magazine, Dec.* 1823; *Wesleyan Methodist, January* 1824; *Monthly Magazine, Dec.* 1, 1823; *St. James's Chronicle, January* 10, 1824; *New Evangelical Magazine, Jan.* 1824.

Notices of Time's Telescope.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1825, with an Introduction containing a BRIEF HISTORY of ENGLISH SACRED POETRY, by Mr. RICHARD RYAN.

'This work is really what it has been pronounced to be, a "felicitous conception;" and, notwithstanding the pretensions of its more showy competitors for public favour, most of whom have taken a few lenses from Time's Telescope to fit up their instruments with, it holds a distinguished place among the various *Etrennes* of the New Year. It happily combines the useful with the agreeable, and is well fitted to assist in forming the taste and guiding the conduct of youth of *both sexes*, as well as to instruct and amuse those of maturer years.'—*New Monthly Mag.*, *Dec.* 1824.

'Without attempting those expensive ornaments and that external appearance which distinguish some of its contemporaries, the utility and various intelligence of Time's Telescope, aided by the contributions of Poetry, Natural History, and other judicious concomitants to Almanack lore, have pl[illegible]ed it high in the scale of popularity: it has thus become so well known to the public, that it would be superfluous to describe the present annual volume. Suffice it to say, that it equals its precursors, and is full of miscellaneous and entertaining notices, adapted to almost every day of the coming year.'—*Literary Gazette, Nov.* 27, 1824.

'This publication, since first it challenged public attention, has gradually increased in its powers of pleasing: it mingles the useful with the agreeable so tastefully, that it is a gift equally acceptable to youth, manhood, and old age. The volume before us, besides presenting to the view much new information (of a biographical and historical nature), abounds in apposite quotations from esteemed authors, together with much that is original and beautiful; and throughout the work are scattered, with no sparing hand, "gems of poesy," some light and imaginative, others clad in the garb of "sober sadness," but placed with such discernment, that each forms a contrast to the other.'—*European Magazine, Dec.* 1824.

'The caution with which the Editor guards against the introduction of any matter that may be injurious to morality, and the judgment with which he selects his subjects, entitle him to public respect, and his work to public patronage. There is, indeed, amusement of all kinds, and for all ages, in this Annual Repository. The testimonies of the several Reviews, Magazines, and Public Journals, in favour of the former volumes, are equally applicable to the present. Time's Telescope is indeed, as stated, A GUIDE TO THE ALMANACK, and every thing relating to each month of the year is introduced to illustrate every important circumstance or character with which each month is respectively connected.'—*Sun, Jan.* 1825.

See also *St. James's Chronicle, January* 6, 1825; *Suffolk Chronicle, Jan.* 4, 1825; *Stirling Journal, March* 24, 1825; *&c. &c. &c.*

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1826, with an Introduction on the PHYSICAL POWERS, INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES, and MORAL PERCEPTIONS of MAN, by T. MYERS, LL.D.—N.B. The Frontispiece to this volume is a highly finished Engraving of *Corregio's Madonna and Child*, in the National Gallery, Pall Mall.

'In the present volume, we have all the characteristic excellencies of its predecessors, with some manifest indications of the improving effect of competition. The scientific departments of Astronomy and Natural History, in which this publication stands alone, are executed with the same industry and judgment as hitherto: the antiquarian and biographical notices, in which too, we believe, Time's Telescope has no rival, are at least as rich and as interesting as those from which the public has derived so much pleasure and profit, in former volumes of this delightful work. While the poetry and general literature have assumed a tone of excellence which fully supports the contest with the many admirable annual volumes that now grace our lighter literature; and, taken altogether, we must still regard Time's Telescope as at once the most instructive and the most permanently interesting volume of its class which the father of a family can lay upon his parlour-table.'—*St. James's Chronicle, December* 29-31, 1825.

'The present volume of this various and useful work, is, like its predecessors, extremely well executed.'—*Literary Gazette, November* 19, 1825.

'We are always happy, at this season of the year, to welcome another volume of this entertaining collection, in which the *utile et dulce* are ever sure to be judiciously blended.'—*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xcv, part II, p. 541.

'Thirteen years have now elapsed since the publication of this very interesting and instructive work was commenced; and during this period it has been deservedly popular among all classes of readers. It contains an endless and delightful variety of scientific notices, anecdotes, biographical sketches, poetry, historical facts, and so forth. Of the present volume it is a sufficient recommendation to say, that it is worthy of its predecessors. It is rich in original poetry, and is decidedly *Protestant* in its character. In narrating the occurrences of particular days, the editor has given considerable prominence to the murderous exploits of the Church of Rome. For this peculiarity in his work he has our cordial thanks, as well as for the other parts of his useful compilation.'—*Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine, January* 1826.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1827, with a Series of Papers on SCOTIAN BOTANY, by Mr. ANDREW KERR YOUNG, of Paisley; and a DESCRIPTION OF RARE AND REMARKABLE INSECTS, by Mr. CURTIS, Author of the British Entomology.

'This publication has the credit of being the *first* which aspired to a literary character as an annual work, in connexion with the present season of the year. Having now enjoyed a large share of public favour for *fourteen* years, it is scarcely necessary to enlarge on its utility.—Amid more splendid publications, which are gaining ground

in our country, and which reflect credit on the intelligence and taste of the public, Time's Telescope will continue to occupy its sphere of *utility*: here none of them can cope with it. We may take up the Forget-me-Not, the Literary Souvenir, and the Friendship's Offering, when we need amusement; we may be delighted with their literary character, and their splendid embellishments; we may take up the Amulet when we are in a more serious mood; but if we want a *never-failing companion throughout the year*, capable of interesting, informing, and improving us, adding to our stores of knowledge, and directing us how to enlarge them still more from the abundant resources of Nature, commend us to Time's Telescope.'—*Spirit and Manners of the Age*, vol. ii, p. 351.

'This is a work that may be safely put into the hands of youth, and is calculated at once to minister to their innocent gratification, and to promote in them a love of reading and knowledge.'—*Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine*, *January* 1827.

'Fourteen years have elapsed since the commencement of this publication, and each succeeding twelvemonth has enhanced its fame, and realized the hopes of its projectors. Rich in varied talent, and glowing with general knowledge, we can almost imagine that we behold a smile of self-complacency on its title-page, as if fully aware of its claims to regard. Those claims we will not question or deny, for we well know its optical beauties have suited the eye of the public; and Time's Telescope is now a standard instrument of pleasure and instruction. From so often treading over the same ground, we anticipated somewhat of sameness and mannerism; but we are happy to observe, that the editor has avoided all re-iteration, and, like a skilful traveller, has made his journey easy to himself, and pleasant to his companions: nor has he forgotten his former fame, and wantonly thrown industry aside; but has used, if possible, additional energies,—enlisted on his behalf eminent contributors, and arranged the proceeds in a manner worthy the materials and the renown of the work.'—*Literary Chronicle, Nov.* 25, 1826.

'We recommend this volume as an excellent manual for young persons. It has not only the negative merit of being perfectly unexceptionable as to the information and entertainment it conveys, and the language in which it is written; but it will also tend to cultivate those pure and simple pleasures which the God of Nature has so abundantly provided for inquiring minds; it will wean them more from those worldly and less intellectual pastimes, by which too often health is injured, vanity engendered, and the high bloom of an innocent heart brushed away.'—*Gentleman's Magazine, December* 1826.

'I am indebted to this excellent publication for many poetical illustrations, taken from recent or living authors, which I should not otherwise have had an opportunity of seeing. I know of no work so well calculated to spread and improve a taste for Natural History in these kingdoms as Time's Telescope; and I would most strenuously recommend it to the attention of every student and lover of nature.'—*Drummond's First Steps to Botany*, p. 295, Second Edition.

For other commendations see also *Literary Gazette, November* 25, 1826; *World of Fashion, February* 1827; *Ladies' Museum, Jan.* 1827; *Quarterly Juvenile Review*, No. 1; *Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1827; *St. James's Chronicle, Dec.* 28 *to* 30, 1826.

Notices of Time's Telescope.

TIME'S TELESCOPE for 1828. This volume is embellished with a highly finished Engraving, by Hawksworth, of *Sofonisba Angosciola*, from an original painting by herself in the Gallery at Althorp.

'This popular annual volume is too well known to stand in need of description. Like a piece of amber, it incloses and preserves a multitude of matters concurrent with the year of its publication, which are seen to great advantage through this medium. Saints' days, reminiscences of history and antiquities, contemporary biography, and snatches of contemporary literature, as well as original productions, astronomical occurrences, natural science, and other subjects, fit for such a work, of mingled reference and amusement, are very judiciously selected and extremely well arranged in Time's Telescope. The Naturalist's Diary for every month is agreeably written, and distinguished for good feelings.'—*Literary Gazette, Dec.* 1, 1827.

'This is the *fifteenth* year in which this publication has made its appearance. Its motive, objects, and merit, are now so well known, that neither praise nor explanation can be useful. In common with contemporary journals, we have already had occasion to commend the work; and have now only to say that the present volume is not inferior to those which have preceded it, in accuracy and variety of information, in judicious selection and arrangement, and in the ability displayed in the original communications. The principal novelty of the volume consists of accounts of French customs, introduced at their several appropriate seasons.'—*New Monthly Magazine, March* 1828.

'This is a very useful and amusing book. The perfect propriety of the whole, the absence even of a questionable phrase, either in morals or religion, renders it a most apposite present for the young of either sex. It is a year's gathering, or rather a selection, from the most valuable products of the year, and it is also a museum where specimens of a more antique ore are deposited. We assign it, with confidence, a place with its precursors and compeers—a worthy brother of a deserving family.'—*Gentleman's Magazine, December* 1827.

'Time's Telescope is just the sort of volume we would elect king of our library table. If one page wraps our senses in Elysium with some of Felicia Hemans's poetry, the next leads them back again into the clear atmosphere of knowledge, and pours before us information most valuable, and frequently new. With industry and taste almost unparalleled, the admirable Editor has brought within the focus of his Telescope a ray from every star, remarkable for its beauty or utility in the literary firmament. His book is a little world of instruction, enlivened by extracts, both in prose and poetry, of the most meritorious character imaginable.'—*Literary Chronicle, Nov.* 24, 1827.

'Time's Telescope is a pleasant miscellany, into which the observer of days, the lover of nature, the inquirer after reliques of the olden time, and the general reader, may look, year after year, with increasing satisfaction. It has ever been a favourite book of ours—its reminiscences of customs and manners now yearly fading into oblivion—its brief and spirited notices of celebrated men—its attractive intro-

ductions to the various sciences—its selections from cotemporary authors, always beautiful and interesting—its astronomical notices, furnishing ample amusement to those who read the starry heavens—and its sweetly flowing poesy,—all render it to us a delightful companion for the months. It is our guide in our walks, and we have often been indebted to its suggestions for some of our choicest pleasures. We have a strong attachment to the country—we do not mean the vicinities of large towns or watering-places, but those retired spots, amidst woodland scenery, where we can hold communion with the works of our Creator, and participate, unnoticed by our fellow-men, in that joy and happiness with which all animated beings seem to be filled in such sequestered nooks. The Naturalist's Diary is our counsellor there, and we recommend it to all who, like ourselves, prefer the scenery of nature to the monotonous and noisy bustle of the town. Independently of the Naturalist's Diary, to which we have referred, there are some very interesting notices of French provincial customs, and some choice scraps of information under the "Remarkable Days." There are few works better adapted as a present to young people of both sexes than Time's Telescope: with much that is pleasing in literature, attractive in science, and useful in daily life, there is an undeviating regard to morality and religion.'—*Spirit and Manners of the Age.*

'Fifteen years have now elapsed since the publication of this very useful and entertaining work was commenced; and during that period it has been extensively circulated, and has enjoyed a large share of approbation among the reading part of the community. The plan upon which it is conducted is sufficiently explained by its copious title; and the entire volume reflects great credit upon the moral principles, the judgment, and research of the intelligent Editor. It is valuable as a book of reference on all subjects connected with the Calendar; and the antiquarian, the naturalist, the astronomer, the botanist, the gardener, the historian, and the lover of poetry and polite literature, will find, in its pages, numerous articles adapted to their respective tastes and pursuits. To young persons it may be safely recommended, for the useful information which it contains, and for the absence of objectionable sentiments in its multifarious contents. The ample accounts of French customs, interspersed through the volume for the present year, are a new feature in Time's Telescope, and add greatly to its interest and value.'—*Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine, Jan.* 1828.

'Of the various periodical calendars and annual literary repositories which issue from the Protestant press, we are unacquainted with any one less objectionable to the Catholic reader than Time's Telescope. It is really a valuable and interesting work.'—*Catholic Miscellany*, vol. vii, p. 52.

Les Plantes semblent avoir été semées, avec profusion, sur la terre, comme les étoiles dans le ciel, pour inviter l'homme, par l'attrait du plaisir et de la curiosité, à l'étude de la Nature. ROUSSEAU.

Almighty Power! if e'er I turn,
And listless gaze on earth or air,
Or, wond'ring, view the planets burn,
I see my great Creator there.
If gazing on the Ocean's bed,
When moonlight gilds the silent sea,
In every lustrous beam that's shed
My soul beholds the Deity.
In Earth, in Sea, in Space, in Air,
My soul can trace her Maker there.

If wand'ring through the fruitful plain,
I grateful trace Thy love and care,
And in each field of ripening grain
Can see my great Creator there.
If Spring my willing footstep leads
To banks of bloom, where lurks the bee,
E'en where that humble insect feeds,
My soul beholds the Deity.
In Earth, in Sea, in Space, in Air,
My soul can trace her Maker there.

RICHARD RYAN.

The world is a glasse wherein we may contemplate the eternall power and majestie of God: it is that great booke of so large a character, that a man may run and read it; yea, even the simplest man that cannot read, may yet spell out of this booke that there is a GOD. Every shepheard hath this Calendar, and every ploughman this A, B, C. PURCHAS.



TIME'S TELESCOPE

FOR

1829.

JANUARY.

THIS month, whose zodiacal sign is *Aquarius*, derives its name from Janus, a deity represented by the Romans with two faces, as indicating his acquaintance with the past and the future.

Remarkable Days

In JANUARY 1829.

1.—CIRCUMCISION.

THIS festival commemorates the circumcision of our Lord on the eighth day of his nativity. This is also *New Year's Day;* which is generally kept as a holiday, and much visiting and good cheer belong to its celebration. But the observance of this and other festivals becomes every year less practised: many of those in *Scotland* are fast sinking into oblivion. Among the holidays of the colliers, and, indeed, of the lower classes in general, the first Monday of the year, reckoning by old style, and termed *Old Handsel Monday*, is their day of greatest festivity throughout the year. On this day, the most rigorous master relinquishes his claim to the services of his domestics. No mechanic or artisan works at his ordinary employment on this day. The

females visit their friends, and the young men generally meet at some rendezvous, to try their skill as marksmen at a *wad-shooting*, that is, firing with ball at a mark for small prizes, which are paid for by the contributions of the candidates, and carried off by him who hits nearest the mark. The barbarous custom of throwing and shooting at cocks, tied by the leg to prevent their escape, which was formerly but too common on this day, is now, we trust, entirely abolished in this country. It was an amusement fit only for a savage, and not for humanized men, much less for Christians. We wish it consigned to eternal oblivion.

The practice, now so prevalent, of indulging to excess in the use of spirituous liquors, was formerly, in a great measure, unknown among the labouring classes. At their festive meetings they drank of more simple and less pernicious beverage. One William Hunter, a collier in the parish of Tillicoultry, was cured, in the year 1758, of an inveterate rheumatism or gout, by drinking freely of new ale, full of barm or yeast. The poor man had been confined to his bed for a year and a half, having almost entirely lost the use of his limbs; and on the evening of Handsel Monday, O. S. some of his neighbours came to make merry with him: though he could not rise, he always took his share of the ale as it passed round the company, and, in the end, became much intoxicated. The consequence was, that he had the use of his limbs the next morning, and was able to walk about. He lived more than twenty years after this, and never had the smallest return of his old complaint.—See Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. xv, p. 201.

It was formerly the general custom in England, as it still is on the continent (see our last volume, pp. 2, 3) to make presents on New Year's Day to relatives or acquaintances. The following curious letter, extracted from the Lansdowne MSS. in the

British Museum, was written by Edwin Sandys, Bp. of Worcester, to Sir W. Cecill (afterwards Lord Burghley), on the occasion of presenting him with a *curious clock,* which formerly belonged to King Edward VI:—

'What way I may declare any part of my bounden Deutie towardes you, for the manifold benefitte received, certanlie I wote not. For as ye haue bene the meane to bringe me into the place of honestie, from malice, whiche mynded to Impeache yt, which benefitt of all others I esteame the most, and can no otherwise recompense, but onlie by bearing of good will, which when seasonable tymes will make bud forth and yelde fruyt, ye may of right clame the same as youre owne. Suche ys the barrennes of this contrie that yt bringith nothing forth fitt to remember you withall, and therfor I am bold to present you with an olde clock, in the stead of a New Yeares Gift. Which I trust ye will the rather accept because yt was y[or] olde Masters of happy memorie, K. Edwards, and afterwards y[or] lovinge and learned brothers Mr. Cheekes, and synes hys who thinkith him self in many respectes most bounden unto you; whois prayer ye shall euer haue, whois seruice ye may euer vse: as knowith the Almightie; who grant you many happie yeares with much increase in the knowledge of Christ vnto whois mercifull governance I commend you, from my house at Hartillbury, this 28 of December, 1563.

Y[or] in Christ most bounde,
ED. WIGORN.'

As a contrast to the above fragment of antiquity, we present our readers with the following elegant effusion by Miss M. J. Jewsbury, 'sent with an hour-glass to a lady on New Year's Day:' it first appeared in the *Leeds Intelligencer*, and has been reprinted by Mr. Watts, in his amusing and judiciously selected '*Poetical Album,*' lately published.

Yes, all things fade away
  That the soul cherishes and seeks on earth;
Fair flowers! that do but bloom their summer's day,
  And are forgot—their being and their birth.

Youth hath its favoured hour
  Of fancies, and high hopes, and dazzling dreams:
It flies—and with it all the glittering dower
  That to young bosoms the securest seems!

And *Manhood*'s hour comes next,
  Fevered and filled with the world's active thought;
Schemes and ambitions; till the spirit, vexed,
  Finds that its hour hath fled—and left it nought!

Shortest and last is thine,
  Wasted in vain regrets and memories—*Age*!
For while thy retrospects too brightly shine,
  The sand ebbs out—so doth thy pilgrimage!

Thus pleasure hath its hour—
  And grief, and pain, and peril have no more;
Hatred, and love, but the same transient power,
  Time but remains—ruling as heretofore!

On—conquerer of the earth!
  And fold not yet thy world-destroying wing!
Still reign—while scattering man's work and worth,
  Omnipotent, o'er each created thing!

Thy end will come, Oh Time!
  When thou, a conqueror, shalt conquered be;
Thyself, thy victories, and thy power sublime,
  No more remembered—in Eternity!

The New Year in China.

The Chinese make their new year commence on the new moon nearest to the time when the sun's place is in the 15th degree of Aquarius. It is the greatest festival observed in the empire. Both the government and the people, rich and poor, take a longer or shorter respite from their cares and their labours at the new year. The last day of the old year is an anxious time to all debtors and creditors, for it is the great pay-day, and those who cannot pay are abused and insulted, and often have all the furniture of their house broken to pieces by their desperate creditors. On the 20th of the twelfth moon, by an order from court, all the seals of office, throughout

the empire, are locked up, and not opened till the 20th of the first moon. By this arrangement there are thirty days of rest from the ordinary official business of government; they attend, however, to extraordinary cases. During the last few days of the old year, the people perform various domestic rites. On one evening they sweep clean the furnace and the hearth, and worship the god of their domestic fires.

On *new-year's eve* they perfume hot water with the leaves of Wongpe and Pumelo trees, and bathe in it. At midnight they arise, and dress in the best clothes and caps they can procure; then looking to heaven kneel down, and perform the great imperial ceremony of knocking the forehead on the ground thrice three times. Next they illuminate as splendidly as they can, and pray for felicity towards some domestic idol. Then they visit all the gods in the various surrounding temples, burn candles, incense, gilt paper, make bows, and *pray* prostrate. These services to the gods being finished, they sally forth, about daylight, in all directions, to visit friends and neighbours, leaving a red paper card at each house. Some stay at home to receive visiters. In the house, sons and daughters, servants and slaves, all dress, and appear before the heads of the family, to congratulate them on the new year. After new year's day, drinking and carousing, visiting and feasting, idleness and dissipation, continue for weeks. All shops are shut, and workmen are idle, for a longer or shorter period, according to the necessities or the habits of the several parties. It is, in Canton, generally a month before the business of life returns to its ordinary channel.

TIME: *a Hint for the New Year.*

[By Mrs. Hannah More.]

When will our thoughtless race grow wise,
Nor spurn the very thing they prize?
Look where we will, we still shall find
How inconsistent is mankind.

With sense our conduct is at strife;
Why lavish *Time*, yet cling to *life*?
The rich material throw away,
Yet dread to shorten life one day?

Since no repentance can restore
The hours we squander o'er and o'er,
O seize the evanescent NOW—
No more may heaven and death allow!

The soul to endless woes consigned
Mourns not the goods she left behind;
She mourns, with grief's acutest powers,
Her wasted days, her murdered hours!

With zeal, with energy sublime,
Mark how the SAVIOUR valued *time!*
The work of centuries appears
Crowded within His three short years!
His great SALVATION while you view
O look at his example too!

On the first day of the New Year it was formerly the custom for the Druids to offer sacrifice in the forest of Dreux, in France; and we know that they made no sacrifice without having the branches or leaves of the mistletoe, as related by Pliny. The word *aigilœneuf,* which is still used at Dreux to signify *etrennes* or New Year's Gifts, is no doubt derived from the cries which the Gauls made on the first day of the year, when they went to the ceremony of the mistletoe, the Celtic name for the oak being *que* or *guy*. In reference to this circumstance the following lines are still repeated, on New Year's Day, in several parts of France:

Aguilaneuf de céans
On le voit a sa fenêtre,
Avec son petit bonnet blanc,
Il dit qu'il sera le Maître,
Mettera le pot au feu;
Donnez nous ma bonne Dame
Donnez nous Aguilaneuf.

Some pleasing stanzas on New Year's Day, by the Rev. T. Dale, entitled the 'Anniversary,' and which we copy from the 'Amulet for 1828,' will appropriately close our account of this interesting festival.

A year hath lingered through its round
Since thou wert with the dead,
And yet my bosom's cureless wound
Still bleeds as then it bled
All now without is cold and calm,
Yet o'er my heart its healing balm
Oblivion will not shed,—
If day beguiles my fond regret,
Night comes— and how can I forget?

For mute are then the sounds of mirth
I loathe, yet cannot flee,
And thoughts in solitude have birth
That lead me back to thee.
By day, amidst the busy herd,
My soul is like the captive bird
That struggles to be free,
It longs to leave a world unblest—
To flee away and be at rest.

Rest! how, alas! should mortal dare
Of rest on earth to dream?—
The heritage of ceaseless care
May better far beseem
The child of sin—the heir of woe.
And what if mutual love may throw
A joy-imparting beam
O'er life's wide waste?—'tis quickly gone,
And we must wander on alone.

It was no charm of face or mien
That linked my heart to thee;
For many fairer I have seen,
And fairer yet may see:
It was a strong though nameless spell
Which seemed with thee alone to dwell,
And this remains to me,
And will remain,—thy form is fled,
But this can ev'n recall the dead.

Thine image is before me now,
All angel as thou art;
Thy gentle eye and guileless brow
Are graven on my heart;
And when on living charms I gaze,
Memory the one loved form portrays—
Ah! would it ne'er depart!
And they alone are fair to me
Who wake a livelier thought of thee.

Oft, too, the fond familiar sound
Is present to mine ear;
I seem, when all is hushed around,
Thy thrilling voice to hear:
Oh! I could dream thou still wert nigh,
And turn as if to breathe reply:
The waking—how severe!
When on the sick'ning soul must press
The sense of utter loneliness.

A year hath past—another year
Its wonted round may run;
Yet earth will still be dark and drear,
As when its course begun.
I would not murmur or repine—
Yet, though a thousand joys were mine,
I still must sigh for *one;*
How could I think of her who died,
And taste of joy from aught beside?

Yet, dearest! though that treasured love
Now casts a gloom o'er all,
Thy spirit from its rest above
I would not now recall.
My earthly doom thou canst not share,
And I in solitude must bear
Whate'er may yet befall;
But I *can* share thy home, thy heaven,
All griefs forgot, all guilt forgiven!

*1. 1746.—REV. MR. HAGEMORE DIED.

He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment in an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life in the following manner:—going one morning to let out his servants, his dogs fawned upon him, and threw him into a pond where he was breast high. The servants heard him call for assistance, but, being locked up, could not lend him any. He had 30 gowns and cassocks, 58 dogs, 100 pairs of breeches, 100 pairs of boots, 400 pairs of shoes, 80 wigs, yet always wore his own hair, 80 waggons and carts; 80 ploughs, and used none, 50 saddles and furniture for the menage, 30 wheel-barrows; so many walking-sticks, that a toyman in

Leicester Fields offered £8 for them; 60 horses and mares, 300 pick-axes, 200 spades and shovels, 75 ladders, and 240 razors. He possessed also £700 per annum, and £1000 in money, which (he dying intestate) became the property of a ticket porter.

6.—EPIPHANY, *or* TWELFTH DAY.

The rites of this day are different in various places, though the object of them is much the same in all, namely, to do honour to the memory of the Eastern magi; who, according to a tradition of the Romish church, were three in number, and of royal dignity. Mr. Stevenson, in his 'Tour in France, &c.' when speaking of the neglected state of Cologne cathedral, observes, Is it not surprising that in the city of Cologne, whose inhabitants have never ceased to be *Most Catholic*, and, consequently, most ready to boast of the religious works of their ancestors—is it not surprising that they should have suffered so noble and magnificent a structure to remain in its present state? Not at all. Step with me behind the grand altar, and there you will discover the gulf which has for centuries swallowed, and which still continues to intercept and absorb those offerings and oblations that might have replenished the coffers of the board of works, and displayed their munificent amount in the accomplishment of the architect's intention.

That small marble chamber is called the chapel of the Three Kings; for the Magi, who brought gifts and paid adoration to the Babe at Bethlehem, are so denominated. Infallible authority had already pointed out to us the original burial-place of those great travellers in the church of St. Eustorgio, at Milan. But how did Cologne become possessed of their remains? Why, by the fortunate circumstance of Archbishop Reinold's accompanying the very pious expedition in which the Emperor Frederick I took and utterly destroyed the city of Milan. It was that feudal prelate, receiver of the stolen bones of

the dead, as his share of the spoil obtained by making houseless such of the living as the sword had spared, who, in 1170, deposited the same in this chapel. Enter it: but first pay down six francs, or the securely locked door remains for ever shut against you. This done, however, the sacristan lights the lamps within; and you are allowed by their illumination the sight of a tomb, the genuineness and integrity of whose contents, considering how they were originally come by, and their removal during the French Revolution, must be regarded as extremely doubtful.

There, in the centre, on four columns of about a yard in height, stands a large old chest or trunk covered with gold, or perhaps gilt metal, with ornaments of excellent workmanship, in bas-relief, representing arcades, supported by small columns. In front are images of three kings in solid gold; on the sides are figures of apostles and prophets in silver-gilt; and the cornices and borders are set with gems, enamels, and precious stones of all descriptions, doubtless of great value. This chest, which is a curious specimen of ancient embossing and carving, is divided into two compartments. The small folding-doors of the upper one open; and three radiated crowns of gold, respectively bearing, in letters formed of rubies, the names of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, are seen shining over the crania of the three wise men who came from the East to worship the new-born Saviour! The sacristan tells his oft-told tale, and takes the heads out and the crowns off to confirm it. If you do not wish him instantly to return these highly-varnished remnants of mortality to their places, make no remarks, and refrain from any attempt to examine them. You may safely, in your own mind, allow two to be the skulls of adults, males or females. The third pretended wise man's brain must have lain in a small compass, and himself have been numbered with the dead ere he attained the full age of discretion. The lower part of the chest is said

to contain the bones of the three Magi. The expense of this brilliant bauble, valued at more than £320,000, has been defrayed out of the voluntary tax which folly and credulity pay to superstition and priestcraft, even in these enlightened days of the nineteenth century.

The present observation of Twelfth Day in Cumberland is thus noticed by a writer in the 'Mirror:'

In many of the small towns they have what many would call a '*nasty* dish,' consisting of '*scalded peas,*' and a hare, or some other kind of game. The peas are field peas (which are brought to table with the hare), and are scalded in water, with the husks on, after which a lump of butter is put in the middle, and they are picked out as they are eaten: the supper concludes with a '*tharve cake,*' a large, flat, oaten cake, baked on a *girdle,* sometimes with plums in it. Dancing and drinking then occupy the remainder of the evening. Tar-barrels are common at all their festivals, and scarcely a town is without them to-night. At Brough it is called *holly-night,* because it was customary at this time of the year to decorate the altars with holly. At the two principal inns in the town, the 'holly' is provided alternately. Early in the morning they send out a body of husbandmen to fell a large *ash* tree; for although it is called *holly-night,* yet holly being a scarcity, ash is substituted. They then affix torches made of greased reeds to each bough of the tree, and take it into the inn, there to remain till seven o'clock in the evening.

At that hour a gun or pistol is fired, when the tree is taken out into a convenient part of the town, where it is lighted, and after huzzaing for about *half an hour,* it is carried up and down the town on a man's shoulders, followed by the town band, and stopping every time they reach the cross at the top of the town; here they again salute the '*holly,*' and fireworks are discharged. It is taken down the town again, and

so on till it is burnt out. The person who carries the holly on his shoulders is named '*Ling*,' who, when it is extinguished, carries it to the middle of the town, and after another huzza, throws it among the crowd, who eagerly watch the opportunity of running away with it; for it should be observed, there are two separate contending parties, and to whichever inn the holly is carried the victors retire there to spend the evening in drinking, and very often it terminates with a *merry night*, a name given to all their dancing nights.

In Catholic countries the *carnival*[1] commences at this time, and continues till the night of Shrove Tuesday. A recent celebration of it at *Rome* is thus noticed by the author of a 'Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Italy.'

February 7.—Well may it be said that the carnival is a time of madness. Each person seems to vie with the other who will be most ridiculous. For a short time the numberless grotesque figures, as they pass, excite laughter; but soon disgust and weariness take place of amusement at seeing rational beings transform themselves into idiots, madmen, and monkeys, which animal in face and gesture they delight to imitate. Just now a kind of open carriage, with a gay canopy adorned with green wreaths, passed along, filled with creatures resembling dogs and monkeys; the charioteer, also, being of the same description. A huge *boot* was seen marching along up the Corso. In short, it would be in vain to attempt giving you an idea of the buffooneries performed from one until three o'clock, when, at the firing of a gun, which is the signal, the long line of carriages in continued succession file off in different directions to leave a free course for the horse race, before which a party of cavalry gallop twice backwards and forwards to clear the Corso; then, guards being placed to keep back the crowds which line the whole length

[1] For an account of the ceremony o the 'Balliff of Carnival time at Alluyes,' see T.T. for 1828, p. 387.

of the street, all in silent expectation watch the appearance of the horses, which is announced by a loud and universal shout. There were thirteen of these wretched animals, without riders, impelled forwards by goads fastened to their backs, and squibs so contrived that they go off with the motion and frighten them. The backs of the horses are ornamented with tinsel. In their fright, they frequently turn quickly, and break in through the crowd, from which many dangerous accidents arise; but these are hushed up.

February 10.—The carnival will continue until next Tuesday, the 15th. Every where, excepting at Rome, it lasts three weeks, the Sunday being the great carnival day; but here it is not permitted either on that day or Friday. The actors of these ridiculous buffooneries are not confined to the foot passengers: you see coachmen and footmen dressed in white, as women, the carriage being filled with great coarse-looking men. This day a hideous mask appeared representing the Devil; he had great horns, was dressed in scarlet, a long flowing garment, and marched along with head erect and dignified step, the people exclaiming as he passed, 'Ecco il Cardinale.' Although masks are not permitted to assemble in the streets on the Sundays, they meet on that night at a place of public amusement, where they dance till morning. There are many masked balls during the week: the French ambassador gave one, where the character best supported was that of an antiquary. He had the Coliseum on his head, and his legs were Corinthian pillars.

Ash Wednesday.—Last night, at eleven o'clock, the *death* of the carnival was announced by the moving of a cart covered with lights through the streets. Every person carried a light; the great fun for one hour is, putting out these lights, and lighting them again; and in this most delightful pursuit men, women, and children are seen running in every direc-

tion like mad people. To this delirium succeeds the mourning of Lent; and now scarcely an individual, even the English included, who is not dressed in black, moves along the quiet street. A few days ago we heard of an accident having happened through the carelessness of a cardinal's coachman, who, by driving furiously, threw down and killed a little boy. The law on such occasions is, to bayonet the horses; but the cardinal, supposing that his dignity would exempt him from the penalty, cried out, 'Sono un Cardinale!' The indignant populace answered, 'Say, rather, you are an executioner.' His horses were poniarded without mercy.

For an account of the celebration of Twelfth Day in France, see our last volume, p. 8.

7.—SAINT LUCIAN.

He was presbyter of the church at Antioch, and, as some affirm, a disciple of St. Peter. He flourished about A.D. 80, and founded a church at Winchester.

*8. 1826.—REV. T. WOOD, A.M., DIED; ÆT. 60.

He was a minister among the Wesleyan Methodists, but was so strongly attached to the church, that he frequently spoke in high terms of the liturgy, and educated one of his sons for the church, by sending him to the university of Cambridge. He published, also, in 1825, The Parish Church, or Religion in Britain, in one volume 8vo, in which he traces the progress of Christianity in Britain. He also published, in 1805, The Progress of Christianity, from its promulgation at Jerusalem to its legal establishment under Constantine, in one volume 8vo. But the work by which he is best known is his 'Mosaic History of the Creation of the World,' illustrated by discoveries and experiments derived from the present enlightened state of science; to which is prefixed, the Cosmogony of the Ancients, with Reflections, intended to promote vital and practical Religion. The first edition was published in one volume 8vo,

1811; the second, greatly enlarged, in 1818: to this is prefixed a portrait of the author. His other works are numerous, the principal of which are—Memoirs of his Son, Mr. Jas. H. Wood, late Surgeon, &c. &c. to the Dispensary and Workhouse at Blackburn, in Lancashire, who died Dec. 30, 1814, aged 19 years, 12mo, 1815; The Echo of the Study, or Lectures and Conversations expressive of Character and Sentiment, 12mo, 1819; Germs of Thought, or Rudiments of Knowledge, intended to promote religious improvement in youth, 12mo, 1820; Religious Declension, considered in its Nature, Causes, and Effects, with the Scriptural Means of Recovery and Prevention, 12mo, third edition, revised and enlarged, 1822; A Biographical Sketch of the remarkable Life and Character of the late Mr. James Bundy, of Bristol, whose active benevolence and Christian fidelity procured him a large share of public confidence, and much personal esteem, third edition enlarged, 12mo, 1824.

12.—PLOUGH MONDAY.

This is always the Monday following the Epiphany. For an account of some curious ceremonies on this day, see T.T. for 1822, p. 9.

13.—SAINT HILARY,

A pious Father of the Christian church, a native, and afterwards bishop of Poictiers, where he died in the year 367.

*13.—SEASONS FOR MARRIAGE.

In Aubrey's Gentilism, a MS. in the Lansdowne Collection, is the following printed advertisement, apparently cut out of an old almanack: 'Marriage comes in on the 13th day of *January*, and at *Septuagesima Sunday* it is out again until *Low Sunday*, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out until *Rogation Sunday*; thence it is forbidden until *Trinity Sunday*, from whence it is unforbidden till *Ad-*

vent Sunday; but then it goes out, and comes not in again till the 13th day of *January* next following.'

*17. 1820.—ANNIVERSARY OF FINDING ST. PETER'S CHAIR,

Or, as it is more generally said, that on which our Lord delivered to him the keys of heaven, is a grand festival held at St. Peter's at Rome, only to be surpassed in show and ceremony by those of St. Peter's day and Easter Sunday. The bronze statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, now called St. Peter, having undergone no other change than that of the keys, instead of the thunderbolt, in the right hand, was dressed in the richest papal robes. The tiara is studded with precious stones, or rather with paste, in imitation of them, for the French had dexterously substituted the one for the other. The quantity of finery with which this black figure is loaded makes its ugliness more conspicuous. It is seated on a chair, the right foot extended forwards, which is worn bright with *kissing,* for that homage is paid by every Roman Catholic, man, woman, and child, who approaches it; children, when not tall enough to reach it, being held up for the purpose by some one present. The chair, suspended over the high altar, is cased in brass, and was this day illuminated with greater splendour than usual, as well as the shrine in the inside of the Baldacchino or canopy. It was left open to discover the golden sarcophagus, of superb workmanship, which is said to inclose the remains of St. Peter. Large golden lilies hold the lights, which are kept always burning round it. The Baldacchino stands under the dome: it is one hundred and twenty-two feet high, supported by four spiral bronze columns. The pope was carried on his chair in grand procession; two great fans of white peacocks' feathers were held waving above his head. He was thus conveyed to the foot of the statue, until he, too, should offer adoration. On the back of the pope's chair a dove was painted, sur-

rounded by rays, to represent the Holy Spirit.—See '*Three Years' Residence in Italy.*'

18.—SAINT PRISCA.

She was a Roman virgin, and put to death by order of the emperor Claudius, A.D. 47.

20.—SAINT FABIAN

Was the nineteenth Bishop of Rome. He was chosen to that office in the year 241, and, after being bishop thirteen years, suffered martyrdom in the Decian persecution.

21.—SAINT AGNES.

This beautiful girl was beheaded at the early age of thirteen, by order of Dioclesian.—See our former volumes.

22.—SAINT VINCENT

Suffered martyrdom under the Dioclesian persecution, A.D. 304.

*22. 1828.—DR. MARUM DIED, ÆT. 54,

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory. He was educated first at Kilkenny, and afterwards at Salamanca, where he distinguished himself as one of the most proficient of the students, and immediately on taking his degree of Doctor of Divinity, was appointed Vice-Rector and Professor. Having been recalled to his native country in 1798, he engaged without delay in the humble and laborious duties of a mission; but was shortly after invited to the College of Carlow, and filled there successively the chairs of philosophy and divinity. In March, 1811, on the death of Dr. Lanigan, he was nominated to the vacant see of Ossory. The intellectual powers of Dr. Marum were of a superior order; his episcopal administration was lenient and gentle; and his charities were so extensive, that, notwithstanding his elevation was not of recent date, and his habits of life retired and unexpensive, he was not worth one shilling when he

died. He was the founder, and in a considerable degree the supporter, of the Female Orphan Asylum, which is conducted under the guidance of the ladies of the Presentation Convent.

25.—CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL.

This festival was not adopted in the ritual of the Church of England till the year 1662.

*26. 1828.—LADY CAROLINE LAMB DIED, ÆT. 42.

She was the only daughter of Frederick, present and third Earl of Besborough, by his late countess Henrietta Frances, sister to the present Earl Spencer. She was named Caroline after her paternal grandmother, Lady Caroline Cavendish; and was married to the Hon. William Lamb (heir apparent to Viscount Melburne) June 3, 1805. She has left an only son, George Augustus Frederick, a godson of his Majesty. Lady Caroline Lamb was a woman of a masculine character, and made herself conspicuous some years since by personally canvassing the householders of Westminster, when her brother-in-law, the Hon. George Lamb, was a candidate to represent that city in parliament. Her ladyship also possessed considerable acquirements, and enjoyed the friendship of some eminent literary characters; among others, of Lord Byron, Rogers, and Moore. She had a happy vein of poetry, in which she frequently indulged, and some of her smaller pieces have occasionally found their way into the periodicals and newspapers. She published also three novels, entitled, *Glenarvon*, *Graham Hamilton*, and *Ada Reis*. Lord Byron addressed some beautiful lines to her a short time previous to his final departure from England, which were much admired at the time.

*29. 1820.—KING GEORGE III DIED.

The following beautiful lines will form an appropriate and interesting illustration of this day: they first appeared in the 'London Magazine,' and have been reprinted by Mr. Watts, in his 'Poetical Album.'

The CONTRAST, *written under Windsor Terrace, 17th Feb.* 1820.

[By Horace Smith, Esq.]

I saw him last on this terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness;
Begirt with his court, and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, and the leaves were green,—
Blithely the birds were singing;—
The cymbal replied to the tambourine,
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken,
But every eye was dim with a tear,
And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour,
To the muffled drum's deep rolling;
While the minute gun, with its solemn roar,
Drowned the death-bell's tolling.

The time since he walked in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried,
Was an age of the mightiest change to *us*,
But to *him* a night unvaried.

We had fought the fight—from his lofty throne
The foe of our land we had tumbled;
And it gladdened each eye—save his alone
For whom that foe we humbled.

A daughter beloved—a queen—a son—
And a son's sole child had perished;
And sad was each heart, save the only one
By which they were fondest cherished.

For his eyes were sealed, and his mind was dark,
And he sat in his age's lateness,
Like a vision throned,—as a solemn mark
Of the frailty of human greatness.

His silver beard, o'er a bosom spread
Unvexed by life's commotion,
Like a yearly-lengthening snow-drift shed
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay,
Though the stream of time kept flowing;
When they spoke of our King 'twas but to say,
That the old man's strength was going.

He is gone at length—he is laid in dust—
Death's hand his slumbers breaking;
For the coffined sleep of the good and just
Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn;
And should a sculptured stone be denied him,
There will his name be found, when in turn
We lay our heads beside him.

29. 1820.—KING GEORGE THE FOURTH'S ACCESSION.

30.—KING CHARLES I, MARTYR.

For various historical illustrations of this day consult our previous volumes, particularly the last, p. 13, as to the man who actually beheaded K. Charles.

31. 1820.—KING GEORGE IV PROCLAIMED.

Ancient London.

There are very few persons, we apprehend, that have more than vague and general notions of the magnitude of the increase which London has received within the last half century; still less have they any ideas of the recent dates at which many of the ancient nuisances have been supplanted by more elegant and convenient structures. The ancient capital of England, under the earlier Roman conquerors, was *Verulam*, or the modern St. Alban's. It is doubtful whether Julius Cæsar ever saw London, the walls of which were first built by Theodosius, governor of Britain, A.D. 369. Lyn-din, or the City of the Lake, was then bounded on the east by the Fleet, on the west by the Wallbrook, and on the north by an extensive morass, beyond which was an immense forest, the morass running in the line of Holborn and Smithfield. On the south was the lake, formed by an immense bend of the banks of the Thames, since filled up, or much straightened by wharfs and embankments. On the site of London Bridge was a ferry, the property of the monks of St. Mary Over-eye (over the water). In 1000, these monks built the first wooden bridge over the Thames, which was deemed so impregnable by Canute, that he cut a canal from Rotherhithe, to let his fleet pass above the bridge, for the blockade of London. This bridge was burnt, and in 1176, in the reign of Henry II, the present London Bridge was erected on its site, so that it has stood no less than 650 years. There are persons yet living who remember the old rows of houses upon this bridge, over-hanging the huge starlings on each side, with the dirty, dark, and narrow passage between them. Those houses were inhabited by pin-makers, the first of whom was a

Spanish negro, who introduced the manufacture into England. The drawbridge in the centre was then guarded by an antique tower, and another fort stood at the foot of the bridge, to protect it from the people of Southwark. These fortifications, with the old moth-eaten houses on the bridge, and all the city gates and bulwarks, were removed by an Act of the 1st Geo. III, in the year 1760. It was not until 1738 that London Bridge was found insufficient for the convenience of the inhabitants; and in that year Westminster Bridge was built by Labelye, a Swiss. In 1761, the second year of the late king's reign, Blackfriars' Bridge was built by Milne. The first was thirteen years constructing, and cost £389,000; the second was built in ten years, and cost only £152,840. Waterloo Bridge cost nearly a million.

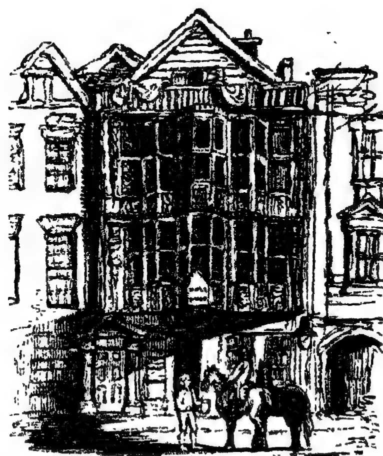
The most ancient relic in the city is 'London Stone,' which may still be seen inserted in the wall of St. Swithin's church, Cannon-street. This stone was wont to be regarded with superstitious reverence; and when Jack Cade entered London, he struck his sword on this stone, saying, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this citie.' The fine old Gothic cathedral of St. Paul's, or Eastminster, was consumed in the fire of 1666. In front stood Paul's Cross, a pulpit of wood, noted for political sermons: it was demolished in 1641, by the Long Parliament, together with the beautiful cross of Queen Eleanor, in West Chepe (Cheapside), and the May-pole, which stood on the site of the New Church, Strand, was removed by Sir Isaac Newton to Wanstead-park, to support his large telescope. In 1560, Finsbury, Holborn, St. Giles's, and St. Martin's, were distinct villages, and the nobility had their town houses in Aldgate. In the village of Charing, another of Eleanor's crosses stood, where now stands Le Sœur's statue of Charles I. It was an immemorial custom for the twelve judges, on the first days of term, to breakfast at the village of Charing, on their way to Westminster Hall. The present Whitcomb-street was once Hedge-lane; and on the top of the Hay-market stood the gibbet of Sir Thomas Wyat. At Spring-gardens were a species of Vauxhall, and a celebrated bowling-green, famous for its *picoadillas*, a species of cake, from which Piccadilly derived its name. The Chevalier de Grammont gives a pleasant account of the grand fête given at this Vauxhall, or Spring Gardens, by the Lord Howard, where the gallantries of Sidney with the Duchess of Shrewsbury led to the fatal duel in which one of the seconds was killed, and Sidney severely wounded. Clarendon speaks of the Earl of Bedford, and other noblemen, meeting, under pretence of playing bowls, at *a country tea-garden in Piccadilly*, the real object being to mature designs against the court. To the north of the Earl of Leicester's house (now Leicester-square) stood King-square, on one side of which was the Duke of Monmouth's house, after whose execution his friends changed the name to Soho-square, Soho being the watch word with which

he advanced to the fatal battle of Sedgemoore. Hanover and Cavendish squares were built about the year 1720, in the reign of George the First—the latter by the Duke of Chandos, who, in anticipation of immense profits from the South Sea scheme, designed the north side for his own palace, one wing of which, intended for the servants, was the corner house of the square and Harley-street, recently the residence of Mr. Hope, now converted into about six houses.

In 1720, Oxford-street or road extended only to Princes-street, and Bond-street terminated at Conduit-street. The present Trinity Chapel, Conduit-street, was originally a popish chapel of wood, mounted upon wheels, which followed the camp of James II to Hounslow, where it long remained, till Archbishop Tennison, then Rector of St. Martin's, brought it back to its present position, and built it of more durable materials. Westminster Abbey then stood upon Thorney Island, surrounded by a creek, that supplied the canal in St. James's Park with water from the Thames. Westminster Hall, built by William Rufus, is almost the only remain of the once immense palace of Edward the Confessor, which extended to Whitehall. Charles the Second inclosed and planted St. James's Park. The magnificent palace of Whitehall was designed by Inigo Jones, to consist of six distinct courts, of which only the hall was finished. The previous palace occupied both sides of the way, and stood upon the site of the present Horse Guards, the Treasury, and the Home Office. Where the Admiralty now stands was formerly the house of the infamous Countess of Essex, from the roof of which Archbishop Laud beheld the execution of his master, Charles I. Scotland-yard is the site of the extremely ancient palace of King Kenneth.

After the fire of 1666, Sir Christopher Wren's plans for the improvement of London, though supported by the king and nobles, were successfully resisted by the corporation. He, however, effected so much in point of cleansing and ventilating the city, that although the plague, in the year preceding the fire, had carried off 160,000 persons, it never after returned. It is singular, that in 1766, an architect named Gwynn, addressed proposals to the late king for the improvement of London, most of his plans being precisely those recently effected; and particularly the building of a bridge where Waterloo Bridge now stands, and the pulling down of the King's Mews. Northumberland-house, at Charing-cross, was formerly the Hospital of St. Mary Rounceval. In the reign of Charles II, Exeter Change was the fashionable lounge and parade of the *beau monde*, while in the reign of Queen Anne, the grand mall was Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. From thence it shifted to Bond-street, and now vibrates between that street and Regent-street. There are persons yet living who remember when the last house in Bond-

street was the most northern house of London, whilst many recollect the snipe-shooting in the swamps of our present Manchester-square. This last square, with Baker-street, was erected by the capital of the celebrated Elwes, the miser. It is less than thirty years ago that Guildford-street was a turnpike road, the north side of Bloomsbury-square consisting of the Duke of Bedford's house, the present Russell-square forming his gardens.



Sir Paul Pindar's House, near Widegate Street, London.

Astronomical Occurrences

In JANUARY 1829.

IN once more directing TIME'S TELESCOPE to a survey of the starry heavens, we would again caution our youthful readers not to suffer the mind to repose in this magnificent display of creative wisdom and power; for, while contemplating that infinitude of suns and systems—all peopled with sentient beings, capable of glorifying the great author of their existence—how delightful to dwell upon the munificence of him who created, sustains, and regulates the whole! DANTE, in his PARADISO, thus characterizes the *harmony* and *magnificence* of the Universe:—

Eternal Wisdom and eternal Love,
Joined with interminable Power above,
  Union ineffable, in bliss supreme,
Give to existence this stupendous whole,
Where'er the eye can reach, or soaring soul
  Extends around its intellectual beam

Unrivalled order and celestial grace,
Seen through the stages of unbounded space,
  Whene'er the mental eye, with steady view,
Surveys its glory, to the heavenly King
Lifts the rapt soul on Contemplation's wing,
  And ev'ry power expands with rapture new.

Now ye that hear the heav'nly muse's voice,
Pursue her journey through the op'ning skies,
  Where the first motion wheels her mighty round,
And whirls the planets with resistless sway;
Then think of Him whose power yon orbs obey,
  In self-enjoyment wrapt, and bliss profound.

Behold yon shining path obliquely run,
Where, with his glorious retinue, the sun
  Marshals the seasons, and conducts the year:
What wisdom in the Power that taught his ray
To warm the subject world with tempered day,
  Not coldly distant nor oppressive near.

Had any other circuit been assigned
For this ætherial cavalcade to wind,
  In frost to slumber or to sink in fire,
Had been the lot of all sublunar things:
Here Contemplation rests her weary wings,
  And stops awhile to tremble and admire. BOYD.

Obliquity of the Ecliptic.

This expression denotes the angle which the ecliptic makes with the equator, and which is subject to a small annual variation. The nature and magnitude of this in general has already been explained in our previous volumes: we shall, therefore, only insert in this place the measure of that obliquity for the usual epochs during the present year.

January ..	1st, the true obliquity is	23°	27′	33·1″
April.....	1st	23	27	33·6
July	1st	23	27	32·7
October ..	1st	23	27	33·4
December	31st	23	27	32·6
January ..	1st, the mean obliquity is	23	27	42·9

The equation of the *Equinoctial Points* at those respective times is

January ..	1st	+ 3·8″
April	1st	+ 2·3
July	1st	+ 0·7
October ..	1st	— 0·6
December	31st	— 2·2

Solar Phenomena.

The Sun enters Aquarius at 44 m. past 5 in the morning of the 20th of this month; and he rises and sets, during every fifth day of the same period, as in the following Table. These times are computed for the meridian of the Royal Observatory, and a slight correction is therefore necessary for reducing them to any other place east or west of that meridian. This is done by converting the difference of longitude into time, at the rate of 15 degrees to an hour, and either adding the result to the above hour, or subtracting it from it, as the place is east or west of the first meridian. The time for any intermediate day may also be found by proportion, as already explained in our former volumes.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

January	Sun rises m.	after	sets m.	after
1st	5	8	55	3
6th	1	8	59	3
11th	57	7	3	4
16th	51	7	9	4
21st	44	7	16	4
26th	37	7	23	4
31st	29	7	31	4

Equation of Time.

The obliquity of the ecliptic and the unequal motion of the earth in its orbit create a difference between apparent and mean time, except on certain days in the year, when they both coincide. The former of these is that indicated by a good sun-dial; the latter by a well-regulated clock. The *equation of time* is an expression employed to denote the difference between them; and is to be employed when it is requisite to find the one from the other, which is done by either adding or subtracting the equation, as the case may require. The correction for any intermediate day must be found by proportion, according to the rule already given. Referring, therefore, to our former volumes for more particular information on the subject, particularly those for 1814, 1816, 1823, and 1824, we shall merely insert the value of the equation for noon of every fifth day.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

Day	Date		m.	s.
Thursday	Jan. 1st,	to the time by the dial *add*	3	57
Tuesday	6th		6	15
Sunday	11th		8	21
Friday	16th		10	11
Wednesday	21st		11	43
Monday	26th		12	56
Saturday	31st		13	50

Lunar Phenomena.

Phases of the Moon.

Phase	Day	m. after	Hour
New Moon	5th day	at 52m. after	3 in the afternoon
First Quarter	12th	18	7 in the morning
Full Moon	20th	17	0
Last Quarter	28th	21	5

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

As the transit of the Moon affords the means of one of the simplest astronomical observations, we shall insert the times of a few of the most favourable for each month, for the sake of our young readers who may be disposed to exercise themselves in such pursuits. It may, therefore, be necessary to remind some of them, that the times specified are those answering to the first meridian of Great Britain; but these may readily be reduced to any other place, by means of the difference of longitude and the Moon's hourly motion.

January 9th,	at 36m.	after 3	in the afternoon
10th	.. 29	 4	....
11th	.. 19	 5	....
12th	.. 10	 6	....
13th	.. 0	 7	in the evening
14th	.. 50	 7	....
15th	.. 40	 8	....
16th	.. 30	 9	....
17th	.. 19	10	....
18th	.. 8	11	....
27th	.. 59	 4	in the morning
28th	.. 45	 5	....
29th	.. 34	 6	....
30th	.. 26	 7	....
31st	.. 21	 8	....

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The phases of this beautiful planet are subject to change, like those of the Moon, which arises from her various positions and distances in reference to the Sun and the Earth. Like other astronomical phenomena, they are susceptible of being correctly calculated, the method of doing which has already been explained in Time's Telescope for 1819. We shall, therefore, leave these computations for the exercise of such of our youthful readers as choose to perform them, and insert the results for each month.

January 1st { Illuminated part = 9·90729
Dark part...... = 2·09271

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The most useful information on this subject having been inserted in our volume for 1818, we shall refer to it in preference to repeating it here, and merely state the times of such of these eclipses as will be visible at the Royal Observatory this month. As these are recorded in *mean* time answering to the first meridian, a slight correction in these respects will be requisite for other places, which may be easily made in the usual way.

Immersions.

First Satellite .. .29th day, at 12 m. 2 s. after 6 in the morning
Second Satellite, 10th ...... 13 .. 44 ...... 6 ....

Form of Saturn's Ring.

The apparent form of this ring is subject to a slow change, the method of ascertaining which has been explained at page 52 of Time's Telescope for 1819. As this variation is only small, we shall merely insert the comparative magnitudes of the two axes for the first day of every third month. When the sign + is prefixed to the conjugate axis, it is the northern side of the ring that is visible; but when — is employed, the south side of the ring only can be seen.

January 1st { Transverse axis = 1·000
{ Conjugate axis = —0·366

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars[1].

January 1st, with γ in Libra....at midnight
6th .... β .. Capricorn.. 6 in the morning
15th ....1ϑ .. Taurus .... 1 in the afternoon
15th ....2ϑ .. Taurus ....
20th ....2α .. Cancer .....11 at night
29th .... γ .. Libra ..... 9 in the morning

Other Phenomena.

Mercury will be in his superior conjunction at a quarter past 5 in the morning of the 14th; Saturn will be in opposition at 45 m. past 2 in the morning

[1] We restrict the conjunctions in this place to stars of the first four magnitudes.

of the 21st; and Georgium Sidus will also be in conjunction at 15 m. after 1 in the afternoon of the 22d.

As the stars frequently shine with a peculiar lustre in the frosty nights of this month, we shall conclude its Occurrences with the following lines by a well-known poet:—

To the STARS.

Ye brightly-beaming stars!
  Have ye no music as ye roll along?
Or is it, that to us earth's discord mars
  Your heavenly song?

The music of the spheres!
  Was it a fiction of the olden time?
Or are there not who hear with wakeful ears
  That strain sublime?

Let thought still hear you raise
  The joyful anthem which ye sang of yore;
And as the sons of God then joined your praise,
  Let man adore.

BERNARD BARTON.



The Naturalist's Diary

For JANUARY 1829.

I can see
A beauty in that fruitful change, when comes
The yellow Autumn, and the hopes o' the year
Brings on to golden ripeness; nor dispraise
The pure and spotless form of that sharp time,
When JANUARY spreads a pall of snow
O'er the dead face of th' undistinguished earth.

CROWE.

WINTER is not without many majestic tokens of a present and presiding Deity. David was so struck by the awful glories of winter, as to call in 'hail, snow, vapour, and stormy wind,' to unite with his own harp, and all the harmonies of nature, in praising Jehovah. And there are contrasts and combinations during this season of the year, which, if duly observed, could not fail to raise the mind to that Power which rules the circle of the year. Under his high direction how the aspect of the heavens fluctuates in winter! At one time, the whole sky is one dull and dense sheet of murky vapour, which the sun itself can hardly penetrate, even at noon-day: at another time, the firmament is one vast transparency, glittering with stars. Now the snow-flakes fall as silently as the dew of the morning; and anon, the hail rushes, like arrows on the wings of the wind. In the evening, the hoar frost collects insensibly; and at midnight, the crisped snow drifts like a sandy whirlwind of the desert.

Notwithstanding this dreary picture, the Naturalist will not want subjects for examination. The *Entomologist*, in particular, will be amply repaid, in this and the succeeding month, by a walk through the fields and woods; and although they may be covered with the fleecy mantle of winter, the industrious collector will find objects of sufficient interest to reward his assiduity. The best companion in his walks will

be 'Samouelle's Introduction to the Knowledge of British Insects.'

Many of the feathered tribe have sought a warmer and more genial clime; yet sufficient remain to enliven the chill scene of a winter's day. The throstle is seen under sunny hedges and southern walls in pursuit of *snails*, which he destroys in abundance, particularly in hard winters: he delights also in chrysalids and worms. Other birds now quit their retreats in search of food. The nuthatch is heard, and larks congregate and fly to the warm stubble for shelter.

There are still some lingering signs of vegetation to be seen; some annuals coming into flower, and some change to be observed in a few culinary plants, as the savoy and the leek. Now, however, almost every thing is at a stand, till the first or second week of February gives relief, when the gooseberry bush and the elder will afford signs of the sap's motion. In the absence of garden flowers, however, the golden saxifrage and the stone-crop afford their little aid to give life and beauty to the wintry scene. Ivy now casts its leaves.

The hedge-sparrow, the thrush, and the wren, now begin to sing; the blackbird whistles, and linnets congregate. Pullets begin to lay; young lambs are dropped now. The house-sparrow chirps, and the bat is seen.

The *helleborus niger*, or Christmas rose, shows its pretty flowers at this season. Towards the close of the month, in very favourable seasons, the snow-drop blooms, and the flowers of the rosemary begin to open.

German method of making Flowers grow in Winter.—They saw off such a branch of any tree as will answer their purpose, and then lay it for an hour or two in a running stream, if they can find one: the object of this is to get the ice from the bark, and soften the buds. It is afterwards carried into one

of their warm rooms, and fixed upright in a wooden box or tub containing water. Fresh burnt lime is then added to the water, and allowed to remain in it about twelve hours, when it is removed, and fresh water added, with which a small quantity of vitriol is mixed, to prevent its putrifying. In the course of some hours the blossoms begin to make their appearance, and afterwards the leaves. If more lime be added, the process is quickened; while, if it be not used at all, the process is retarded, and the leaves appear before the blossoms.

The *fruits* still in season, which are the same also for two months more, are almonds, apples, chesnuts, walnuts, and *pears*. The Chaumontelle, says Mr. Brookshaw, in his elegant work the 'Horticultural Repository,' is one of our winter table pears; it is quite soft and buttery, and will keep in perfection till January; after that time the flesh becomes rather bitter, and is not quite so pleasant to eat. But these pears, in England, do not come to perfection every year; as in some seasons they will prove quite strong, and totally unfit for eating. A small quantity of the Chaumontelle pear is occasionally imported from Guernsey; these, from the superiority of the climate, are much finer than those grown in England. This pear was, indeed, as its name imports, originally a native of France, and naturally requires a more southern and congenial climate than England to bring it to perfection. The Chaumontelle, in its native country, is not so long as ours, but broad and flat at the bottom, and small at the top; their colour also is generally a green mixed with brown, when they grow against a wall. This pear is more likely to come to perfection if grown in this way; but you cannot always depend upon a good crop even then.

In 1827, a generally mild autumn was succeeded by an equally mild and unconfirmed winter. Several of our early song birds, as the thrush, the hedge-

sparrow, and common wren, were frequently heard before the first of January, 1828. Before this day, too, *natural primroses* appeared in Covent Garden Market. The new year was ushered in by wet, yet warm weather; the wind generally from S.S.W., and occasionally veering to the W. and N.W., at which times the clouds cleared off, and slight frosts followed. Snow fell on the 5th; on the 11th a heavy fall, with an east wind; also on the 16th, but which did not lie.—In our last year's Diary for January, the greater part of which was contributed by our friend W. Howitt, are some very picturesque delineations in prose, worth turning to; particularly descriptions of a *Great Storm*, the *British Fire-Side*, and a *Continued Frost*.

In continuation of the series of remarks on Winter in the Northern Countries of Europe, to be found in our previous volumes, we add the following description of

SOCIAL MEETINGS IN NORWAY.

These commence generally about four o'clock, and are carried on, without intermission, till after midnight. Every one brings his *pipe:* without this he would be miserable, and not even the punch could make him feel comfortable. The room is presently filled with a smoke so dense that it is difficult to distinguish persons. Most of the company during this time are deeply engaged, each with his pipe in his mouth, at their favourite game of whist; while the remainder pace the room with slow and measured steps. Now the first toast is announced by the master of the house, which is *Gammel Norge*, 'Old Norway!' The effect produced is electrical; the whole party instantaneously rise, the capacious glasses are filled to the brim; every one then touches with his own the top of each in the room, which is called *klinking*, and is similar to our old-fashioned custom of hob-nobbing; and the contents are drunk off, and

smoking resumed, till the national song of Norway is commenced, and sung in loud chorus by all with the greatest enthusiasm. This air and song, composed by Bishop Nordahl Bruun, of Bergen, are truly national, and so well express the feelings of a Norwegian, combining, at the same time, so much simplicity and even sublimity of expression, that we shall present the reader with a literal translation.

Boer Jeg paa det hoie field
Hvor en Finn skjod en reen med sin rifle paa skien.

Should I dwell on the lofty mountains,
Where the Laplander on his snow-skaits, with his rifle shoots the rein-deer;
Where a fountain bubbles up
And where the ptarmigan flutters in the heath;
With my song will I bring forth
Every treasure concealed in the fissures of the rocks;
With them am I happy and rich,
Buy wine and pay my expenses.
The summit of the rock which bears the pine
Is the free town of jovial souls;
The noise of the world beneath
Reacheth not to my 'cloud-capt' dwelling.

Should I dwell in the green valley,
Where a river meanders gently through rich grassy meadows;
Where my saloon is a cottage of leaves,
And the produce of the earth satisfies me;
Where the playful sheep and lambs
Skip about and nibble leaves, and where the oxen low;
I there laugh heartily at the boastings of fashion,
And at interest of money, which increases riches.
From my lowly, peaceful dale
I see the fall of many of the mighty,
Sit in safety on my grassy sod,
And empty my 'goblet to friendship!'

Should I live near the naked beach,
On a holm abounding with eggs, in the midst of the rolling billows,
Where a flock of birds on the water
Pursues the herring, sprat, and morten;
If I then get a draught of fish,
So full of roes that my boat is in a fair way of sinking,
I am happy, rich, and satisfied.
Let the miser complain as long as he pleases,—
One dish suffices for the table of the contented.

'Long may fish swim!' that was the toast
On which I took my glass,
Sang, and drank 'Long may the fisheries flourish!'

Let us sing, then, the mountain, the valley, and the strand;
Gold from the rocks, bread from the valley, and fish in abundance
from the shores.

* * *

Fill your glass with wine to the brim!
Norway is not a desert;
Joy is there cherished, even by Nature herself.
Let who that will be a Turk,
Sit thirsty, peevish, and ill-natured!
We drink Norway's honour and prosperity,
Sing of our valleys, mountains, and shores,
And wish that every thing may prosper with those
To whom our country and society are dear.

During the concluding verses, the fishery of Finmark, upon the success of which the welfare of these convivial brethren so much depends, is invariably drunk with loud acclamations. As the glasses are replenished, fresh toasts are proposed, and the contents are speedily emptied. Many of the toasts, says Mr. de Brooke, were expressive of their kind feeling towards me as a stranger; and *Gammel Engeland,* 'Old England,' *Welkommen til Finmarken,* 'Welcome to Finmark, and a lucky journey over the mountains,' formed constantly a part. Tea is generally taken at the commencement of these entertainments, and about three hours afterwards the *mellem mad* served. This, which means the middle meal, and is merely a kind of interlude, is brought in on a tray, and handed round to all, consisting of brandy, smoked salmon or halibut, with sandwiches made of thin slices of German sausage. It proves not the least interruption to what is going forward; and about ten o'clock, the *aftens mad,* or supper, is announced; upon which the party retire to an adjoining room, if there happens to be one, to partake of it. The *aftens mad* consists, almost invariably, of a large dish of boiled fish, accompanied in summer with a *ren stek,* or piece of rein-deer venison, roasted, and

eaten with jam of the preserved *möltæbær*, or cloudberry, and different pickles. Nothing but *punch* is drunk during this time, and, the cloth being removed, the bowls are replenished, and the carousal seldom ends before midnight. These parties, on a larger or smaller scale, are carried on throughout the year. In the summer, the convivialities commence at six o'clock. All the gentlemen take a cup of coffee in bed, about seven in the morning, smoke their pipe, and go to sleep again for three or four hours.—*De Brooke's Winter in Lapland and Sweden.* See also T.T. for 1827, pp. 23-29, 56-59, for further illustrations of northern winters.

As *contrasts* are productive of amusement, our readers may compare the method of passing the nights in Norway, just described, with '*An Evening Walk in Bengal,*' as beautifully depicted by the late lamented Bishop Heber:

Our task is done! on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams,
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.
Come, walk with me the jungle through;
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds his solitude:
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun),
A dreadful guest, but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on! no venomed snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the sun! he loves to lie
'Mid Nature's embers, parched and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid.
The peepul spreads its haunted shade;

Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe,
Fit warder in the gate of death!
Come on! Yet pause! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower;
The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent train and rushing wings,
Aloft the georgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod;
Yet who in Indian bow'r has stood,
But thought on England's 'good green wood?'
And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again!
  A truce to thought! the jackall's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry:
And through the trees yon failing ray
Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring;
While to this cooler air confest,
The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass, in softened hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from bush and brier,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre;
And, what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know that soul-entrancing swell!
It is—it must be—Philomel!

Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But oh! with thankful hearts confess
Ev'n here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth—his hope of heaven!

Indian Journal.

THE BAYA OF INDIA.

This bird is called *tenawwit* in Arabic, from its remarkably pendent nest. It is rather larger than a sparrow, with a yellow-brown plumage, a yellowish head and feet, and a conic beak, very thick in proportion to its body. This bird is exceedingly common in Hindustan; he is astonishingly sensible, faithful, and docile, never voluntarily deserting the place where his young were hatched, but not averse, like most other birds, to the society of mankind, and easily taught to perch on the hand of his master. In a state of nature he generally builds his nest on the highest tree that he can find, especially on the palmyra, or the Indian fig-tree; and he prefers that which happens to overhang a well or a rivulet. He makes it of grass, which he weaves like cloth, and shapes like a large bottle, suspending it firmly on the branches, but so as to rock with the wind; and placing it with its entrance downwards, to secure it from birds of prey. His nest usually consists of two or three chambers; and it is the popular belief that he lights them with fire-flies, which he catches alive at night, and confines with moist clay, or with cow-dung. That such flies are often found in his nest, where pieces of cow-dung are also stuck, is indubitable; but as their light could be of little use to him, it

seems probable that he only feeds on them. He may be taught, with ease, to fetch a piece of paper, or any small thing that his master points out to him. It is an attested fact, that if a ring be dropped into a deep well, and a signal given to him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his master with apparent exultation; and it is confidently asserted, that if a house or any other place be shown him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately on a proper signal being made. 'One instance of his docility I can myself mention with confidence,' says the relater. 'The young-women at Benares, and in other places, wear very thin plates of gold, called *ticas,* slightly fixed, by way of ornament, between their eye-brows; and when they pass through the streets, it is not uncommon for their admirers to give the bayas a sign which they understand, and send them to pluck the pieces of gold from the foreheads of the ladies, which they bring in triumph to the gentlemen.' The baya feeds, naturally, on grasshoppers, and other insects, but will subsist, when tame, on pulse macerated in water. The female lays many beautiful eggs, resembling large pearls; the white of them, when boiled, is transparent, and the flavour is exquisitely delicate. When many bayas are assembled on a high tree, they make a lively din, but it is rather chirping than singing. Their want of musical talents is, however, amply compensated by their wonderful sagacity, in which they are not excelled by any feathered inhabitants of the forest.

Meteorological Calendar of the Mauritius.

January.—Rainy and warm. Storms, which are sometimes accompanied with thunder, though by no means violent; and, as the tempestuous season approaches, all navigation is suspended till the month

of April; when the fields become green, and the whole landscape assumes a more cheerful appearance.

February.—Violent gales of wind, and hurricanes with thunder. These hurricanes, which, till the year 1789, were constant in this month, have since that time entirely ceased.

March.—The rains are less frequent, the winds always in the south-east, and the heat moderate.

April.—The season is fine, and the grass begins to wither on the mountains.

May.—Westerly and north-west winds; the season dry, but in the low grounds, and the interior parts of the island, the air possesses an agreeable freshness.

June.—The winds are stationary at the south-east, from which point they very seldom vary. The rain falls in small drops.

July.—Wind in the south-east; strong breezes during the day, which subside at night, when it becomes calm. The rain falls in slight dropping showers; and the air is so cool as to require warm clothing. In short, it is now *winter*, if such an expression may be used in speaking of a country where the trees never lose their leaves.

August.—It rains almost every day. The summits of the mountains are clad in cloudy vapours, which descend into the vallies, accompanied with gales of wind.

September.—The same weather and the same wind. It is now the time of harvest.

October.—The temperature of the air is somewhat warmer; though it is still fresh in the interior parts of the island. At the end of this month the corn is sown, and in four months it is reaped. It is sown again in May, and is ripe in September; so that there are two harvests in the course of the year.

November.—The heat is now very sensibly felt; the winds are variable, and are sometimes in the north-west. The rains are accompanied with storms.

December.—The heats increase. The sun is vertical, but the heat of the air is moderated by the rains, which destroy the rats, grasshoppers, ants, &c. In short, the winds and rains produce the same beneficial effect which other climates receive from the cold and frosts of the winter season.—*Visc. de Vaux's History of the Mauritius.*

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY received its name from the word *Februa*, because the expiatory sacrifices so called took place in this month. The sign for February is *Pisces*.

Remarkable Days

In FEBRUARY, 1829.

2.—PURIFICATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY,

Or, *Candlemas Day:* see our former volumes. The *blessing of the candles* at Rome is thus described by the intelligent author of a 'Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Italy.' This ceremony took place in the pope's chapel at the Quirinal. The pope, in his pontifical robes, was seated on a throne beside the high altar, cardinals, bishops, and the senator, being all present, in vestments splendidly embroidered. A long procession, formed of the orders of monks from all the different convents and monasteries, entered the chapel singing, each holding in his hand a large wax candle, which was laid aside until after the celebration of mass, when each monk resumed his candle, and presented it kneeling at the foot of the throne, while the pope blessed it. The number of candles was very great, and each being separately blessed, the pope was nearly exhausted with the frequent repetition of the same

words, when he was placed in his fine chair, and carried out of the chapel, followed by the cardinals, bishops, and senator, attended by his pages, and a long train of priests, monks, and friars, walking in grand procession round the Sala Regia, and returning, through the chapel, again to the throne, singing as they went. The pope, on this occasion, as on all others when he appears in public, is surrounded by the Guardia Nobile, which always immediately attends his person, and is composed entirely of persons chosen from among the most ancient nobility of Rome. When he drives out, they ride close to his carriage, on horses richly caparisoned at their own expense; and when carried in state, they are nearest his chair. Most of them have the rank of princes; their dress on state occasions is magnificent.

3.—SAINT BLASE,

Bishop of Sebasta, in Cappadocia, was beheaded in the year 289.—The septennial festival held in honour of Bishop Blase, and in commemoration of the invention of wool-combing, was celebrated at Bradford, in Yorkshire, in 1825, with extraordinary pomp and festivity. The martyrdom of the Bishop is duly commemorated every seventh year, by the followers of the useful art of which he is the reputed inventor; and, on this occasion, the festival was far more splendid than usual. The men connected with the different branches of the woollen trade assembled at an early hour, and formed in procession, dressed in an appropriate manner, with flags and music. The celebrated legend of the Golden Fleece is interwoven with the commemoration of Bishop Blase; and among the characters in the procession were Jason and Medea. The line of procession extended nearly a mile. A hundred gentlemen connected with the woollen manufactures dined together in the evening, and on the following night a ball was given in the court house.

We have now before us a handbill, containing a poetical oration, and an order of the procession on one of these occasions, without any date of either place or year; but we conjecture it to have been held at NORWICH, and on the peace with America, in 1783. We give it as a curiosity, for the gratification of our readers. At the top of the first page is a *beautiful* medallion, about the size of a crown-piece, of Bishop Blase in his robes, with his mitre on his head, a book in his right hand, and a wool-comb in his left, and a flock of sheep in the back-ground.

AN ORATION,

Spoken by the Woolcombers on the Return of PEACE, *and in Commemoration of* BISHOP BLASE.

AT length serener PEACE, with orient rays,
Her gladd'ning lustre to the world displays;
Long had she left our sea-encircled plain,
And war, despotic, triumphed o'er the main:
With dauntless pow'r did foreign marts pervade,
And stemmed the placid currency of TRADE.
But now the clouds of dark despair are flown,
And COMMERCE re-assumes her former throne.
Now cease the wretched orphans to impart
The pangs of horror to the feeling heart;
The widow's tears again shall cease to flow,
And happiness succeed the source of woe:
Cheered by her mild benignity and grace
Aspiring joy shall former grief efface!
Mount on the wings of extasy, and soar
To heights of rapture seldom known before!
Tell Gallia's sons, and proud Iberia's state,
We've caught the laurels from propitious fate:
Waft the glad tidings to the distant shore*,
Where the Atlantic waves in rolling surges roar;
There equal joy shall greet the welcome news,
And FRIENDSHIP shall her lenient balms diffuse:
But here, supported by returning peace,
JASON again presents the GOLDEN FLEECE.
See there the victor†!—There the Grecian prize‡!
Bright as the starry grandeur of the skies!

* America. † To Jason. ‡ To the Fleece.

Two Godlike youths § the grand retinue grace,
Alike in valour, as alike in face:
There too the Reverend Sage ||! whose studious head
Gave to ten thousands (yet unborn) their bread:
Thrice happy we—who o'er the spacious earth
Boast such unrivalled dignity and worth!
Again, self-pleased, industry deigns to smile,
Elate with joy, and cheers the British isle:
Borne on her soaring wings, immortal FAME
Shall waft to every state Britannia's name;
While we the joyous call of mirth obey,
And crown with jovial glee th' auspicious day.

On the back of the above bill is the following programme:—

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

Four Trumpeters.
Marshal-man.
Peace.
Orator.
Banner of Britannia.
Plenty.
Drums and Fifes.

* *

Twenty { * * * * * * / * * * * * * / * * * * * * } Argonauts.

Hercules.

Lynceus.	The Golden Fleece,	Trophy.
Zetes.	Borne on a grand Palanquin by four Men.	Calais.
	Orpheus.	
Castor.	Jason drawn in a Phaeton by four Horses.	Pollux.

Standard of the Argonauts.

Twenty { * * * * * * / * * * * * * / * * * * * * } Argonauts.

* *

§ To Castor and Pollux. || To Bishop Blase.

Militia Band.
Standard of the City.
Two Vergers.
Orator.
Bishop's Chaplain
In a Phaeton and Pair.
Page. **BISHOP BLASE** Page.
In a Phaeton drawn by Six Horses.
Standard of the City.
The Book-keepers, Shepherds and Shepherdesses belonging to the different Societies of Combers—Twelve Companies—Seven Companies on Foot—Five ditto on Horseback.

In a Christian country (observes our Huntingdonshire correspondent) we should have thought there were characters which might have been introduced more appropriate than Hercules, Orpheus, Jason, Castor and Pollux, and the Argonauts. 'Abel was a keeper of sheep;' so were Jacob, Moses, and David. We know that garments were made of woollen in the time of Moses, (*Levit.* xiii, 47, 48, 52). It is part of the character of Solomon's excellent wife, that 'she seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.' And, 'she is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet' (*Prov.* xxxi, 13, 21), or, as the margin has it, 'double garments,' that is, probably, garments double the usual thickness. But the Israelites were not allowed to mix threads of wool and of flax or hemp together (*Levit.* xix, 19; *Deut.* xxii, 11), to make what we call *linsey-woolsey*, probably as an emblem of the separate or unmixed state which they were to observe in respect to the heathen. Ram-skins, dyed scarlet, formed one of the coverings of the tent of the tabernacle, (*Exod.* xxxvi, 19). The Israelites traded with Damascus for wool, which was very celebrated (*Ezekiel* xxvii, 18).—See an Essay on the Agriculture of the Israelites, in the Investigator, vol. vi, p. 45.

5.—SAINT AGATHA.

She was a native of Sicily, and martyred by order of Quintianus, A.D. 251.

*7. 1828.—HENRY NEELE DIED.

He claims some record on the roll of Fame,
And Rumour for a season learns his name,
And Sorrow knows the prison where he lies—
Mortality's cold signet on him set.

Neele: Sonnet, 1820.

Henry Neele, son of the late respectable map and heraldic engraver, was born January 29, 1798, at the house of his father, in the Strand. His parents soon afterwards settled at Kentish Town, where Henry was sent to school as a daily boarder. The academy wherein he imbibed all the instruction he possessed previous to his entrance into life, did not offer much towards the attainment of a liberal education. Henry Neele, therefore, left school, possessing, as Dr. Johnson would say, little Latin, and scarcely any Greek, but capable of reading and enjoying the best French writers. He added afterwards, by his own unassisted efforts, some acquaintance with Italian literature. Neele displayed no extraordinary application to study, no talent for mathematical or other science,—but he evinced an early inclination for *poetry;* and he wrote, at that period, unnoticed but not unnoticing, verses, which would bear a comparison with those of the most precocious poet on record. His genius was purely lyrical, and Collins was his chief model. The Ode to Enthusiasm (the earliest of his printed poems) contains more natural images, and natural expression, than are ordinarily found in the productions of a boy of fifteen. Neele's father, a man of fair natural talents, had the discernment to perceive, and the good taste to encourage, his son's genius. The Odes and other Poems, published in 1817, were printed at his expense.

On quitting school, Mr. Neele was articled to an attorney; and though at times he 'penned a stanza when he should engross,' he nevertheless, we believe, did not neglect the opportunities afforded of obtaining experience in his profession. At a later period, he practised as a solicitor in Great Blenheim Street. In 1821, the Odes and Poems were reprinted, with a frontispiece, and attracted much notice from Dr. Drake, and other critics of repute. Our author then began to be sought after by booksellers, and became a regular contributor to Magazines, the Forget-Me-Not, &c. &c. The great success that had attended the Dramatic Scenes of Barry Cornwall gave rise to the composition of Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous, published in 1823; but Mr. Neele had evidently no talent for dramatic poetry. The Miscellaneous Poems in this second volume are written with more attempt at polish than his earlier productions, and are very beautiful specimens of his genius, especially the *Songs.* We have a melancholy pleasure in transcribing the following from the Fragments, which close the volume:—

That which makes women vain has taught my heart
A deeper lesson; and my weary spirit
Looks on this painted clay but as the night garb
Which the soul wears while slumbering here on earth,
And, at its waking, gladly throws aside
For brighter ornaments.

If our author could not excel in dramatic poetry, he had a keen perception of dramatic excellence in others. He studied minutely the productions of (what is termed) the Elizabethan age, and was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare. He pleased himself with composing a series of lectures on the works of the great bard, and undertook (in 1819) a pilgrimage to his shrine.

In the winter of 1826, Mr. Neele completed a series of Lectures on the English Poets, from Chaucer to the present period. These Lectures he read at the Russell, and afterwards at the Western Institution. They are described by one who heard them as 'displaying a high tone of poetical feeling in the lecturer, and an intimate acquaintance with the beauties and blemishes of the great subjects of his criticism.' The public prints mentioned them in terms of approbation; and profit, as well as praise, accrued to our author by this undertaking.

At the commencement of the year 1828, appeared his *Romance of History*, in three volumes, dedicated to the King. This production greatly enhanced Mr. Neele's fame as a writer of a higher order than the mere contributor to periodical publications. The object of the author was to prove, as his motto stated, that

Truth is strange—
Stranger than fiction;

and that tomes of romance need not alone be ransacked for the marvellous in incident. His compilation embraces tales of every age, from the Conquest to the Reformation, extracted from the chronicles and more obscure sources of historical information. As a book of instruction, it is invaluable to readers who cannot be persuaded to sit down to the perusal of history in a legitimate form; for each tale is preceded by a chronological summary of the events referred to, arranged in a brief and accurate form. The narratives themselves are highly attractive, teeming with interest, and interspersed with lively and characteristic dialogue. The idea was a happy one, and capable of almost boundless extent. The early history of France, of Spain, of Italy, would have furnished fresh materials, and the excitement would have been renewed at every recurrence to the novel habits of a fresh people. The author had begun to avail himself of this advantage: he had commenced a second series of Romances, founded on the history of France. Known and appreciated, he was beginning to rear his head as a lion of the day. His poetical works had been collected, in two volumes, with a portrait; but, alas!

Scarce had their fame been whispered round,
Before its shrill and mournful sound
Was whistling o'er (his) tomb:
Scarce did the laurel 'gin to grow
Around (his) early honoured brow,
Before its grateful bloom
Was changed to cypress, sere and brown,
Whose garlands mock the head they crown.

Neele's Odes.

The following beautiful stanzas were communicated by Mr. Neele to the European Magazine some time since, and have been reprinted by Mr. Watts, in his 'Poetical Album.'

'Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?'

'And where is he?' Not by the side
Of her whose wants he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend!
That form beloved he marks no more;
Those scenes admired no more shall see;
Those scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair,—but where is he?

No, no, the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favourite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him,
Are dear to life and nature still;
But, ah! his home is not as fair,
Neglected must his garden be;
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, 'where is he?'

His was the pomp, the crowded hall—
But where is now the proud display?
His—riches, honour, pleasures, all
Desire could frame;—but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong,—and where is he?

The church-yard bears an added stone,
The fire-side shows a vacant chair;
Here sadness dwells, and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there;
The life has gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
O where are they, and where is he?

*7. 1828. ALEX. CAMERON, D.D. DIED, ÆT. 80, Bishop of Maximianopolis, and Vicar Apostolic of the Lowland District of Scotland. The venerable

deceased went to the Scotch college in Rome in 1760, where he remained eight years, and carried away the first prizes awarded during that period. He returned to Scotland in 1772, and acted as missionary apostolic in Strathern till 1780, when he was appointed rector of the Scotch college in Valladolid, in Spain, where he remained eighteen years. In 1798 he was appointed coadjutor to Bishop Hay, then Vicar Apostolic of the Lowland District of Scotland; and was consecrated a bishop in Madrid the following year. In 1802 he returned to Scotland, and Bishop Hay having resigned in 1806, he then succeeded that prelate. From the period of his last return, he uniformly resided in Edinburgh. Bishop Cameron was an ornament to his church and to the age in which he lived: he was pious without bigotry; learned without pedantry; and his benevolence was truly catholic, embracing all denominations of Christians. His body lay in state three days, having his sandals and ring on, and his mitre, crook, crosier, &c. lay beside him.

*10. 1686.—SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE DIED, ÆT. 81.

This celebrated antiquary was the only son of John Dugdale, of Shustoke, gent., and was placed at the free school in Coventry, where he continued till he was fifteen. In 1638 he went to London, and was introduced to Sir Christopher Hatton and Sir Henry Spelman, through whose interest he was created a pursuivant at arms extraordinary, by the name of Blanch Lyon. He was afterwards made Rouge-Croix pursuivant in ordinary, by letters patent, dated March 18, 1640; and, having a lodging in the heralds' office, and convenient opportunities, he spent that year and part of the following in augmenting his collections out of the records in the Tower and other places. In 1641, through Sir Christopher Hatton's encouragement, he employed himself in taking exact draughts of all the monuments in Westminster Abbey,

Saint Paul's cathedral, and in many other cathedral and parochial churches of England. In 1642 he was ordered by the king to repair to York; and in July was commanded to attend the Earl of Northampton, who was marching into Worcestershire and Warwickshire to oppose the forces raised by Lord Brooke for the service of the parliament. He was with the king at the battle of Edge-Hill, and afterwards at Oxford, where he continued with his majesty till the surrender of that garrison to the parliament in 1646. In 1642 he had been created M.A., and in 1644 made Chester herald. During his long residence at Oxford he applied himself to the search of such antiquities, in the Bodleian and other libraries, as he thought might conduce to the furtherance of the 'Monasticon,' at that time designed by him and Roger Dodsworth; as also to collect whatever might relate to the history of the ancient nobility of this realm, to be made use of in his 'Baronage.' After the surrender of Oxford upon articles, Dugdale, having the benefit of them, and having compounded for his estate, repaired to London, where he and Dodsworth proceeded vigorously in completing their collections out of the Tower records and Cottonian library, and published, *at their own charge*, the first volume of 'Monasticon Anglicanum,' adorned with views of abbeys, churches, &c.: the second volume was published in 1661, and the third in 1673. This work is a splendid monument of antiquarian fame, particularly the new edition of it by HENRY ELLIS, Esq., a name truly worthy of being associated with that of Dugdale—*par nobile fratrum!*

In 1656, Dugdale published, *at his own charge*, 'The Antiquities of Warwickshire Illustrated.' The author mentions, in his preface, that he had spent the greatest part of his time, for more than *twenty years*, in accomplishing this work, which, indeed, is allowed to be one of the best methodised and most accurate accounts ever written of this nature, and to stand at

the head of all the county histories that have been given to the public. While this work was printing, which occupied nearly a year and a half, Dugdale continued in London, for the sake of correcting the press; during which time he had an opportunity of collecting materials for another work, which he published in 1658, 'The History of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London.' And here it is but an act of justice to living merit, to mention the beautiful reprint of this work by the same learned and indefatigable scholar who edited the 'Monasticon:' the graphic illustrations to both these works are superb.

Upon the restoration of Charles II, Dugdale was, through the recommendation of Lord Chancellor Hyde, advanced to the office of norroy king at arms; and in 1662 he published 'The History of Imbanking and Draining of divers Fens and Marshes, &c.' About the same time he completed the second volume of Sir Henry Spelman's 'Councils;' and also the second part of that learned knight's 'Glossary.' In 1666 he published 'Origines Juridicales, or Historical Memoirs of the English Laws, &c.' His next work was the 'Baronage of England,' of which the first part appeared in 1675, and the second and third in 1676. This has been censured as incorrect and defective; but, whatever might be its faults, it was so acceptable, that in the year following its publication very few copies remained unsold. In May, 1677, this diligent and laborious antiquary was solemnly created garter principal king at arms; and on the day following received from his majesty the honour of knighthood. The collections of materials for the 'Antiquities of Warwickshire' and the 'Baronage of England,' all written with his own hand, and contained in twenty-seven volumes in folio, he gave by will to the University of Oxford, together with sixteen other volumes, which are now preserved in Ashmole's Museum. He gave, likewise, several books to the heralds' office, in London, and procured many more

for their library. In a short time after his last publication had made its appearance, this illustrious man closed his long and useful mortal career. He died in his chair, at Blithe Hall, and was interred at Shustoke, in a little vault which he had caused to be made in the church. Over that vault he had erected, in his life-time, an altar-tomb of free-stone, with an epitaph of his own writing.—See a beautiful work, now in course of publication, entitled, '*Graphic Illustrations of Warwickshire.*'

*10. 1581.—LEONORA D'ESTE DIED, ÆT. 44.

Lucretia and *Leonora*, of Este, were, says Serassi, two princesses, most beautiful in person, and of manners so elegant and courteous as to excite in all minds the highest admiration. Their mother, the unfortunate Renée of France, daughter of Louis XII, a princess of singular virtue and talent, and especially inclined to letters, had bestowed great pains upon their education; and, besides the usual round of accomplishments, had inspired them with a taste for the fine arts, and particularly for poetry, which, indeed, they not only admired, but occasionally cultivated. To these accomplished ladies the author of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata' was introduced when in his twenty-first year; and the pleasure which the youthful poet felt from their kind and flattering attentions is attested by some canzoni of his, written at this period, in language full of that respectful gallantry which the favourable notice of ladies so distinguished would naturally inspire.

In the spring of the year 1568 the Princess Lucretia was married to the Prince d'Urbino; and Leonora, thus deprived of her most intimate companion, and naturally of a shy and reserved disposition, renounced, in a great measure, all public amusement; and, in the retirement of her private apartments, devoted herself to pursuits more congenial to her taste—to private study, and the conversation of literary men. Highly appreciating the genius of Tasso, and the

many estimable qualities with which he was endowed, the Princess Leonora found no small enjoyment in his philosophical conversation, and in the productions of his muse. To her he read the portions of his great poem as they were composed; to her taste appealed; and, flattered by the warmth of her praises and her gracious condescension, he seems to have given himself up, with less reserve, to the delightful emotions inspired by her presence. The first advances of his passion were, however, marked by much timidity towards the individual beloved, as appears from some verses which he composed, beginning '*Amor l'alma m' allaccia,*' &c.[1] Many beautiful little poems were composed by Tasso in honour of Leonora; and some of these have been elegantly translated by Mr. Wiffen: we subjoin one specimen of these charming productions.

Thou, Lady, in thine early days
  Of life didst seem a purple rose,
That dreads the suitor sun's warm rays,
  Nor dares its virgin breast disclose;
But coy, and crimsoning to be seen,
Lies folded yet in leaves of green.

Or rather (for no earthly thing
  Was like thee then) thou didst appear,
Divine AURORA, when her wing
  On every blossom shakes a tear;
And, spangled o'er with dew-drops cold,
The mountain summits tints with gold.

Those days are past, yet from thy face
  No charm the speeding years have snatched,
But left it ripening every grace,
  In perfect loveliness unmatched
By what thou wert—when young and shy,
Thy timid graces shunned the eye.

More lovely looks the flower matured,
  When full its fragrant leaves it spreads,
More rich the sun when, unobscured,
  At noon a brighter beam it sheds;
Thou in thy beauty blendest both
The sun's ascent and rose's growth.

[1] See a translation of these pretty lines in Mr. Wiffen's Life of Tasso, prefixed to his 'Jerusalem Delivered,' p. xlix.

14.—SAINT VALENTINE.

On the subject of *Valentines* we have now before us two splendid volumes, the one entitled 'POEMS, by Mrs. Elizabeth Cobbold, with a Memoir of the Author,' in one large volume octavo, 1825, beautifully printed, with engravings of the authoress and her husband, and with many *Valentines* in lithography; the other is entitled 'VALENTINE VERSES, or Lines of Truth, Love, and Virtue, by the Rev. Richard Cobbold, A.M.,' octavo, 1827, with a hundred lithographic cuts, and the same portraits of the author's father and mother, as in the former volumes. Of the nature of these *Valentine verses* Mr. C. gives the following account in the memoir of his mother.

'For a period of nearly twenty years the hospitable mansions of the Cliff, and Holy Wells, were enlivened by an annual party on the evening of St. Valentine's Day; for which festive occasion Mrs. Cobbold designed, composed, and executed, with great taste and elegance, a collection of valentines, generally to the number of eighty, which were all curiously cut out on a half sheet of letter paper, and each inscribed with verses applicable to the subject. They were then folded precisely alike, in blue paper, and placed, the ladies' Valentines in one basket, and the gentlemen's in another; and when cards or music had contributed, for an hour or two, to the amusement of the evening, these baskets were handed round to the unmarried visitors, and the valentines drawn by them as a lottery, each lady or gentleman selecting one, at their pleasure, from any part of the respective packets. The prize was intended to prognosticate to the person who drew it, marriage, or a matrimonial engagement in the ensuing year; while the others, from the variety, and accidental or fancied coincidences with the supposed sentiments of the parties, afforded a unique and highly interesting amusement.'

The following are specimens of the poetry:

A Basket of Fruit.

If you have wisely nursed the flowers
That spring profuse in vernal bowers,
And trained their blossoms gay,
The fruits of youth, in virtue spent,
Ripe judgment, peace, and rich content,
Shall bless your summer day.

A Harp.

When fretful hours and griefs intrude
On life's domestic plan—
When worldly cares, and discords rude,
Have warped the mind of man—
Then female softness tunes the strings
To many a melting tone,
And o'er the harp transported flings
A soothing all her own;
Bids ev'ry note to love reply,
And blends them into harmony.

The Pledge of Love.

Quick the pulse of flutt'ring heart,
When the lover we descry
Fast approaching, to impart
Welcome tale of constancy.

Slowly beats the fainting heart
When the lover bids adieu;
Yet, unwilling to depart,
Breaking off the interview.

Lady, hast thou ever known
Honest word of such delight;
Lover, calling thee his own,
Giving thee his sacred plight!

Take, O take the pledge of love—
Ever, ever faithful boon;
Long may constant lovers prove
Life is but a honey-moon.

15.—SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

The words Septuagesima, Sexagesima, and Quinquagesima (seventieth, sixtieth, and fiftieth), were first applied to denote these three Sundays, when the season of Lent was extended to a fast of six weeks, that is, thirty-six days, not reckoning the Sundays,

which were always celebrated as festivals. So much of serene and so much of joyful feeling, so much of calm and grateful recollection, so much of present peace and comfort, and so much of holy and transporting hope, are connected with the cultivation of the devotional spirit,—that to assist its exercises, to administer to its wants, and to accompany its heavenly aspirations, are objects worthy of the noblest, the best ambition. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we give a place to the following beautiful Hymn for Sunday Evening, by *Mr. Bowring*, which may be read with advantage on Septuagesima or any other Sunday in the year:

Welcome the hour of sweet repose,
The evening of the Sabbath day!
In peace my wearied eyes shall close
When I have tuned my vesper lay,
In humble gratitude to Him
Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this, how sweet,
In the calm solitude of Even,
To hold with heaven communion meet,
Meet for a spirit bound to heaven;
And, in this wilderness beneath,
Pure zephyrs from above to breathe.

It may be that the Eternal Mind
Bends sometimes from His throne of bliss;
Where should we then His presence find,
But in hour so blest as this,—
An hour of calm tranquillity,
Silent, as if to welcome Thee?

Yes! if the Great Invisible,
Descending from His seat divine,
May deign upon this earth to dwell,
Where shall he find a welcoming shrine,
But in the breast of man, who bears
His image, and His spirit shares?

Now let the solemn thought pervade
My soul, and let my heart prepare
A throne. Come, veiled in awful shade,
Thou Spirit of God! that I may dare
Hail Thee! nor, like Thy prophet, be
Blinded by Thy brightest majesty.

Then turn my wandering thoughts within,
To hold communion, Lord, with Thee;
And, purified from taint of sin
And earth's pollutions, let me see
Thine image,—for a moment prove,
If not Thy majesty, Thy love;

That love which over all is shed,
Shed on the worthless as the just;
Lighting the stars above our head,
And waking beauty out of dust;
And rolling in its glorious way
Beyond the farthest comet's ray.

To Him alike the living stream
And the dull regions of the grave:
All watched, protected all, by Him,
Whose eye can see, whose arm can save,
In the cold midnight's dangerous gloom,
Or the dark prison of the tomb.

Thither we hasten—as the sand
Drops in the hour-glass, never still,
So, gathered in by Death's rude hand,
The storehouse of the grave we fill;
And sleep in peace, as safely kept
As when on earth we smiled or wept.

What is our duty here? to tend
From good to better—thence to best;
Grateful to drink life's cup—then bend,
Unmurmuring, to our bed of rest;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering their fragrance as we go.

And so to live, that, when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May 'shrine our names in Memory's light;
And the best seeds we scattered, bloom
A hundred fold in days to come.

*16. 1629.—BURNING OF WITCHES.

The superstitions of witchcraft have now ceased to alarm us; but they afford a direful exemplification of the calamities to which human nature may be subjected; nor can the history of witchcraft be contemplated without horror. The above is the date of a list, drawn up by a contemporary, at Wurtzburgh, which was the scene of great horrors in that and the

two preceding years. In this short period upwards of 150 victims perished. They included persons of every rank and station; many of the dignified clergy belonging to the cathedral, and some of the richest citizens. Neither age nor sex could excite compassion. The witch-laws of England and Scotland were repealed in the reign of George II. Those of Ireland were allowed to remain upon the statute-book till the year 1821! We are informed by Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, that the last execution of a Scottish witch took place in Sutherland, A.D. 1722, the sentence having been pronounced by Captain David Ross, of Little Dean. This old woman belonged to the parish of Loth, and, among other crimes, was accused of having ridden upon her own daughter, transformed into a pony, and shod by the devil, which made the girl ever after lame, both in hands and feet—a misfortune entailed upon her son, who was alive of late years. The grandmother was executed at Dornoch. After being brought out for execution, the weather proving very severe, the poor old woman sat composedly before the pile, warming herself by the fire prepared to consume her, while the other instruments of death were making ready.

'I went once,' says Sir George Mackenzie, 'when I was Justice Depute, to examine some women that had confessed judicially; and one of them, who was a sickly creature, told me, under secresie, that she had not confessed because she was guilty, but, being a poor creature who wrought for her meat, and being defamed for a witch, she knew she should starve, for no person hereafter would either give her meat or lodging; and that all men would beat her, and hound dogs at her; and that therefore she desired to be out of the world; whereupon she wept most bitterly, and upon her knees called God to witness what she said.' This species of torment leads to insanity. Wretchedness and oppression, disorganizing the body as well as the mind, will make even wise men mad. At

length the witch became wicked in thought, though not in deed. The hatred of the world placed her out of the pale of society. Detesting and detested, she sought to inflict those evils which she could not effect; and, half conscious of a delusion which she *could not overcome*, *she became reckless* of her own miserable life, yielding to the frantic despair which compelled her to wish to believe that she was in league with the powers of darkness. In this country, however barbarous the law may have been, still the *strict forms of our jurisprudence*, administered by the highest judges of the land, contributed to keep these persecutions somewhat within bounds. Where these checks were wanting, the numbers persecuted, in consequence of the belief in witchcraft, almost pass credibility. In New England, in the year 1692, nineteen were hanged; one refused to plead, and perished by the *peine forte et dure*. Fifty confessed themselves to be witches, and were pardoned. One hundred and fifty were in prison when the trials ceased, and informations had been laid against upwards of two hundred more; and this in a newly settled and thinly peopled colony!

*17. 1827.——RUNDELL DIED, ÆT. 81.

He was of the firm of Rundell and Bridge, jewellers to the royal family. Many of the works which were produced from this manufactory have been considered to rival, in classical conception, and delicacy and splendour of execution, the productions of the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini. We may instance, as one of the most distinguished of these works, the splendid 'Shield of Achilles,' executed, according to Messrs. Rundell and Bridge's directions, by the late Mr. Flaxman, and which is universally acknowledged to be one of the finest performances of modern art. This *chef-d'œuvre* originated in the suggestion of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, unprompted by any order, or expectation of order, and

at their own sole expense. For the model and drawing they paid Mr. Flaxman the sum of £620. Four casts in silver-gilt, beautifully and elaborately chased, were executed from Mr. Flaxman's model, and became the property of His Majesty, His Royal Highness the late Duke of York, the Earl of Lonsdale, and the Duke of Northumberland. Some idea may be formed of the magnificence of this production, when it is stated, that the completion of each cast occupied two experienced workmen an entire twelvemonth. To this notice may be added that of copies, equally creditable to the spirit and liberality of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, of the celebrated Portland and Warwick vases. Among other means by which the proprietors of this establishment sought to advance English manufacture in their particular trade, was that of obtaining the services of the best talents, both native and foreign, which could be procured. Accordingly, artists and workmen of distinguished ability always found in their manufactory a certain and liberal engagement; and by this accumulation of superior executive ability, they may almost be said to have accomplished what they are reported to have aimed at—the advancement of a manufacture nearly into a department of art. Nor has this increased reputation of our manufactories been confined to England. The various splendid services of plate, and the articles of jewellery and other costly work, which have, at various times during the last half century, been presented to official dignitaries and other persons in foreign countries, and have been ordered from this establishment by foreign potentates, must necessarily, from their acknowledged superiority, have raised the fame of English manufacture; and in this point of view the life of an individual whose peculiar and personal exertions have been thus useful, acquires an interest which that of the mere manufacturer, however wealthy, never could possess.



Mr. Rundell was, perhaps, not more distinguished by his peculiar excellencies as a man of business, than by his personal qualities: both were alike creditable to him. Of the former we have taken a hasty survey; of the latter it would be injustice not to say something. He was rich, and devotedly attached to the farther acquisition of wealth; but he was totally free from those blemishes which frequently disfigure the possession of money. His wealth was not contaminated by avarice; his desire of gain never invaded his honour; his anxiety to increase his possessions gave admission to no sordid or covetous motive: he was always liberal; and as his wealth augmented his liberality enlarged; and his discernment of deserving objects of bounty, and of beneficial media of dispensing it, seemed to be strengthened. In proof of his generosity of temper, it may be stated, that, irascible as he was, no one in his service, either commercial or domestic, ever left him spontaneously. Of his freedom from sordid or avaricious motives, the bountiful, not to say magnanimous benevolences which he gave to his relations

in his life-time, are a most honourable testimony. It has been represented, on very good authority, that he distributed among his relations during his life-time, in sums varying between £500 and £20,000 (for his bounty on meet occasions descended in such large amounts) no less a sum than £145,000. In addition to these absolute gifts, he made regular annual allowances, many of them secured by binding legal securities, to such of his relations and dependents as in his judgment would be most benefited by an annual provision, to an amount which, if calculated according to the established value of annuities, would increase the total of his living bounty to a sum almost, if not quite, unexampled in the annals of generosity.

22.—SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY, *See* p. 55.

24.—SAINT MATTHIAS.

St. Matthias was chosen by lot into the apostolical office, in the place of the traitor Judas (*Acts* i, 26), and was afterwards murdered by the Jews.—See T.T. for 1825, pp. 145, 146.

*28. 1828.—DESTRUCTION OF THE BRUNSWICK THEATRE.

In the morning of this day, a most calamitous and destructive event took place at the *Brunswick Theatre*, Well-street, Wellclose-square. The rehearsal was going on at about half past eleven o'clock, and the entire strength of the company was on the stage, preparing for the evening's exhibition (that of Guy Mannering), when suddenly a cracking noise was heard from the wrought-iron roof of the building, and almost instantaneously it fell in with a tremendous crash, throwing the front wall of the theatre into the street. The shouts and wailings of the persons inclosed within the ruins were of the most pitiable description. The bodies dug out the same day were, those of Mr. Maurice, printer, of Fenchurch street, principal proprietor; Mr. Evans, formerly a printer at Bristol; Mr. E. Gilbert, a performer; Miss Fearon, sister

to Madame Fearon, and Miss Freeman, actresses; Robert Purdy, a blacksmith; Allis and Penfold, door-keepers; Jesse Miles, a carpenter; and Levi, a clothesman, who was reading the play-bill at the door. Upwards of twenty sufferers were carried off to the London Hospital. Public subscriptions for the benefit of the unfortunate sufferers were undertaken and liberally supported.

At a coroner's inquest held on the bodies, it was stated by Mr. WHITWELL, the architect, that the accident originated not from the weight of the roof itself, nor from the bad structure of the walls, but from an additional weight of about eighty tons having been attached to the roof without his authority; the slips, the painters' gallery, &c. being all appended to it by means of iron bars. Mr. Whitwell stated, that the roof, being made of wrought iron, was lighter than it could have been even of wood, and was so constructed, that if it had only to bear the weight of its covering, it would have remained for a century or more; but that the proprietors had, in the face of the strongest remonstrances from the architect and the roof-contractor, suspended the machinery abovementioned from the roof, which it was never calculated or intended to bear; and that this was the cause of the dreadful calamity.

The theatre was begun Aug. 2, 1827—run up with incredible speed—opened—and fell down—all in less than seven months.

*FEB. 1828.—HON. MICHAEL NOLAN DIED,

King's counsel, and chief justice of the Brecon circuit. Mr. Nolan was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and was author of the following professional works: Reports of Cases relating to the Duty and Office of a Justice of the Peace, from Michaelmas Term, 1791, to Trinity Term, 1792, 2 parts, royal 8vo, 1793; Strange's Reports of adjudged Cases in the Courts of Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, 3d edit., with Notes and References, 3 vols.

royal 8vo, 1795; Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on the Laws of England, intended to be delivered in pursuance of an order of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, in their hall, 1796, 8vo; A Treatise on the Laws of England for the Settlement and Relief of the Poor, 2 vols. 8vo, 1805, 2d edit., with considerable Additions, 1808.

London at Midnight.

The following passages are from a poem under this title by *Robert* Montgomery, author of the 'Omnipresence of the Deity:'

The fret and fever of the day are o'er,
And London slumbers, but with murmurs faint,
Like Ocean, when she folds her waves to sleep:
'Tis the pure hour for poetry and thought;
When passions sink, and man surveys the heavens,
And feels himself immortal.

O'er all a sad sublimity is spread—
The dimming smile of night, amid the air,
Darkly and drear, the spiry steeples rise
Like shadows of the past; the houses lie
In dismal clusters, moveless as in sleep:
And, towering far above the rest, yon dome[1]
Uprears, as if self-balanced in the gloom—
A spectre cowering o'er the dusky piles.

* *

How noiseless are the streets! a few hours gone,
And all was fierce commotion; car and hoof,
And bick'ring wheel, and crackling stone, and throats
That rang with revelry and wo—were here
Immingled in the stir of life; but now
A deadness mantles round the midnight scene:
Time, with his awful feet, has paced the world,
And frowned her myriads into sleep!—'Tis hushed!
Save when a distant drowsy watch-call breaks
Intrusive on the calm; or rapid cars,
That roll them into silence. Beauteous look
The train of houses, yellowed by the moon,
Whose tile-roofs, slanting down amid the light,
Gleam like an azure track of waveless sea!

* *

[1] St. Paul's.

The Past!—Oh! who on London stones can tread,
Nor shadow forth the spirits that have been?
An atmosphere of genius genders here
Remembrance of the past! the storied nurse,
The ancient mother of the mighty, Thou,
Unrivalled London! sages, poets, kings,
And all the giant race of glorious fame,
Whose world-illuming minds, like quenchless stars,
Burn through the wreck of ages,—triumphed here,
Or ravished hence a beam of Fame! And now
Imagination cites these mighty dead
In dismal majesty from out the tomb!

And who shall paint the midnight scenes of life
In this vast city?—mart of human kind!
Some weary wrecks of woe are lapped in sleep,
And blessed in dreams, whose day-life was a curse!
Some, heart-racked, roll upon a sleepless couch,
And from the heated brain create a hell
Of agonising thoughts and ghostly fears;
While Pleasure's moths, around the golden glare
Of princely halls, dance off the dull-winged hours:
And, oh! perchance in some infectious cell,
Far from his home, unaided and alone,
The famished wanderer dies:—no voice to sound
Sweet comfort to his heart—no hand to smooth
His bed of death—no beaming eye to bless
The spirit hov'ring o'er another world!

* *

And shall this city-queen—this peerless mass
Of pillared domes, and gray-worn towers sublime,
Be blotted from the world, and forests wave
Where once the second Rome was seen? Oh! say,
Will rank grass grow on England's royal streets,
And wild beasts howl where Commerce stalked supreme?
Alas! let Mem'ry dart her eagle-glance
Down vanished time, till summoned ages rise
With ruined empires on their wings! Thought weeps
With patriot truth, to own a funeral day,
Heart of the universe! shall visit thee,
When round thy wreck some lonely man shall roam,
And, sighing, say—"'Twas here vast London stood"

But, hark! again the heavy bell has pealed
Its doleful thunder through the skies: the stars
Grow pale, the moon seems weary of her course
And Morn begins to blossom in the east:
Then let me home, and Heaven protect my thoughts!

Astronomical Occurrences

In FEBRUARY 1829.

Surely there is a language in the sky—
A voice that speaketh of a world to come;
It swells from out thy depths, Immensity!
And tells us this is not our final home.
As the tossed bark, amidst the ocean's foam,
Hails, through the gloom, the beacon o'er the wave;
So, from life's troubled sea, o'er which we roam,
The stars, like beacon lights, beyond the grave,
Shine through the deep, o'er which our barks we hope to save.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Pisces at 24 m. past 8 in the evening of the 18th of this month; and he rises and sets, during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

Day	Sun rises m.	after	sets m.	after
February 1st	27	7	33	4
6th	18	7	42	4
11th	9	7	51	4
16th	0	7	0	4
21st	51	6	9	5
26th	41	6	19	5

Equation of Time.

One of the easiest ways of regulating a clock, for those who have not the means of observing the transit of the Sun, is to observe the time by the clock when it is exactly 12 by a good sun dial, and then to correct that hour for the equation of time, which will give the precise moment which ought to be indicated by the clock, and consequently show how much it is too fast or too slow.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

Day		m.	s.
Sunday, February 1st, to the time by the dial *add*		13	58
Friday	6th	14	28
Wednesday	11th	14	37
Monday	16th	14	26
Saturday	21st	13	57
Thursday	26th	13	12

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon	4th day, at	31 m. past	2 in the morning
First Quarter..	10th	23	7 at night
Full Moon	18th	15	7 ....
Last Quarter...	26th	20	8 ....

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the first meridian at the following times during this month, which will afford good opportunities for observing her transit, if the weather prove favourable; *viz.*

February 8th,	at 58 m.	after 3	in the afternoon
9th ..	50	4	....
10th ..	51	5	....
11th ..	32	6	....
12th ..	23	7	in the evening
13th ..	13	8	....
14th ..	2	9	....
15th ..	49	9	....
16th ..	35	10	....
25th ..	28	4	in the morning
26th ..	18	5	....
27th ..	11	6	....
28th ..	6	7	....

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The breadth and brightness of the illuminated disk of this planet is constantly varying, like that of the Moon; and the following is the proportion between the light and dark parts at this time:

February 1st { Illuminated part = 10·72161
Dark part ..... = 1·27839

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The following are the eclipses of the first and second of these small bodies that are visible this month. There will be more than twenty others, but they cannot be seen in this country.

Immersions.

First Satellite... 14th day, at 27 m. 15 s. past 4 in the morning
Second Satellite, 11th ...... 46 .. 41 ...... 5 ....

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

February 3d, with β in Capricorn, at 5 in the morning
8th .... Mars .... 9 ....
11th ....1δ .. Taurus ..... 7 in the evening
11th ....2δ .. Taurus ..... 7 ....
12th .... α .. Taurus ..... at midnight
17th ....1α .. Cancer ..... 4 in the morning
17th ....2α .. Cancer ..... 5 ....
25th .... γ .. Libra ...... 4 in the afternoon.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 12th. Venus will be in conjunction with Georgium Sidus at 6 in the morning of the 16th. Mercury will be stationary on the 19th; and in his inferior conjunction at a quarter past 3 in the afternoon of the 28th.

Some of the journals, particularly the foreign ones, having excited considerable attention to the re-appearance of the comet which is expected to pay its periodic visit to our system in the course of four or five years, we are induced to insert the following interesting observations, from the *Literary Gazette.*

THE COMET.

—— Yet, yet,
With every coming night the terrible star
Expanded: men had now no thought but that;
All occupations were laid by; the earth
Was left untilled; the voyagers on the deeps
Forsook their ships, and got upon the land,
To wait the dread event.

COMET OF 1832, 3, or 4.—To shew our friends who may have been infected with the terrors excited in the Parisians by the 'inflammable forebodings' of those astronomers who, according to our correspondent at the French capital, predict the destruction of our world by a comet, in 1832,—to show our friends the grounds of this, not absolutely visionary alarm, we have been induced to give a slight sketch of the history of that baleful star, which is now winging its way earthward, till, in the year 1832, 3,

or 4, it is expected to arrive, and, according to some philosophers, to breathe desolation on the human race,—to hurry this earth nearer to the sun,—or rush with it, through the realms of ether, to the utmost confines of the solar system,—or at once, by its shock, to reduce this beautiful frame to its original chaos.

This 'great and fearful star' was first observed in the year 1305, about the season of Easter: it returned again in the summer of 1456, when all Europe beheld it with fear and amazement; the Turks were then engaged in a successful war, in which they destroyed the Greek empire; Christians in general supposing their destruction portended by its appearance. Its next visit to these lower heavens was in the years 1531 and 1607, in this latter year continuing visible from the 26th of September to the 5th of November following: its course was through Ursa Major, Boötes, Serpentis, and Ophiuchus; the diameter of the head two minutes, and that of the nucleus eleven or twelve seconds, of an unequal roundness, exhibiting phases like the moon or inferior planets; its light pale and watery; the tail like 'a flaming lance or sword,' seven degrees in length, of considerable breadth, projected, with some deviation, towards that part of the heavens opposite to the sun. This is a brief outline of the observations of that period (1607), annexed to which is a specification of 'the direful effects that followed the appearance of this splendid enigma.' 'The Duke of Lorrain died. A great war between the Swedes and Danes!'

In the year 1682 the wanderer again visited this hemisphere, and was observed by Dr. Halley, who predicted its return in 1757 or 1758, the precise time being uncertain, from the attractive influence of Saturn and Jupiter, the former lengthening the period of the comet one hundred days, and the latter, from his superior quantity of matter, not less than five hundred and ten days: it re appeared, accordingly, about the end of December 1758, deviating only nineteen

days from the calculated time. On this occasion it did not exhibit any remarkable appearance, by reason of the unfavourable situation of the earth in its orbit,—the comet being nearly in conjunction with the sun. From a comparison of these dates, it is evident that the period of this comet is about 75 or 76 years, there being the following variations:—

From 1531 to 1607 .... 76 years 62 days
1607 to 1682 .... 74 323

Allowing for the attraction of the larger planets, its period may be stated as 76 years 192 days, in which time it describes an orbit, the remotest point of which is 3420 millions of miles from the sun, and its nearest not more than 47 millions. This comet may not return so early as 1832, but there is scarcely any doubt of its re-appearance during the year 1833 or 1834. As to its being the agent in the destruction of our globe, it is certain that this is not the opinion of astronomers generally. The following is

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE ELEMENTS OF THE EXPECTED COMET.

Times when it passed its Perihelion.		d.	h.	m.	Distances of its Perihelion, that of the earth being 1.
1456.	June	8	22	0	0·58550
1531.	August ..	24	21	17	0·56700
1607.	October ..	26	3	49	0·58680
1682.	September	14	7	38	0·58328
1759.	March	12	13	31	0·58349

Longitudes of the ascending Node.

1456.	1531.	1607.	1682.	1759.
1ˢ 18° 30′	1ˢ 19° 25′	1ˢ 20° 21′	1ˢ 21° 16′ 30″	1ˢ 23° 49′

Places of Perihelion.

10ˢ 1° 0′	10ˢ 1° 39′	10ˢ 2° 16′	10ˢ 2° 52′ 45″	10ˢ 3° 10′

Inclination of its Orbit to the Ecliptic.

17° 56′	17° 56′	17° 2′	17° 56′	17° 39′

Course in its orbit .... Retrograde.

Many causes may operate to affect these elements, as well as alter the period assigned, or even to prevent the return of the comet altogether. In its vast

excursions into space, 1620 millions of miles beyond the orbit of Uranus, it may encounter the attractions of other bodies, so as to carry it off from our system, or, coming in contact with another comet, its matter may be entirely dissipated, and its atoms scattered through space, till, falling within the attractive influence of other bodies, may constitute aeroliths or meteors. This supposition is grounded on the non-appearance of the comet of 1770, which ought, by calculation, to have returned ten times; but which, since that date, has never been seen. But we can assure those whose terrors have been excited by anticipating such an awful visitant, upon so dire an errand, even though the event be contemplated through the somewhat long perspective of five or six years, that there is more apparent cause of alarm from another comet, whose period is much shorter, and whose path is nearer the orbit of the earth, than the one to which we have been principally referring;—we mean the comet of 1819: its period is only three years and 107 days, and it never ranges beyond the orbit of Jupiter; it approaches nearer Mercury than any other of the planets, and crosses the earth's orbit more than sixty times in the course of a century; and certainly it is within the limits of chance, that some collision may occur between this comet and the earth. The consequence of such event would, according to some, more than realise the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. The earth's period of revolution, in all probability, would be changed, either by carrying it nearer to, or farther from, the sun; a different inclination of the axis might be given, and there would be a consequent change of the seasons; the diurnal motion might be either accelerated or retarded, by which the length of the days would be affected; the vast continents of the globe would again be covered with the ocean, which, deserting its bed, would rush towards the new equator.

[To be continued.]

The Naturalist's Diary

For FEBRUARY 1829.

Now vapours gross obscure the air,
Or by the northern blast congealed,
The trees their hoary honours bear,
Or sheets of snow blanch o'er the field.
Thus Time's first ages passed away,
With feeble light and mental gloom;
Yet leading on the brighter day,
When heav'n should shine, and earth should bloom. BECK.

THE sudden thaws which take place in February—the return of frost and snow—and the change again to rain and sleet, contribute to render this month particularly unfavourable to the pedestrian, and the lover of out-of-door exercise and amusements. Yet there are some intervals of clear, frosty weather, and these should not be suffered to pass away without a daily enjoyment of them in pleasant and healthful walks. 'Is the day fine, clear, and frosty?' (observes a popular writer)—'There are the dry pleasures of a healthy walk, and the wholesome inflictions of the north wind, with its cold cuttings of our cheeks; the north-east, with its oblique showery dartings of something like pins and needles (by the poets and naturalists called *sleet)* at the same cheeks, as if they were Janus-cheeked targets, made for their skilful exercises; the east wind, with its keen, bitter, biting shrewdness, and razoring of our whole faces; and the west wind, with its warmer airs, like the warm life-breathings of beauty into the cold face of age, whispering to us remembrances of the youth-giving spring, and inspiring us with hopes of the flowery and joy-giving summer. There is that dazzling 'white wonder', the *snow*, blanching the green and pastoral earth, if we are suburbanly situated, or dwelling deeper in the sylvan valleys of nature. There is the fresh morning delight of treading upon a wide carpet whiter than the down of swans, and soft as the young

cygnet's breast, and of beating out a path through fields, and over heath and common, where none have trodden before; and the pleasure of imagining ourselves adventurous travellers, imprinting our way through Siberian snows, far from the home and the beings we love; and the still greater pleasure of knowing *and feeling that we are not such travellers, but that* we have a domestic fire-side, which is warming and brightening up for us, and hearts circling around it still warmer, and eyes still brighter with that inward fire which burns in the heart, but consumes it not. Although we may be cold, almost to the heart's core, we may yet loiter to see the wind winnow and waft the snow like white chaff about the air, or drive it up against the half-hidden hedges, burying with their own consent the chilly and shivering sheep, who have crept there for its sheltering warmth; or to see it swept up into wide wave-like wreaths under the jutting crags, abrupt hills, and rising grounds, spreading a white bed for winter to repose him on, in his slow annual journey over the earth; or to watch the heavy hanging trees tossing their white arms in the air, and throwing off their light fleecy load upon the lap of their chilly mother, the earth, who loves the protecting warmth and gentle weight of it; or to listen to the lively notes of the merry robin (the true emblem of a true poet, who cares not for 'poverty and a' that,' so he may have his sylvan song, and get a crumb here, and a berry there, and now and then an attentive ear to his sole winter-song); or to note the busy and noisy crow, 'foraging for sticks and straw,' and the ravenous and hungry raven, winging his way like a dark spirit, seeking what he may devour. Or *is the day rainy*, and the fields drenched, and the roads too muddy for pedestrianism? Let us, in the absence of horse, or chaise, or close carriage, cultivate our fireside, and renew our acquaintance with some favourite old author, or form a life-friendship with a newer one. We may consider a good author (an early

poet, or modern one, or an essayist of the English Augustan age) as a positive and certain acquaintance, that we are fortunate enough to have always with us in our studies, to reason with us, and counsel us on the business of life, and teach us the true pleasures of it; or at our table, to laugh and be merry with us, and wile away the slow February hours with *his wit, and 'quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,'*

> Of winters past or coming, void of care,
> Well pleased with delights which present are;

or by the inspiring voice of his songs of summer and of spring, but as from the thorn-stool of restlessness, to sit on the sofa of ease, and with some sweet words *of sovereign power to stir the sluggish spirit, as with a magician's* muttered charm, or some wonder-working balsam, cleanse the sick heart of the 'lees and settlings of the melancholy blood,' that 'perilous stuff' which weighs down nature with leaden loads of heavy thoughts, and makes this 'goodly earth seem no other than a flat and sterile promontory,' and 'life itself no better than a weed,' and give to our disordered and aching senses, 'calm contemplation *and poetic ease.*[1]'

> Give me
> Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
> Contain my *books*, the best companions, is
> To me a glorious court, where hourly I
> Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
> And sometimes, for variety, I confer
> With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels,
> Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
> Unto a strict account; and in my fancy
> Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
> Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
> Uncertain vanities? No: be it your care
> To augment a heap of wealth; it shall be mine
> To increase in knowledge. FLETCHER.

About the beginning of the month, the *woodlark*, one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, renews his note.

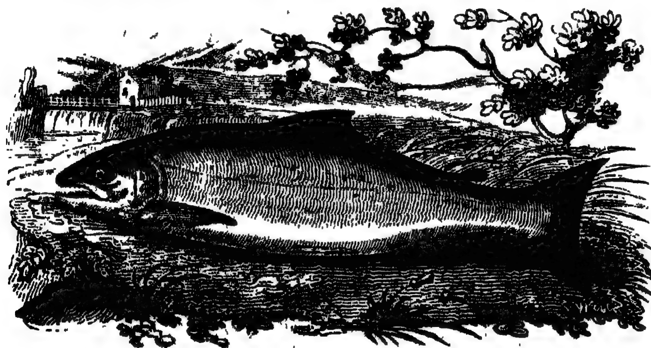
[1] Spirit and Manners of the Age, Vol. iii, p. 41.

The *thrush* now commences his song, and tom-tits are seen hanging on the eaves of barns and thatched out-houses, particularly if the weather be snowy and severe. The harsh, loud voice of the missel-thrush is now heard. The yellow-hammer and chaffinch are heard towards the end of the month.—About this time also, or the beginning of March, if the weather be mild, the hedge-sparrow commences its chirping note, as indicative of the approach of the pairing season.—See T.T. for 1823, pp. 54-55.

Turkey-cocks now strut and gobble. Partridges begin to pair; the house-pigeon has young; field-crickets open their holes: and wood-owls hoot: gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges; the stone-curlew clamours; and frogs croak. By the end of February, the raven has generally laid its eggs, and begun to sit. Moles commence their subterraneous operations. In our attempts to improve on nature, we frequently defeat our own purposes. Farmers are extremely anxious to get rid of *moles*, whose hillocks, it must be confessed, destroy the smooth level of grass and corn-fields, when they are very abundant; but it has been found in some farms, by experience, that when moles are extirpated, *worms* increase so prodigiously, that the moles have been wished for again, as the least evil of the two.—About this time, the green woodpecker is heard in the woods making a loud noise. The *heron* 'booms along the sounding marsh.'



If the weather be mild, a *walk in the garden* will discover to us many pleasing objects; among these, the botanist and the admirer of Nature's beauties will not consider the modest *snowdrop* beneath his passing notice,—and will watch its gradual protrusion from the bosom of the all-nourishing earth, and the final expansion of its beautifully white corollas, with no common interest. The bloom-buds of the fruit trees may be seen to swell every day, and imagination already pictures the garden one sheet of fragrant blossom. The *laurustinus* is still in blossom, and so is the *China-rose.* The buds of the *lilac* tree are very forward, and only wait the signal to burst their prison-house. *Mosses* now occupy the attention of the botanist, and much amusement may be derived from observing the various species that may be seen this month, clinging to the roots of trees and near ponds, or in a marshy soil.



THE SALMON.—The deep water, or submarine haunts of the salmon, are unknown; those retreats to which they betake themselves in their debilitated condition, after spawning, and from which they issue forth in their highest vigour. They begin to approach the coast and enter the rivers, as stragglers, about *February,* increasing in numbers towards May and June; when the drought and heat of summer render

the *streams* unfit for their reception. At this period they crowd, in shoals, towards the coast, and roam about in the estuaries (certain engines for catching fish), until the autumnal floods again entice them to enter the rivers. While thus detained on the coast, and in the estuaries, they are pursued and preyed upon by numerous herds of seals and grampuses, which consume many more than fall to the lot of the fisherman. The early *run* fish are in good condition, the roe being still small, and they seem to be destined to mount towards the higher and more distant branches of the river. Towards August and September, the roe has acquired such a size as to render the fish nearly useless as food, and greatly to limit the extent of its migrations. Having arrived at suitable spawning ground, salmon pair, and proceed to the shallow gravelly fords, at the top and bottom of pools, and there, in company, make their spawning bed, which sometimes reaches from twelve feet in length to ten in breadth. This bed is furrowed by the parent fish working up against the stream, and the spawn is deposited and covered at the same time. This process frequently occupies more than a week; during which, the eggs deposited by a single fish, sometimes amount to the astonishing number of *twenty thousand!* This spawning season extends from the end of October to the beginning of February, and, according to very satisfactory evidence, it occurs nearly about the same time throughout all the rivers of the United Kingdom. The parent fish having thus accomplished the important purposes of their migration into the river, now retire into the deeper pools, whence, after remaining for a considerable time, they direct their course towards the sea, chiefly during the months of February, March, and April—the male fish appearing to migrate earlier than the females.

The eggs of the salmon remain in the gravel for several months, exposed to the influence of running

water. In the course of the month of March, and nearly about the same period in all our rivers, the fry are evolved. When newly hatched, they are scarcely an inch in length, of the most delicate structure, and, for awhile, connected with the egg. Upon leaving the spawning bed, the fry betake themselves to the neighbouring pools, where they speedily increase to two or three inches in length. In April, May, and June, they migrate towards the sea, keeping near the margin, or still water, in the river; and when they reach the estuary, they betake themselves to a deeper and more sheltered course, and escape to the unknown haunts of their race, to return shortly after as *grilses*, along with the more aged individuals. All these seaward migrations of the parent fish, and the fry, are influenced, and greatly accelerated, by the occurrence of floods in the rivers.

Fishes appear to execute annually two great migrations. By one of these shiftings, they forsake the deep water for a time, and approach the shallow shores; and by the other, they return to their more concealed haunts. These movements are connected with the purposes of spawning, the fry requiring to come into life, and to spend a certain portion of their youth, in situations different from those which are suited to the period of maturity. It is in obedience to these arrangements that the *cod* and *haddock*, the *mackerel* and *herring*, annually leave the deeper and less accessible parts of the ocean, the region of the zoophytic tribes, and deposit their spawn within that zone of marine vegetation which fringes our coasts, extending from near the high-water mark of neap tides to a short distance beyond the low-water mark of spring tides. Amidst the shelter in this region, afforded by the groves of arborescent fuci, the young fish were wont, in comfort, to spend their infancy; but since these plants have been so frequently cut down to procure materials for the manufacture of kelp, and the requisite protection with-

drawn, the fisheries have suffered in consequence. Even the finny tribes inhabiting lakes, as the *gwinead* and other species, periodically leave the deep water, and, in obedience to a similar law, approach towards the margin, and deposit their spawn. We may add, that in the shallow water, in both cases, the numerous small animals reside which constitute the most suitable food for the tender fry.

For vivid delineations, in prose and poetry, of the various natural appearances in February, by *William Howitt*, consult T.T. for 1828, pp. 53-58.—For an account of the brown-headed gull, see also p. 59 of the same volume.

Botanical Curiosities.

In the absence of floral attractions, out-of-doors, we resort to the *green-house*[1] and the hot-house for amusement, and there find ample scope for reflection on the wonders of the vegetable world. The *air-plant* of China has, for some years, been cultivated in the hot-houses of this country, but without the production of flowers, till the gardener of H. R. H. Prince Leopold, at Claremont, lately succeeded; and a branch of blossom was produced, between two and three feet long, composed of hundreds of large flowers, resplendent with scarlet and yellow. The plant has the wonderful property of living wholly on air, and is suspended by the Chinese from the ceilings of their rooms, which are adorned by its beauty and perfumed by its fragrance.

The *kirbut*, or great flower of Sumatra, discovered by Dr. Arnold in 1818, is one of the most extraordinary of vegetable productions. It is a parasite, growing out of another plant, in the manner of the mistletoe, and is found in woods, on the roots and

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[1] See T.T. for 1828, pp. 333-336, 376-379, for an account of green-houses and the management of plants in chambers.

stems of those immense climbers which are attached, like cables, to the largest trees in the forest. The flower constitutes the whole of the plant, there being neither leaves, roots, nor a stem. The breadth of a full-grown flower exceeds three feet; the petals, which are subrotund, measure twelve inches from the base to the apex; what is considered the nectarium would hold twelve pints; the pistils, which are abortive, are as large as cows' horns; and the weight of the whole is about fifteen pounds. The flower, fully blown, was discovered in a jungle, growing close to the ground, under the bushes, with a swarm of flies hovering over the nectary, and apparently laying their eggs in its substance. The colour of the five petals is a brick-red, covered with protuberances of a yellowish white. The smell is that of tainted beef.

The *prangos*, or hay-plant of Northern India, appears to be remarkable for its amazing produce, and its beneficial effects when used as a food for cattle, while very little care is requisite in its cultivation. Two chests of its seed, and specimens of the prangos hay, have been forwarded to this country, and presented by the Hon. Court of Directors of the East India Company to the Horticultural Society; and though it is much to be regretted, that the vegetative power of the seeds had been so much exhausted, as to render it doubtful whether they will grow or not, there is reason to hope that speedier means may be employed to obtain seed, now that attention is called to the plant. The prangos hay-plant is a perennial herbaceous plant, with a large fleshy root-stock, usually measuring six or seven inches in diameter, and formed by the aggregation of an immense quantity of crowns, or winter buds, clustered together at or above the surface of the ground. These crowns are closely covered by the fibrous remains of the old leaves, which must be effective in protecting the buds from frost. From each crown rises an abundance of

finely-cut leaves, about two feet in length, and of a highly fragrant smell when dried, similar to that of new clover hay. Mr. Lindley (judging from the specimen) supposes, that each plant will produce about 1½lbs. of dry fodder; and, allowing each plant to occupy a space of ground four feet square, the produce would be 1¾ tons per acre; and it is said to thrive on very inferior land.

The days are now visibly longer, and we are busily engaged in the pleasing occupation of observing the *renovation of nature.* Every tree and every shrub presents something new; and to those who are fond of botany, the present season of the year is peculiarly interesting. What can be more delightful to an intelligent mind than to view the opening bud—the expanded leaf—the first appearance of the flower bud—its perfection—and, last of all, its wonderful fructification! But, in observing this beautiful progress of vegetation, let us not forget to adore the great Author of those immutable laws that govern the whole system of vegetable and animal creation.

> Hail! hail! revived, reviving SPRING,
> Fair type of heav'n's eternal year;
> While NATURE's works thy praises sing,
> Lo! gratitude salutes thee here.
> Swell, gently swell the solemn song,
> Now pour the bounding notes along.
>
> Teach choirs below, to choirs above
> To echo back the common lay,
> And, as they praise unbounded love,
> To join in bounty's holiday.
>
> To GOD, the universal king,
> Be sacred every grateful choir;
> In ceaseless hymns all praises sing,
> That endless bounty can inspire.

Winter at Smyrna.

The houses, except those erected by Europeans, have seldom chimneys or fire-places in the rooms. In cold weather it is usual to place a pan of charcoal beneath a table, over which a carpet or handsome counterpane is spread, the sides reaching to the floor: the family sit round this, warming their legs and hands under the cover. As winter advances, the sky, which in summer is most remarkably clear and serene, varies, and we have, alternately, sunshine and rain. Southerly winds chiefly prevail, bringing clouds on the mountains, from which proceed thunder and lightning; the showers renew the verdure, which, in the middle of December, is as fine as can be conceived, marigolds and anemonies springing spontaneously from the turf, beneath the olive trees, in great profusion; at the same time, thickets of myrtle, in blossom, adorn the waste; and, in the gardens, the golden fruit glitters among the deep green leaves of the orange trees. The southerly quarter is warm as well as wet, but the flowers which it produces instantly droop and wither before the north and easterly winds. These, in summer, are hot, coming over parched plains and naked mountains exposed to the sun; but, at this season, are extremely bleak and penetrating, and bring snow on the distant hills; that or sleet rarely falling in the valleys. In the coldest day we felt our thermometer was at 49°, but in December the sun, at times, was powerful, and the air sultry; and once in that month the thermometer rose to 80° in the shade. We had plenty of daffodils and hyacinths. Early in February the almond trees blossomed, and roses and carnations were common, and sold about the streets. Upon the whole we enjoyed, except in some few intervals, an azure sky, with exquisite softness, such as cannot be described.—*Chandler's Travels in Asia.*

Scene in Brazil.

[From Spix and Martius's Travels.]

We stopped at the Fazenda Capão, close on the bank of the river, to secure our baggage, till means could be found to convey it across. We fancied ourselves transported to an entirely unknown country. Instead of the dreary, leafless forest, or the campos of the lofty Sertão, we were surrounded with luxuriant woods, bordered with extensive fish-ponds. On visiting one of these ponds in the evening, what a singular scene presented itself to our view! Hundreds of the rose-coloured spoonbill were drawn up in long lines along the shore, and waded slowly forwards, diligently exploring the marsh with their bills. Farther in the water, some large storks, taburus, and tujujus, were gravely stalking about, pursuing the fish with their long bills. On a small island in the middle of the pond reposed numerous flocks of ducks and water-hens, and large flocks of lapwings flew rapidly around the skirts of the forest, in chase of insects. There was an incessant chattering, screaming, and chirping, of the most various kinds of birds; and the longer we contemplated this singular sight, in which the animal creation, with all their innate independence and vivacity, were the only actors, the more unwilling were we to interrupt the pleasures of the scene by a hostile shot. We certainly saw here above 10,000 animals together, each in its manner pursuing the natural impulse of self-preservation. The picture of the primitive creation seemed renewed before our eyes, and this delightful scene would have made a still more pleasing impression, had not our observations ended in the reflection, that war, eternal war, is the watchword, and the mysterious condition of all animal existence. The innumerable tribes of marsh and water fowl, which, independent of each other, here follow their own instinct, seek every one its own prey of insects, frogs, and fish, as each is, in its turn, pursued by some other enemy. The mighty

storks, which regard themselves as the lords of this watery domain, are the prey of the great eagles and ounces—the ducks and the spoonbills, of the otter, the glutton, tiger-cat, and vulture; and the smaller water-fowl have more powerful neighbours: but the dominion over these remote waters is disputed with the feathered tribes by the alligators, the gigantic serpents, and that dreadfully voracious fish the *piranha.* After we had taken a sketch of this singular scene, Senhor Nogueira conducted us back to Capâo by another path. We plunged into the recesses of an intricate forest, and had scarcely proceeded a quarter of an hour, when we came in sight of another pond, which, overshadowed by thick bushes, and tinged with the beams of the setting sun, lay silent and gloomy before us. While the shrill cries of those social inhabitants of the air still resounded in our ears, we had been transported, as if by magic, to a region of death. *Not a bird was to be seen; life appeared to be extinct*; even the sultry air, which hung mysteriously over the surface of the dark waters, did not agitate a branch or even a leaf. Turning with surprise to our guide, we were informed by him that this was the abode of numberless alligators and the voracious piranha.

The piranha is of the size of a carp, and its jaws are armed with the sharpest teeth. Exceedingly voracious and greedy after flesh, and always assembled in large bodies, it is dangerous even to the largest animals, which are often seen, pursued by a shoal of the piranha, to rise for a moment bellowing on the surface of the water, and immediately after, each fish giving only one bite, are victims of a thousand enemies. The animals of the Sertâo know the danger which awaits them from this blood-thirsty race, and carefully avoid the ponds in which they live. When the capivara, pursued by other foes, is forced to take refuge in them, it does so with the greatest caution, not to disturb the water too much. The horses and

cattle sip only from the surface, and hardly dip their nose below it; notwithstanding which it is often bitten off. Even the *cayman* flies before this fierce enemy, and turns its belly, which is not provided with scales, to the surface of the water: only the otter, whose thick fur resists the effect of the bite, is secure against its attacks. The piranha is a very well-flavoured fish.

We counted more than forty caymans, which were lying partly on the shore, and partly (probably attracted by the noise) appearing gradually on the surface of the water, where they floated motionless, like pieces of wood; or else, with their heads elevated, swam about in all directions. The largest of these animals were eight or nine feet in length, had greenish scales, and blunt snouts. Nature has given to no other creature so hideous an appearance as to this animal, which many painters have, not inaptly, employed as an image of the lowest malice and degradation. If an enemy should approach the spot where the female is watching her eggs, she is immediately roused; her nostrils distend, her little fiery eyes roll, her pale red jaws open wide, and with a sudden snap she seizes the prey, which she does not let loose till with her powerful teeth and violent contortions she has bitten off a limb. Hence we frequently see horses and cattle which have in this manner lost the lowest joints of the foot, the tail, or lips. The dogs deceive the caymans by suddenly quitting the place where they have agitated the water, to drink at another. Even the ounce, when coming to the water to drink, is sometimes vanquished by the cayman; and all animals seem fearfully to avoid this monster, except the piranha, which is its most dangerous enemy. When we came to a remote creek of the pond, which swarmed with this fish, we let down into it a red handkerchief, and drew out two of them, which, deceived by the colour, had immediately bitten at it.

MARCH.

MARCH was so named from the god Mars, to whom Romulus had dedicated it. The sign of this month is *Aries*.

Remarkable Days

In MARCH 1829.

1.—QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY. *See* p. 55.

1.—SAINT DAVID.

DAVID, the tutelar saint of Wales, died at a very advanced age, towards the end of the sixth century. —See our former volumes. The wearing of leeks on this day has been before alluded to: according to Shakspeare, *royalty* itself did not disdain to bear this commemorative emblem. In Henry V, act iv, scene 7, Fluellen says to the King—Your grandfather, of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle, Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Henry.—They did, Fluellen.

Fluellen.—Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welchmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which your majesty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the service: and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Henry.—I wear it for a memorable honour; for I am Welch, you know, good countryman.

2.—SAINT CHAD,

Bishop of *Lichfield*, died in 673, the year in which Venerable *Bede* was born.

3.—SHROVE TUESDAY.

For various particulars of this day, the reader is referred to the *fifteen* previous volumes of Time's Telescope, particularly T.T. for 1827, pp. 37-40, and our last volume, pp. 44-46.

4.—ASH WEDNESDAY.

The Lent fast was called by the Latins *Quadragesima;* but whether on account of its being originally a fast of *forty days,* or only *forty hours,* has been much disputed among learned men. An account of the austerities of the early Christians will be found in T.T. for 1827, pp. 40-44; and a curious anecdote respecting Lent is given in our last volume, p. 46.

*4. 1482.—SAINT CASIMIR DIED.

He was second son of Casimir III, King of Poland; and, according to Ribadeneira, he wore under his princely attire a prickly hair shirt, fasted rigorously, prayed at night till he fell weary and exhausted on the bare floor; often in the most sharp and bitter weather went barefoot to church at midnight, and lay on his face before the door; studied to advance the Catholic religion, and to extinguish or drive heresy out of Poland; persuaded his father to enact a law, that no new church should be built for heretics, nor any old ones repaired; in a particular virtue 'surpassed the angels;' committed suicide; resigned his soul amidst choirs of priests; had it carried to heaven, surrounded with a clear bright light, by angels; and thirty-six years after his death he appeared in glittering armour and gallantly mounted; led the Polish army through an impassable river, and conquered the Muscovites; and the next year marched before his beloved Poles in the air against the enemy, and as 'he beat them before, so he beat them again.'

7.—PERPETUA.

She suffered martyrdom at twenty-two years of age, under the persecution of Severus, in the year 203.

8.—FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

This day is called in France *Le Dimanche des Brandons*, or Torch Sunday; see our last volume, pp. 47-48.

*8. 1750.—EARTHQUAKE AT LONDON.

The shock was at half past five in the morning. It awoke people from their sleep, and frightened them out of their houses. A servant maid in Charterhouse-square was thrown from her bed, and had her arm broken; bells in several steeples were struck by the chime hammer; great stones were thrown from the new spire of Westminster Abbey; dogs howled in uncommon tones; and fishes jumped half a yard out of the water.

11, 13, 14.—EMBER DAYS.

The *Ember Days*, as now established, are the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, after the first Sunday in Lent; after Whitsunday, September 14, and December 13, respectively.

12.—SAINT GREGORY.

Gregory, commonly called *the Great*, was elevated to the papal chair A.D. 590. Zealous for the conversion of Britain, he sent over the monk *Augustin*, with forty companions, on a mission to the Anglo-Saxons.

17.—SAINT PATRICK,

The tutelar saint of Ireland, died about the year 460, at an advanced age: see T.T. for 1824, p. 69, and T.T. for 1827, p. 66.—For a curious account of a spot in Ireland, called 'Patrick's Purgatory,' consult our last volume, p. 65.

*17. 1828.—SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. F.R.S. DIED,

The first President of the Linnean Society. From the year 1786, when he published his first medical work, almost to the hour of his death, he devoted himself with indefatigable zeal chiefly to botanical studies, but not neglecting other branches of natural

history; for he wrote on lepidopterous insects, and other subjects connected with his principal pursuit. The productions of Sir J. Smith as an author, during the long space of forty-two years, fill a multitude of volumes, besides tracts, and contributions to scientific journals. He enriched the Philosophical Transactions, Nicholson's Journal, &c. by his pen; but his chief detached labours were given to the Transactions of the Linnean Society, of which he may be said to have been the founder. Besides his Translations from Linné and others, his leading original works are, the English Botany, in thirty-six octavo volumes; the Flora Græca (in conjunction with Dr. Sibthorpe); a Tour on the Continent; and Flora Britannica. When the news of his decease was communicated to the Linnean Society, at its meeting, the members immediately retired, as a tribute of respect to their friend and president. It is a curious but a melancholy coincidence, that on the very day he entered his library for the last time, the packet containing the fourth volume of his *English Flora* reached him; and he had the gratification of witnessing the completion of a work, upon which his friends have frequently heard him express an opinion, that it was the one which would eventually redound most to the estimation of his knowledge as a botanist and his credit as an author. A pretty correct estimate of Sir James Edward Smith's benevolent views of the power and wisdom of the God of nature (and he had a most perfect and consolatory conviction of the truth of Divine Revelation), may be given with great propriety in his own words, at the conclusion of the preface to the work last mentioned:—'He who feeds the sparrows, and clothes the golden lily of the fields in a splendour beyond that of Solomon himself, invites us, his rational creatures, to confide in his promises of eternal life. The simple blade of grass, and the grain of corn, to which he gives its own body, are sufficient to convince us that our trust cannot be in

vain. Let those who hope to inherit these promises, and those who love science for its own sake, cherish the same benevolent dispositions. Envy and rivalship, in one case, are no less censurable than bigotry and uncharitableness in the other. The former are as incompatible with the love of nature as the latter are with the love of God, and they altogether unfit us for the enjoyments of happiness here or hereafter.'

18.—EDWARD, KING OF THE WEST SAXONS,

Was stabbed at Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire, on this day, in the year 978, by order of Elfrida, his stepmother.—See T. T. for 1824, p. 69.

*18. 1828.—REV. EDWARD FOSTER DIED,

Chaplain to the British Embassy at Paris, Rector of Somerville Aston, in Gloucestershire, and Chaplain to the Duke of Newcastle, and to the Earl of Bridgewater. He was of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, M.A. 1797; and was editor of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, translated, embellished with engravings from pictures by Smirke, 1802, 5 vols. 8vo.; Anacreontis Opera, 1802, 8vo.; the British Gallery of Engravings, with descriptions, super-royal folio, published in numbers in 1808, and following years; also of Jarvis's Quixote, Hamilton's Tales, and other works.

21.—SAINT BENEDICT.

An Italian devotee of great austerity of manners: he died in the year 542.

25.—ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, OR LADY DAY.

For a description of some very singular customs on this day, we refer to T.T. for 1823, p. 63; T.T. for 1824, p. 71; and T.T. for 1827, p. 67.

The Rosario de Madrugada, the Dawn Rosary, is one of the few useful and pleasing customs which religion has introduced in Spain. It is an established custom in the country towns to awake the labouring

population before the break of day, that they may be early in readiness to begin their work, especially in the corn-fields, which are often at the distance of six or eight miles from the labourers' dwellings. Nothing but religion, however, could give a permanency to this practice. Consequently a *rosary*, or procession, to sing praises to the Virgin Mary before the dawn, has been established among them from time immemorial. A man with a good voice, active, sober, and fond of early rising, is either paid, or volunteers his services, to perambulate the streets an hour before day-break, knocking at the doors of such as wish to attend the procession, and inviting all to quit their beds and join in the worship of the Mother of God. This invitation is made in short couplets, set to a very simple melody, and accompanied by the pretty and varied tinkling of a hand-bell, beating time to the tune. The effect of the bell and voice, especially after a long winter-night, has always been very pleasing to me. Nor is the fuller chorus of the subsequent procession less so. The chant, by being somewhat monotonous, harmonizes with the stillness of the hour; and, without chasing away the soft slumbers of the morning, relieves the mind from the ideas of solitude and silence, and whispers life and activity returning with the approaching day.—*Doblado's Letters.*

29.—MIDLENT SUNDAY.

A curious ceremony takes places this day in France, for an account of which we refer to our last volume, p. 64.

*MARCH, 1828.—JOHN SCOTT DIED,

The celebrated engraver of animals. He was a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was there apprenticed to Mr. Greenwell, a tallow chandler in the Old Flesh-market. His graphic genius did not discover itself very early; but towards the end of his apprenticeship he began to evince a great attachment

to drawing and engraving. Having for some time pursued these employments at his leisure hours, he at length was emboldened to show his performances to Mr. Fisher, who kept a circulating library, and was also clerk to St. Nicholas's Church. Mr. Fisher exhibited the specimens to the gentlemen who frequented his library, and was confirmed in his estimation of the talents of the untaught artist. Mr. Scott, at the recommendation of his friend, now addressed Mr. Robert Pollard, the engraver, who approved of his coming to London, and in consideration



of his circumstances, and of his being a townsman (for Mr. Pollard was also born at Newcastle), generously waived his claim to a fee, and immediately gave him instruction and employment. The opportunities he enjoyed with Mr. Pollard of attending to the particular branch of the art to which he had addicted himself, namely the engraving of animals and figures, led the way to his high reputation. His principal works were the various characters of dogs and horses, published in royal quarto, with letter-press descriptions of the qualities and properties of the animals. But

his master-pieces were the Fox-chase from Reinagle and Marshall's painting, and the Death of the Fox, from a picture by Gilpin, the property of the late Col. Thornton.

In his private character, Mr. Scott was distinguished by unaffected plainness, scrupulous integrity, and general worth. He was one of the eight artists who met together in the year 1809-10 to frame the Artists' Fund, for the benefit of decayed artists, their widows, and children; and it is a pleasing instance of benevolence returning into its own bosom (and several such instances have occurred in the similar society of the Literary Fund), that Mr. Scott himself found assistance, in the hour of need, from the institution he had contributed to establish. Some five or six years since, he served steward, in high spirits and glee, at the Freemasons' Tavern; but he shortly after fell into ill health; and subsequently lost his reason.

Old London Bridge.

From a very curious and entertaining work, the 'Chronicles of London Bridge,' we select the following particulars respecting this ancient structure. By the year 1280 there were many houses on the bridge, as is evident from a patent issued by Edward I, in his 9th year, for its reparation, to prevent not only its sudden fall, but also the destruction of innumerable people dwelling upon it. In the reign of the same Edward, the assize rolls mention the very rents and situations of houses then standing on London Bridge. Richard Bloome, one of the continuators of Stow, observes, on page 62, when speaking of the dreadful conflagration of the bridge in 1632-3, that some of the houses remained unbuilt until the year 1666, when the great fire of London destroyed all the new edifices. 'But,' rejoins he, 'the old ones at the south end, some of which were built in the reign of King John,'—and he died in 1215—'were not burnt.' It is, however, extremely probable, that London Bridge did not, even in 1395, present that form of a continued street which was afterward its most celebrated and peculiar character; there being several places open to the water.

The gates and towers on both ends were striking architectural features of this bridge; and Nonesuch House (about the end of the sixteenth century) was another of its most singular erections.

It was so called, because it was constructed in Holland, entirely of wood, and, being brought over in pieces, was erected in this place with wooden pegs only, not a single nail being used in the whole fabric. Its situation is even yet pointed out by the seventh and eighth arches of London Bridge, from the Southwark end, being still called the draw lock, and the nonesuch lock. On the London side of the bridge, the Nonesuch House was partly joined to numerous small wooden dwellings, of about twenty-seven feet in depth, which hung over the parapet on each side, leaving, however, a clear space of twenty feet in the centre; though, over all these, its carved gables, cupolas, and gilded vanes, majestically towered. Two sun-dials, declining east and west, also crowned the top on the south side; on the former of which was painted the old and appropriate admonition of 'Time and Tide stay for no man;' though these ornaments do not appear to have been erected until the year 1681, in the mayoralty of Sir Patience Ward.

We know not at what exact period London Bridge was first occupied by shops, but in the survey of bridge-lands, it appears very probable that some of the shops in the Bridge-street were actually erected on the bridge. Houses with distinguishing signs, however, must have been built upon this edifice at a very early period; for the first notice of one is in the fire which broke out at the Pannier, at the north end of the bridge, in 1504; whilst the next is not older than 1619, and occurs in a letter written October the 6th, by George Herbert, the pious author of the Temple, and printed at the end of Izaak Walton's Lives. The principal ancient residences of the London booksellers were—St. Paul's Churchyard, Little Britain, Paternoster-row, and London Bridge: the title-pages of many books showing that they were printed for publishers on the latter site.

There were also *chapels*. The custom of erecting religious houses on bridges is certainly of great antiquity. A notable instance of this kind was on the bridge at Droitwich, where the road passed through the chapel and separated the congregation from the reading desk and pulpit. Another famous bridge-chapel is also to be found erected over the river Calder, at Wakefield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. This beautiful fane was built by King Edward IV, in memory of his father, Richard, Duke of York, who was killed in the battle fought near Wakefield, on December the 31st, 1460. Markets, too, were held on London Bridge.

In 1760, all the buildings on London Bridge were removed: but it is not for us to go through all the alterations and accidents which the author so circumstantially relates. We ought, however, to mention, that the history of the water-works—of the estates and their produce—of wages and salaries, showing the value of money—and of a multitude of other relative circum-



stances,—is replete with information, and must be esteemed of great importance by the citizens and corporate body of London.

In January 1665-6 (as noticed by Pepys), a hurricane blew away the pales on London Bridge, upon which a jesting ballad was made at that time, and we quote it to prove how much has been stolen from it by later writers.

> Some Christian people all give ear
> Unto the grief of us—
> Caused by the death of three children dear,
> The which it happened thus:
>
> And eke there befel an accident,
> By fault of a carpenter's son,
> Who to saw chips his ax-e-lent
> Woe worth the time may Lon—
>
> May London say: woe worth the carpenter!
> And all such block-head fools;
> Would he were hanged up like a sarpent here
> For meddling with edge tools.
>
> For into the chips there fell a spark,
> Which put out in such flames,
> That it was known into South-wark
> Which lies beyond the Thames.
>
> For loe! the bridge was wondrous high,
> With water underneath;
> O'er which as many fishes fly
> As birds therein do breathe.

And yet the fire consumed the brigg,
  Not far from place of landing;
And, though the building was full big,
  It fell down,—not with standing.

And eke into the water fell
  So many pewter dishes,
That a man might have taken up very well
  Both boil'd and roasted fishes!

And thus the bridge of London town,
  For building that was sumptuous,
Was all by fire half burnt down,
  For being too contumptious!

Thus you have all but half my song,—
  Pray list to what comes ater;
For now I have cooled you with the fire,
  I'll warm you ith the water!

I'll tell you what the river's name's
  Where these children did slide—a,
It was fair London's swiftest Thames,
  Which keeps both time and tide—a.

All on the tenth of January,
  To the wonder of much people;
'Twas frozen o'er that well 'twould bear
  Almost a country steeple!

Three children sliding thereabout,
  Upon a place too thin:
That so, at last, it did fall out,
  That they did all fall in.

A great lord there was that laid with the king,
  And with the king great wager makes;
But when he saw that he could not win
  He sigh'd,—and would have drawn stakes.

He said it would bear a man for to slide,
  And laid a hundred pound;
The king said it would break, and so it did,
  For three children there were drowned;

Of which, one's head was from his should-
  ers stricken, whose name was John;
Who then cried out as loud as he could,
  'Oh Lon-a, Lon-a, Lon-don,

'Oh, tut—tut—turn from thy sinful race!'
  Thus did his speech decay:
I wonder that, in such a case,
  He had no more to say.

And thus being drowned, alack, alack!
  The water ran down their throats,
And stopped their breath three hours by the clock,
  Before they could get any boats!

Ye parents all that children have,
And ye that have none yet,
Preserve your children from the grave,
And teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a sermon been,
Or else upon dry ground,
Why then I never would have been seen,
If that they had been drowned!

Even as a huntsman ties his dogs,
For fear they should go fro him;
So tye your children with severity's clogs,
Untie 'em—and you'll undo 'em.

God bless our noble parliament,
And rid them from all fears;
God bless all the commons of this land,
And God bless—some of the peers!

Howell the poet has some very bombastic verses in praise of the bridge—an imitation (with augmentation) of Sannazario's sonnet to the Bridge of Venice. It runs thus—

When Neptune from his billows London spyde,
Brought proudly hither by a high spring-tyde;
As through a floating wood he steered along,
And dancing castles clustered in a throng;
When he beheld a mighty bridge give law
Unto his surges, and their fury awe;
When such a shelf of cataracts did roar,
As if the Thames with Nile had changed her shore;
When he such massy walls, such tow'rs did eye,
Such posts, such irons, upon his back to lye;
When such vast arches he observed, that might
Nineteen Rialtos make, for depth and height;
When the cerulean god these things surveyed,
He shook his trident, and astonished said,—
Let the whole earth now all her wonders count,
This bridge of wonders is the paramount!

Yet, notwithstanding this author's praises of 'the Bridge of the World,' as he calls it, he makes us acquainted with what may be considered as an ancient satire upon it; since he says, 'If London Bridge had fewer eyes, it would see far better.' The arches of this edifice, and the dangerous passage through them, have also given rise to another quaint saying, which is recorded in the Rev. J. Ray's Collection of Proverbs, and which is, 'London Bridge was made for wise men to go over, and fools to go under.'

Astronomical Occurrences

In MARCH 1829.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Aries at 37 m. past 8 in the evening of the 20th of this month, and he rises and sets during the same period as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

	Sun rises m.	after	sets m.	past
March 1st	35	6	25	5
6th	25	6	35	5
11th	15	6	45	5
16th	5	6	55	5
21st	55	5	5	6
26th	45	5	15	6
31st	35	5	25	6

Equation of Time.

The hour indicated by a good sun-dial being observed, and corrected by means of the corresponding equation of time, gives the hour which ought to be specified by a well-regulated clock, and consequently affords an easy method of ascertaining how much it is too fast or too slow, and of correcting it accordingly.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	*s.*
Sunday	March 1st,	to the time by the dial *add*	12	38
Friday	6th		11	33
Wednesday	11th		10	17
Monday	16th		8	53
Saturday	21st		7	23
Thursday	26th		5	50
Tuesday	31st		4	17

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon	5th day,	at 36 m. past	12 at noon
First Quarter	12th	49	7 in the morning
Full Moon	20th	51	1 in the afternoon
Last Quarter	28th	19	7 in the morning

Eclipse of the Moon.

The Moon will be eclipsed on the 20th of this month, but the eclipse will be invisible in this country, as it will take place under the following circumstances: *viz.*

	h.	*m.*
Beginning of the eclipse ..	0	40
Ecliptic opposition	1	51
Middle	2	0¼
End of the eclipse.... ...	3	11½

Digits eclipsed 4° 5′ on the Moon's southern limb, or from the northern side of the earth's shadow.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following passages of the Moon over the first meridian will afford opportunities of observation, if the weather prove favourable at the several times. If the place of observation be distant from the first meridian, the times specified will require a corresponding correction, which is to be made as already directed.

March	10th,	at 29 m.	past 4	in the afternoon
	11th	.. 21	 5	....
	12th	.. 13	 6	....
	13th	.. 8	 7	in the evening
	14th	.. 51	 7	....
	15th	.. 38	 8	....
	16th	.. 23	 9	....
	17th	.. 8	10	....
	18th	.. 51	10	....
	26th	.. 13	 4	in the morning
	27th	.. 6	 5	....
	28th	.. 1	 6	....
	29th	.. 57	 6	....
	30th	.. 53	 7	....
	31st	.. 50	 8	....

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This beautiful planet now begins to resemble the full Moon in appearance; but as her distance from the earth is greatly increased, her brightness is diminished in proportion.

March 1st { Illuminated part = 11·24178
Dark part ...... = 0·75822

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The following are such of the eclipses of the first and second of these small bodies as are visible this month. They are recorded in mean time at the Royal Observatory.

Immersions.

First Satellite ... 9th day, at 35 m. 48 s. after 4 in the morning
25th ...... 51 .. 9 ...... 2 ....
Second Satellite, 15th ...... 16 .. 39 ...... 5 ....

Emersion.

Second Satellite, 8th day, at 8 m. 56 s. after 5 in the morning

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

March 2d, with β .. Capricorn, at 4 in the afternoon
4th .... Mercury.....10 at night
11th ....1θ .. Taurus ..... 2 in the morning
11th ....2θ .. Taurus ..... 2 ....
11th .... α .. Taurus ..... 8 ....
16th ....1α .. Cancer .....10 ....
16th ....2α .. Cancer .....11 ....
24th .... γ .. Libra......10 at night
30th .... β .. Capricorn... 1 in the morning.

Other Phenomena.

Jupiter will be in quadrature at 30 m. past 9 in the evening of the 4th of this month. Mercury will be stationary on the 13th, and attain his greatest elongation on the 27th. Saturn will be stationary on the 28th, and Jupiter on the 31st.

THE COMET.

[Concluded from page 71.]

It is scarcely possible for us, at this period, to conceive of the terror and dismay which pervaded all ranks throughout the world during the transit of the comet of 1680: some idea might be formed of its tremendous appearance, if we could fancy the nucleus, or more brilliant part of it, in the zenith of any place, and the tail extending thence to the horizon: this was somewhat of its appearance, as observed at Paris, but more especially so at Constantinople; while coruscations were continually rushing through the whole length of its projecting luminosity, so as to

give the awful phenomenon—not the appearance of a tranquil body passing on in its harmless course—but a wrathful messenger, charged with vengeance and destruction. On November 12th, 1 h. 6 min. it was only the semi-diameter of the Sun from the northern part of the Earth's orbit, and approached within a sixty-sixth part of the Earth's distance from the Sun. It is at this time urging on its rapid course, and will not attain its greatest distance from the Sun till the year 1967, and again visit the fountain of light in the year 2255.

It must be confessed, that the chances against the meeting of a comet with this earth are so numerous, that we may consider our earth as tolerably safe from such an occurrence; the probability is some millions to one against such a contact: even the tail of a comet cannot come near our atmosphere, unless the comet be at its inferior conjunction very nearly at the time it is in a node. The nature of the improbability of such an event may be more easily understood from an instance in the planet Venus, which moves in a plane not much inclined to that of the Earth's orbit (3 deg. 23 min. 25 sec.), and yet the Earth and Venus are in the same plane with the Sun at the time of inferior conjunction only thirty-five times in 2100 years, though this planet passes between the Earth and Sun, during this long period, upwards of 3360 times.

The safety of the planetary bodies from the concussion of these wandering stars is principally owing to the nature of their respective orbits. The orbits of the planets are nearly circular; those of comets are very elliptical: planets move nearly in the same plane; comets descend into the solar system, making every possible angle with the ecliptic: planets move all the same way; comets move in every direction,—both contrary to, and in the order of, the signs. Now, if these bodies moved in the same plane with the planets, the probability would be increased in an astonishing proportion. But there is another circum-

stance which is calculated to diminish apprehension: there is every reason for supposing comets to have very little density, and to be mere collections of vapours condensed about the centres of each; so that their power to produce any deviation in the planetary bodies must be very inconsiderable. One that passed very near to Jupiter had no sensible effect on that planet or his satellites, which would have been the case had the comet contained matter in proportion to its bulk. The solid part of the nucleus of some comets has been proved to be not much larger than many mountains on our Earth's surface, such as Dhawala-giri, the highest mountain of the Himmalayan chain, to the north of Hindostan.

The comet of 1770 made a closer approximation to our earth than any that has visited this part of the solar system: had it been equal in magnitude and density to our planet, it would have shortened the length of our year 2 hours 40 minutes. It is certain that no perceptible diminution did occur; whence it is inferred, that the mass of the comet was less than $\frac{1}{5000}$th of the mass of the Earth. It was the comet of 1770 that passed through the system of Jupiter without deranging the motions of the satellites; but though these small bodies were not affected by its close approach, there is every reason to believe that the path of the comet was altered by its proximity to the vast body of Jupiter: this may account for its non-appearance since 1770. It was calculated that the comet would again be in conjunction with Jupiter on August 23d, 1779, when its distance from that planet would be only $\frac{1}{410}$th of its distance from the Sun: the attraction of Jupiter on the comet would, in this case, have been 224 times greater than that of the Sun; which must have so altered all the elements of its orbit, as to render it perfectly impossible to identify it as the same at any subsequent return.

Should a comet approach so near the earth as to be more attracted by it than by the Sun, the course of

its revolution would be altered; and, instead of revolving about the Sun as an independent body, it would describe an orbit round our Earth, as a Moon, and would possibly be hailed as a valuable auxiliary, instead of being dreaded as the messenger of destruction to this terrestrial orb and its teeming inhabitants, which may be more speedily brought about than by a concussion with these celestial agents. A single principle of motion annihilated, evaporation suspended, or a component part of the atmosphere abstracted, and 'final ruin would drive her ploughshare o'er creation.' Universal conflagration would instantly ensue, from the separation of the oxygen from the nitrogen of the atmosphere: the former exerting its native energies without control wherever it extends, solid rocks, ponderous marble, metals, and even water itself, would burst into an intensity of flame, and change the aspect of all sublunary objects. But all these vast bodies of the universe are doubtless 'kept in their prescribed limits, as with so many reins and bridles;' and when this Earth has completed its destined circles, and fulfilled the purposes for which it was called out of nothing, it will need but the command of the glorious Creator, who at first spoke this beautiful frame into being, bliss, and light, to return it to its primeval gloom, or bid it shine forth with new resplendent beauty and lustre.



The Naturalist's Diary

For MARCH 1829.

Now March with varying face appears,
And sweeps the heav'ns with blust'ring gale;
His sunny smiles, and cloudy tears,
And frost and sleet by turns prevail.
Thus constant Providence divine
In ev'ry change new love displays;
And all in one great end combine,
The creature's good—the Maker's praise. BECK.

THE cutting blasts of March, so trying to the invalid, are equally injurious to the progress of vegetation; and the 'sweet flowers' are compelled to await the smiles and tears of gentle April to encourage their growth, and to bring them to perfection. Some more bold than the rest, who dare to brave the warrior front of Boreas, often perish in his chilly embrace. The winds of March, however, are highly beneficial in drying up the superabundant moisture of the earth; and although they may retard the delights and the beauties of Spring, these are rendered more valuable to us, because they are less fugacious. —A curious prognostication of *wind* is observed in the Shetland Isles. Mr. Scott, professor at the Sandhurst College, states that he has witnessed the following effect:—It has been the custom to place drinking-glasses in an inverted position upon a shelf in a cupboard on the ground-floor of Belmont House. These glasses frequently produce spontaneous sounds similar to those which would be occasioned either by tapping them lightly with a penknife, or by raising them a little and letting them fall upon the shelf. These sounds always indicated wind, and whenever they occurred, the boats and vessels were immediately placed in security. No indication was given of the quarter whence the wind would come, but the strength of the sound was always proportionate to that of the tempest. The latter came sooner or later, but generally several hours after the

sounds. Mr. Scott states, that there was no sensible motion either in the glasses, or their support, at the time when the sound was strongest, and he thinks that the cause of the phenomenon may be electricity.

About the 20th the *vernal equinox* takes place, and storms and high winds are common both by sea and land at this period. The following splendid lines are attributed to Barry Cornwall (Mr. Proctor), and first appeared in the Literary Gazette; they have since been transplanted, by the hand of taste, to Mr. Watts's Poetical Album, and we will contribute to their immortality by registering them in our pages.

The STORM, *a* FRAGMENT.

[Attributed to Barry Cornwall.]

The Sun went down in beauty; not a cloud
Darkened its radiance,—yet there might be seen
A few fantastic vapours scattered o'er
The face of the blue heavens; some fair and slight
As the pure lawn that shields the maiden's breast,—
Some shone like silver,—some did stream afar,
Faint and dispersed, like the Pale Horse's mane,
Which Death shall stride hereafter,—some were glittering
Like dolphin's scales, touched out with varying hues
Of beautiful light—outvying some the rose,
And some the violet, yellow, white, and blue,
Scarlet and purpling red. One small lone ship
Was seen with outstretched sails, keeping its way
In quiet o'er the deep; all nature seemed
Fond of tranquillity; the glassy sea
Scarce rippled—the halcyon slept upon the wave;
The winds were all at rest; and in the east
The crescent Moon—then seen imperfectly—
Came onwards, with the vesper star, to see
A summer day's decline.

The Sun went down in beauty; but the eyes
Of ancient seamen trembled, when they saw
A small black ominous spot far in the distance:
It spread, and spread—larger and dark—and came
O'ershadowing the skies: the ocean rose;
The gathering waves grew large, and broke in hoarse
And hollow sounds; the mighty winds awoke,
And screamed and whistled through the cordage; *birds*,

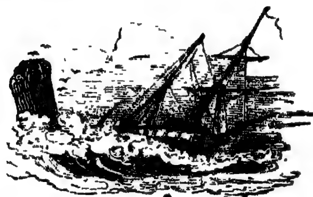
That seemed to have no home, flocked there in terror,
And sat with quivering plumage on the mast.
Flashes were seen, and distant sounds were heard—
Presages of a storm.



The Stormy Peterel.

The Sun went down in beauty; but the skies
Were wildly changed. It was a dreadful night—
No Moon was seen, in all the heavens, to aid
Or cheer the lone and sea-beat mariner:
Planet nor guiding star broke through the gloom;
But the blue lightnings glared along the waters,
As if the *Fiend* had fired his torch to light
Some wretches to their graves. The tempest winds
Raving came next, and in deep hollow sounds—
Like those the spirits of the dead do use
When they would speak their evil prophecies—
Muttered of death to come; then came the thunder,
Deepening and crashing as 'twould rend the world;
Or, as the Deity passed aloft in anger,
And spoke to man—despair! The ship was tossed,
And now stood poised upon the curling billows,
And now midst deep and watery chasms—that yawned
As 'twere in hunger—sank. Behind there came
Mountains of moving water, with a rush
And sound of gathering power, that did appal
The heart to look on: terrible cries were heard;
Sounds of despair—some like a mother's anguish—
Some of intemperate, dark, and dissolute joy—
Music and horrid mirth—but unallied
To joy; and madness might be heard amidst
The pauses of the storm; and when the glare
Was strong, rude savage men were seen to dance

In frantic exultation on the deck,
Though all was hopeless. Hark! the ship has struck,
And the forked lightning seeks the arsenal!
'Tis fired—and mirth and madness are no more!
Midst columned smoke, deep red, the fragments fly
In fierce confusion—splinters and scorched limbs,
And burning masts, and showers of gold,—torn from
The heart that hugged it even till death. Thus doth
Sicilian Etna in her angry moods,
Or Hecla 'mid her wilderness of snows,
Shoot up its burning entrails, with a sound
Louder than e'er the Titans uttered from
Their subterranean caves, when Jove enchained
Them, daring and rebellious. The black skies,
Shocked at the' excess of light, returned the sound
In frightful echoes,—as if an alarm
Had spread through all the elements:—then came
A horrid silence—deep—unnatural—like
The quiet of the grave!



As a *contrast* to this noble picture, our readers may peruse the following description of

A Calm.

[From Robert Montgomery's 'Omnipresence of the Deity.']

But not alone when racking Nature groans
Beneath the terror of Thy tempest tones;
Not in the storm the thunder, or the sea,
Alone, we feel Thy dread ubiquity!—
In calmer scenes, and the unruffled hour,
Our stilled hearts own Thine omnipresent power.

List! now the cradled winds have hushed their roar,
And infant waves curl pouting to the shore,
While drenched earth seems to wake up fresh and clear,
Like hope just risen from the gloom of fear,—
And the bright dew-bead on the bramble lies,
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes;—
How heavenly 'tis to take the pensive range,
And mark 'tween storm and calm the lovely change!

First comes the Sun, unveiling half his face,
Like a coy virgin, with reluctant grace,
While dark clouds, skirted with his slanting ray,
Roll, one by one, in azure depths away,—
Till pearly shapes, like molten billows, lie
Along the tinted bosom of the sky:
Next, breezes swell forth with harmonious charm,
Panting and wild, like children of the storm!—
Now sipping flowers, now making blossoms shake,
Or weaving ripples on the grass-green lake;
And thus the tempest dies—and bright, and still,
The rainbow drops upon the distant hill!
And now, while bloom and breeze their charm unite,
And all is glowing with a rich delight,
God! who can tread upon the breathing ground,
Nor feel Thee present, where Thy smiles abound!

Each succeeding week pours forth fresh beauties from the lap of Flora, and furnishes the botanist with new sources of delight. Golden tufts of *crocuses*, expanding their corollas to receive the genial warmth of the sun, interspersed with pink and blue hepaticas, and the *garden daisy*, with its little tufts of crimson velvet, united with the blossoms of last month, greatly ornament our flower borders

The alpine wall-cress is still in bloom; the mezereon puts forth its leaves; and the *primrose* peeps from the retreating snows of winter. Daffodils, yellow auriculas, coltsfoot, and hounds-tongue, are in blossom about the middle of the month. The *American cowslip*, with its beautiful rose-coloured blossoms, growing in thick branches in the form of a cone, flowers in March. The charming *violet*, whose attractions have been the theme of many a poetic effusion, makes her appearance this month, but not in full perfection, for the chill winds of March are not very congenial to the expansion of so delicate a blossom.

STANZAS *sent with a* WREATH *of* VIOLETS.

The Rose in its flush of crimson pride,
For the lovely and gay,
And the Lily white, let the youthful bride
On her brow display;

A Myrtle sprig, for the tried and the true,
Is offering meet;
And freshest, greenest Laurels strew,
At the conqueror's feet:
But, oh! for the heart that is breaking fast,
With its visions of bliss for ever past,
Bring, ere life's sun is in darkness set,
The crushed and the withered *Violet!*

They have brought me pale flowers, whose purple light
Is faded and gone!
Oh! they look like the records of days that were bright,
Now shadowed and flown!
Yet fragrance still haunts and hallows the leaves,
Like the odorous spell
Of mystic enchantment kind Memory weaves
From joys we loved well!
The essence they caught from Spring's early breath,
Like Love that is constant, they yield but in death;
Oh! then, ere life's sun is in darkness set,
Bring, bring me the sweet faithful Violet!

I would not a glittering jewel should be
The gift which last,
From the hand and the heart of the loving, to thee,
The loved one which passed!
No—India's rich gems are a pompous dower,
And to pride belong;
Love breathes remembrance in lowly flower,
Or plaintive song:
Take thou, then, my gift, and whenever thine eye
Meets the Violet's, bestow on thy fond girl a sigh.
Oh! then, though life's sun be in darkness set,
I shall still live to thee, in the *Violet*[1]! ELIZA RENNIE.

The russet-brown dress of the hedges is now spotted with green, preparatory to their assuming the complete vesture of Spring.—The leaves of the *lilac* begin to peep from beneath their winter clothing, and gooseberry and currant trees display their verdant foliage and pretty, green blossoms. The *yew-tree*, also, opens its blossoms.

The melody of birds now swells upon the ear. The throstle, second only to the nightingale in song, charms us with the sweetness and variety of its lays.

[1] Consult also our last volume, pp. 76-79, for poetical and prose illustrations of this interesting flower.

The linnet and the goldfinch join the general concert in this month, and the golden-crowned wren begins its song. The *lark* also must not be forgotten.

> The morning *lark*, the messenger of day,
> Saluted with her song the morning gray;
> And soon the sun arose, with beams so bright,
> That all th' horizon laughed to see the joyous sight.
>
> DRYDEN.

To a SKYLARK.

> Ethereal Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!
> Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
> Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
> Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
> Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will;
> Those quivering wings composed, that music still!
>
> To the last point of vision, and beyond,
> Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
> ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
> Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain!
> Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
> All independent of the leafy spring.
>
> Leave to the nightingale her shady wood-
> A privacy of glorious light is thine,
> Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
> Of harmony, with rapture more divine;
> Type of the wise who soar, but never roam—
> True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

Some pleasing poetical and prose sketches of the lark are inserted in our last volume, pp. 130-132.

We cannot notice the feathered songsters of our fields and woods without referring (for the sake of our London friends) to *Mr. Sweet's Aviary at Chelsea.* This gentleman having directed his attention to taming and keeping the musical genus *Sylvia*, has, by diligent observation and appropriate management, actually changed most species of this family from annual to perennial songsters. We visited his collection in March 1828, and saw, with surprise, his interesting choristers, and heard from them the familiar strains of midsummer. A little room with a fire-place serves as an aviary; in this there are two large cages, which

contain the nightingale, white-throat, lesser white-throat, petticlaps, wheat-ear, whin-chat, stone-chat, redstart, black-cap, willow-wren, and some other birds. All these beautiful emigrants live healthily and happily together, partake of nearly the same kind of food, sing in season and out of season, and, in this artificial captivity, even gain new powers of song and new social propensities. Some time back, an old whin-chat adopted for his own, fed, and nursed up a nest of young redstarts; and Mr. Sweet is of opinion, that any or all of them may be so treated as to breed in such aviaries. Their whole history, treatment, &c., is particularly interesting, and is fully detailed in Mr. Sweet's work, *The British Warblers*, with coloured plates, recently published. We know not a more interesting amusement than an aviary of such songsters. Their appearance, in a suitably large and warm apartment, gives no idea of cruel imprisonment. Paired, as they may be, and ranging among living plants, as myrtle and orange trees, in or under which they will build and breed, they present no scene of pitiable infringement of liberty, nor of suffering captivity. On the contrary, to see them on a wintry day, 'while the storm rises in the blackened east,' all comfortably joyous, and safe from the chilling blast, gives a sensation of the purest satisfaction to the benevolent heart, while their songs of gladness sound like those of grateful thanks to their kind protectors.—*Magazine of Natural History*.

If the weather be mild, the rich hyacinth, the noble descendant of the modest harebell—the sweet narcissus, delicately pale, and some of the early tulips, are now in bloom. The peach and the nectarine begin to show their elegant blossoms.

In this month, *black ants* are observed. M. Hanbart, in a Memoir on Ants, describes a curious battle which he saw take place between two species of ants, the one the *formica rufa*, and the other a little black ant, which he does not name. In other respects

there is nothing new on this subject, this kind of combat having been described in detail, and in a very interesting manner, by M. Huber. M. Hanhart saw these insects approach in armies composed of their respective swarms, and advancing towards each other in the greatest order. The *formica rufa* marched with one in front, on a line from nine to twelve feet in length, flanked by several corps in square masses, composed of from twenty to sixty individuals. The second species (little blacks), forming an army much more numerous, marched to meet the enemy, on a very extended line, and from one to three individuals abreast. They left a detachment at the foot of their hillock, to defend it against any unlooked for attack. The rest of the army marched to the battle, with its right wing supported by a solid corps of several hundred individuals, and the left wing supported by a similar body of more than a thousand. These groups advanced in the greatest order, and without changing their positions. The two lateral corps took no part in the principal action. That of the right wing made a halt, and formed an army of reserve; while the corps which marched in column on the left wing manœuvred so as to turn the hostile army, and advanced with a hurried march to the hillock of the *formica rufa,* and took it by assault. The two armies attacked each other, and fought a long time without breaking their lines. At length disorder appeared in various points, and the combat was maintained in detached groups; and after a bloody battle, which continued from three to four hours, the *formica rufa* were put to flight, and forced to abandon their two hillocks, and go off to establish themselves at some other point with the remains of their army. The most interesting part of this exhibition, says M. Hanhart, was to see these insects reciprocally making prisoners, and transporting their own wounded to their hillocks. Their devotedness to the wounded was carried so far, that the *formica rufa,* in conveying them to their nests,

allowed themselves to be killed by the little blacks, without any resistance, rather than abandon their precious charge. From the observations of M. Huber, it is known, that when an ant-hillock is taken by the enemy, the vanquished are reduced to slavery, and employed in the interior labours of their habitation.—Some curious anecdotes of the *bee* will be found in our last volume, pp. 74, 163.

The black-bird and the turkey lay; and house pigeons sit. The greenfinch sings; the bat is seen flitting about; and the viper uncoils itself from its winter sleep. The wheatear, or English ortolan, again pays its annual visit, leaving England in September. Those birds which have passed the winter in England now take their departure for more northerly regions; as the fieldfare, the red-wing, and the woodcock.

The general or great flow of *sap* in most trees takes place in this month; this is preparatory to the expanding of the leaves, and ceases when they are out. The sap, in trees, is the substance by which they are nourished; and, in that respect, resembles the chyle in the human system. This nutritive substance is collected by the roots with those fibres which form their terminations, and which, with a degree of address which seems almost sentient, travel in every direction, and with unerring skill, to seek those substances in the soil best qualified to supply the nourishment which it is their business to convey. The juice, or sap, thus extracted from the soil, is drawn up the tree by the efforts of vegetation; each branch, and each leaf, serving, by its demand for nourishment, as a kind of forcing-pump, to suck the juice up to the topmost shoot, to extend it to all the branches, and, in a healthy tree, to the extremity of each shoot. The roots, in other words, are the providers of the aliment; the branches, shoots, and leaves, are the appetite of the tree, which induce it

to consume the food thus supplied to it. The analogy holds good between the vegetable and animal world. If the roots of the tree are injured, or do not receive the necessary supplies of nourishment, the tree must perish, like an animal unsupplied with food, whatever be the power of the appetite in one case, and of the vegetation in the other, to consume the nutritive substance, if it could be procured. This is dying by hunger. If, on the other hand, the powers of vegetation are in any respect injured, and the tree, either from natural decline, from severe amputation, or from any other cause, cease to supply those roots and leaves which suck the sap up into the system, then the tree dies of a decay in the powers of digestion. The tree, like the animal, is not nourished by food alone; air is also necessary to it.

The *ash* now puts forth its grey buds; and the *hazel* and the *willow* exhibit some signs of returning life in their silky, enfolded catkins. The leaves of the thornless rose and of the hawthorn are gradually becoming determinate.

The *mulberry-tree.*—The quickest and most certain mode of raising it is from cuttings of the old branches. Take a branch in the month of March, eight or nine feet in length, plant it half its length in any good soil, and it will succeed to admiration, producing fruit the following spring.

The *field-daisy* is now seen scattered over dry pastures. Many are the tributes to this interesting floral indication of Omnipotence which we have inserted in our volumes. The following is from the pen of our late respected friend Dr. Mason Good, the translator of Lucretius: it is extracted from the interesting memoir of this variously-learned man, by Dr. Olinthus Gregory, a work which we earnestly recommend to the attentive perusal of our readers:—

The Daisy.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep
 Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
 Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but he who arched the skies,
 And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
 Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem;
 Its fringed border nicely spin;
And cut the gold-embossed gem
 That, set in silver, gleams within?

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
 O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
 In every step, the stamp of God.

The almond-tree, whose blush-colour blossoms make their appearance before any leaves are seen, is among the earliest of the flowering fruit-trees, and forms a splendid ornament to the shrubbery in the months of March or April.

The *planting* and *sowing* of FOREST TREES is generally concluded in this month. The mixing of fir-trees with oaks (except in very sheltered situations) is now frequently adopted by the planter.—See T.T. for 1825, p. 81.

In planting timber trees, select the longest-lived and most ornamental trees, such as the oak, Spanish chestnut, Scotch elm, English elm, ash, maple, beech, spruce, silver fir, pinaster. Plant them alternately, at thirty-six feet distance; inclose them singly with small stakes of larch, and warp them two feet up with small branches of the same, which will last for ten years. Fifty trees will be sufficient for an acre as a lawn of ornamental timber trees. An hundred acres will require 5000 plants, which, at an average of 25*s*. a thousand, will cost 6*l*. 5*s*. The expense of

planting and inclosing singly, for workmanship alone, though the wood for the stakes come from the estate, as the present railing, including nails and workmanship to the full, 66*l*. 5*s*. Add 6*l*. 5*s*. for the plants, and the expense of planting an acre with ornamental trees is in all 72*l*. 10*s*. Oak, Spanish chestnuts, and Scotch elm, are the sorts of timber in general use for the naval yards. Plant them eight feet distant. At fifteen years thin out to sixteen feet, and the timber and bark from the cuttings at this time will pay from 7*l*. to 10*l*. an acre. At thirty years of age, thin to thirty-two feet, and the bark and timber will then pay at least 25*l*. an acre. Many of the growths from the trees cut over at fifteen years of age, will, at the age of forty, have made more progress than those from the original plant. By this method, a crop of grown trees may always be kept upon the ground; and granting the plantations were only one hundred acres, a number of them may be cut down for the naval yards, and part of them reared without any expense of perpetually replanting. The value of an acre of the above trees, at sixty years old, may be reckoned at 400*l*.: besides, the cuttings from the natural underwood will have paid a rent of not less than 3*l*. an acre annually.

Planting oak.—The Rev. Dr. Lisle, of St. Fagan's, Glamorganshire, practises a method of planting *oaks in pots*, specimens of which may be seen at the Agricultural Society's Rooms, Hetling House, Bath. The acorns which produced these oaks were sown in pots in November; the pots were kept during the winter in an old melon bed, and under glass, and before they started they were plunged in the earth. He had more than 300 pots sown at the same time, fit to be turned out, and sufficient to furnish three acres of land with plants, allowing six yards between each plant. Acorns sown in November immediately from the tree are better than those sown in spring.

An Old Oak Tree.

There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak sometime had been,
With arms full strong, and largely displaid,
But of their leaves they were disaraid:
The body big and mightily pight,
Thoroughly rooted and of wondrous height.
Whylom had been the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many swine,
But now the grey moss marred his rine;
His bored boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decayed, his branches sere. SPENSER.

The Cowthorpe Oak.

This gigantic and venerable king of the forest stands on the extremity of the village of Cowthorpe, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, in a retired field, sheltered on one side by the ancient church belonging to the place, and on another by a farm-house, the rural occupations of which exactly accord with the character of the oak, whose aged arms are extended towards it with a peculiar air of rustic vigour, retained even in decay; like some aged peasant, whose toil-worn limbs still give evidence of the strength which enabled him to acquit himself of the labours of his youth. It is mentioned by the late Dr. Hunter, in his edition of Evelyn's *Sylva*, in the following note on a passage respecting the extraordinary size of an oak in Sheffield Park: 'Neither this, nor any of the oaks mentioned by Mr. Evelyn, bears any proportion to one now growing at Cowthorpe. The dimensions are almost incredible. Within three feet of the ground it measures sixteen yards, and close by the ground twenty-six yards. Its height, in its present ruinous state (1776), is almost eighty-five feet, and its principal limb extends sixteen yards from the bole. Throughout the whole tree the foliage is extremely thin, so that the anatomy of the ancient branches may be distinctly seen in the height of summer. When compared to this, all other trees are but children of the forest.'

This description so nearly answers to the present state of the tree, that it does not appear to have suffered any considerable deprivation since the above period. In girth, indeed, it is inferior to the magnificent remains of the oak in Salcey Forest; but, altogether, it is a noble and imposing ruin, on which it is impossible to look without entering into the wish suggested to an ingenious writer by the sight of a similar object, and poetically expressed in the following lines :—

When the huge trunk, whose bare and forked arms
Pierced the mid sky, now prone, shall bud no more,

Still let the massy ruin, like the bones
Of some majestic hero, be preserved
Unviolated and revered;—
Whilst the grey father of the vale, at eve
Returning from his sweltering summer task,
To tend the new-mown grass, or raise the sheaves
Along the western slope of yon grey hill,
Shall stop to tell his listening sons how far
She stretched around her thick-leaved ponderous boughs,
And measure out the space they shadowed.

Strutt's Sylva Brit.

Transplanting Trees.

If the *branches* of the subject pitched upon be in an unfavourable state, this evil may be counteracted by a top-dressing of marl and compost, mixed with four times the quantity of tolerable soil, spread around the stem of the tree, at four feet distance. This mode Sir Henry Steuart recommends as superior to that of disturbing the roots, as practised in gardens for the same purpose of encouraging the growth of fruit-trees; and assures us, that the increase, both of the branches and roots, will be much forwarded, and that the tree will be fit for removal in the third year.

Process of Removing and Replanting Trees, as practised by Sir Henry Steuart, at Allanton, in Lancashire.—The tree is loosened in the ground by a set of labourers, named pickmen, who, with instruments made for the purpose, first ascertain with accuracy how far the roots of the subject extend. This is easily known when the subject has been cut round, as the trench marks the line where the roots have been amputated. If the tree has not sustained this previous operation, the extent of the roots will be found to correspond with that of the branches. The *pickers* then proceed to bare the roots from the earth with the utmost attention not to injure them in the operation. It is to the preservation of these fibres that the transplanter is to owe the best token of his success, namely, the feeding the branches of the tree with sap even to their very extremities. The roots are then extricated from the soil. A mass of earth

is left to form a ball close to the stem itself, and it is recommended to suffer two or three feet of the original sward to adhere to it. The machine is next brought up to the stem of the tree with great caution. This engine is of three sizes, that being used which is best adapted to the size of the trees, and is drawn by one, or, at most, two horses. It consists of a strong pole, mounted upon two high wheels. It is run up to the tree, and the pole, strongly secured to the tree while both are in a perpendicular posture, is brought down to a horizontal position, and in descending in obedience to the purchase operates as a lever, which, aided by the exertions of the pickmen, rends the tree out of the soil. The tree is so laid on the machine as to balance the roots against the branches, and it is wonderful how slight an effort is necessary to pull the engine when this equilibrium is preserved. To keep the balance just, one man, or two, are placed aloft among the branches of the tree, where they shift their places, like a sort of moveable ballast, until the just distribution of weight is ascertained. The roots, as well as the branches, are tied up during the transportation of the tree, it being of the last consequence that neither should be torn nor defaced by dragging on the ground or interfering with the wheels. The mass, when put in motion, is manœuvred something like a piece of artillery, by a steersman at the further end. It requires a certain nicety of steerage, and the whole process has its risks.

The pit for receiving the transplanted tree, which ought to have been prepared at least a twelvemonth before, is now opened for its reception, the earth being thrown out to such a depth as will suit its size; with this caution, that the tree be set in the earth as shallow as possible, but always so as to allow room for the dipping of the vertical roots on the one hand, and sufficient cover at top on the other. This is preferred, even though it should be found

necessary to add a cart-load or two of earth to the mound afterwards.

It is well known that in all stormy and uncertain climates every species of tree shows what is called a *weather side*, that is, its branches shoot more freely to that side which is leeward during the prevailing wind than in the opposite direction. Sir Henry Steuart recommends strongly that the position of the tree be reversed, so that the lee side, where the branches are elongated, shall be pointed towards the prevailing wind; and what was formerly the weather-side, being now turned to leeward, shall be encouraged, by its new position, to shoot out in such a manner as to restore the balance and symmetry of the top.

A second and most important deviation from the common course of transportation is, the total disuse of the barbarous practice of pollarding or otherwise mutilating and dismembering the trees which are to be transplanted.

Sir Henry recommends *watering* as one of the principal points respecting the subsequent treatment of the transplanted tree. When the trees stand snugly, or in loose and open disposition, he directs that the earth around them should be firmly beaten down by a machine resembling that of a pavior, but heavier, about the month of April or May, when the natural consolidation shall have, in a great measure, taken place. To exclude the drought, he then advises that the ground immediately under the stem of the oak, birch, and other trees which demand most attention, should be covered with a substance called *shews*, being the refuse of a flax-mill, which of course serves to exclude the drought, like the process which the gardeners call *mulching*. Lastly, in the case of such transplanted trees as do not seem disposed to thrive equally with the others, we are instructed to lay around the stem four cart-loads of earth, with a cart-load of coal-ashes carefully sifted:

this composition is spread about the trees in a proportion of nine inches in depth around the stem or centre, and five inches at the extremity of the roots.—*Quarterly Review.*

In March, *trouts* begin to rise, and blood worms appear in the water. The clay hair-worm is found at the bottom of drains and ditches (see T.T. for 1823, p. 85), and the water-flea may be seen gliding about upon the surface of sheltered pools.—See T.T. for 1824, p. 88. Bats now issue from their places of concealment. Peas appear above ground; the sea-kale begins to sprout. The male blossoms of the yew-tree expand and discharge their farina. Sparrows are busily employed in forming their nests. Young otters are produced, and young *lambs* are yeaned this month; but these latter, in the mountainous parts of the United Kingdom, often become the prey of the king of birds. *Eagles* are certainly among the largest birds, and eminent for great strength and powers of destruction. They may be compared to the race of giants among men, as described in the Fairy Tales; but we seldom read of these giants being at the same time brave, generous, or docile. On the contrary, poets describe them as treacherous, cowardly, and blood-thirsty; in short, just such a race as the eagles are among birds. They may be kept in confinement, and reared from the nest, but they are never tamed; and they will occasionally rob other more courageous hunters of the spoil which they want either the bravery or activity to procure for themselves. Wilson, the delightful author of the *American Ornithology*, describes this trait in the character of the bald eagles, in the following glowing colours:—'Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the feathered tribes below. High over all these hovers one, whose action instantly arrests his attention: by his wide curvature of wing and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk,

settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight; and, balancing himself with half open wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep. At this moment, the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. This is the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk: each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime aërial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish. The eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.' In proof, however, of the innate cowardice of this formidable robber, the same author adds,—'When driven, as he sometimes is, by the combined courage of the fish-hawks, from their neighbourhood, and forced to hunt for himself, he retires more inland, in search of young pigs, of which he destroys great numbers. He will also attack old sickly sheep, aiming furiously at their eyes.'

Large Eagle.—A very fine eagle was entrapped in March, 1828, by Captain Ramsay's game-keeper, on the hills above Balnakettle, in Kincardineshire. This magnificent bird measured seven feet two inches between the tips of the wings, and weighed ten pounds and a half: that part of his leg commonly called the drumstick, was larger than a man can grasp with his hand. He was not at all injured by the trap, having been caught by one of the toes, and was

placed in a large cage, to keep company with another fine bird of the same species, which was taken from the nest in the Clova hills, about four years ago, and is not inferior in beauty of plumage, and not much inferior in size.

The WOUNDED EAGLE.

[By Felicia Hemans.]

Si j'avais placé ma tête dans le ciel, à l'abri des affections orageuses, je ne serais pas brisée avant le temps.—Corinne.

Eagle! this is not thy sphere!
Warrior-bird, what seek'st thou here?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinion sink?
Wherefore on the violets' bed
Layst thou thus thy drooping head?
Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn!

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?
Look upon thine own bright skies!
Lift thy glance!—the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won,
And the mounting lark is there,
And sweet sound hath filled the air.
Hast thou left that realm on high?
—Oh, it can be but to die!

Eagle! Eagle! thou hast bowed
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stooped too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of Death have bound thee!
—Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was the sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast.
—Wo for gifted souls and high!
Is not such *their* destiny?

Literary Gazette.

The brimstone-coloured butterfly (*Gonepteryx rhamni*), which lives throughout the winter, is usu-

ally seen in March. It is found in the neighbourhood of woods, on fine and warm days, enjoying the beams of the noonday sun. Some of our most beautiful butterflies belonging to the genus *Vanessa,* as *V. Atalanta, Io, Polychloros,* and *Urticæ,* are seen in this month; and the *Antiopa,* or Camberwell beauty, has once been captured at this season.

State of the Season in 1828.—The equinoctial gales set in on the 18th of March, and continued moderately till the 25th, when the weather became more settled. The dust flew in London streets on the 4th of the same month, when the water-carts were in requisition. A blue mist on the 15th of March, and several misty mornings about the same time. In the gardens, early flowers soon showed themselves; viz., hellebore, aconite, groundsel, snowdrops, &c. &c. The almond came in flower on the 3d of March, and gooseberries on the 18th. The first summer birds were the chiff-chaff and black-cap, which arrived about the 8th; the nightingale, willow-wren, redstart, and lesser field-lark, about the 14th. The lowest temperature, by Fahrenheit, was on the morning of the 26th of March, when the mercury indicated 25° at 7 A.M.; the highest point was 52° on the morning of the 12th instant, at the same hour.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

The Blue Bird of North America.

[From Wilson's American Ornithology.]

The pleasing manners and sociable disposition of this little bird entitle him to particular notice. As one of the first messengers of spring, bringing the charming tidings to our very doors, he bears his own recommendation always along with him, and meets with a hearty welcome from every body. Though generally accounted a bird of passage, yet so early as the middle of February, if the weather be open, he usually makes his appearance about his old

haunts, the barn, orchard, and fence-posts. Storms and deep snows sometimes succeeding, he disappears for a time; but about the middle of March is again seen, accompanied by his mate, visiting the box in the garden, or the hole in the old apple-tree, the cradle of some generations of his ancestors. It is highly pleasing to behold his courtship, his solicitude to please and to secure the favour of his beloved female. He uses the tenderest expressions, sits close by her, caresses and sings to her his most endearing warblings. When seated together, if he espies an insect delicious to her taste, he takes it up, flies with it to her, spreads his wing over her, and puts it in her mouth. If a rival makes his appearance, he quits her in a moment, attacks and pursues the intruder as he shifts from place to place, and, in tones that bespeak the jealousy of his affection, conducts him with many reproofs beyond the extremities of his territory, and returns to warble out his transports of triumph beside his beloved mate. The preliminaries being thus settled, and the spot fixed on, they begin to clean out the old nest, and rubbish of the former year, and to prepare for the reception of their future offspring. Soon after this, another sociable little pilgrim, the house-wren, also arrives from the south, and, finding such a snug birth pre-occupied, shows his spite, by watching a convenient opportunity, and, in the absence of the owner, popping in and pulling out sticks; but takes especial care to make off as fast as possible.

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown-furrowed fields re-appearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing;
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
O then comes the Blue-bird, the HERALD OF SPRING!
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spice-wood and sassafras budding together;

O then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair!
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure;
The Blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red-flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up *destroyers* wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile *grub* from the corn it devours;
The worms from their webs, where they riot and welter;
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is, in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him;
The gard'ner delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow lingering school-boys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em,
In mantle of sky-blue and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters, so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers that charmed us before
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;
The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till, forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring, lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,
Or love's native music, have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings is giv'n—
Still dear to each bosom the Blue-bird shall be;
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;
For, through bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure.



APRIL.

APRIL derives its name from *aperire,* to open, because the earth then appears to open to new productions. *Taurus* is the sign of this month.

Remarkable Days

In APRIL 1829.

1.—ALL *or* AULD FOOLS' DAY.

FOR an account of customs on this day, poetical *jeux d'esprit,* &c. see our former volumes.

The author of 'Indian Field Sports' records the following observance of the 1st of April in the East:—'I was at Belleah during the vernal festival of the *Huli,* and was much gratified to see several old men dancing on the green, and throwing *habbear* [pink powder] over one another, with as much cheerfulness and glee as if they had been children. It is a strange coincidence that at this festival, which generally finishes about the end of March or beginning of April, that they should have the custom of making *Huli fool,* as we have of making April fools on the 1st of that month, by sending letters and making appointments in the names of persons who are absent from their homes, and the laugh against the fool is proportionable to the goodness of the plot.'

3.—RICHARD, *Bishop.*

He was consecrated Bishop of Chichester in the year 1245, and died on this day in 1253. See our former volumes, and particularly T.T. for 1824, p. 91.

4.—SAINT AMBROSE,

Bishop of Milan, died on this day in the year 397. For an account of his writings the reader may consult Cave and Dupin.

5.—FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

This was called *Passion Sunday,* as the church now began to advert to the sufferings of Christ.

*5. 1815.—ERUPTION OF THE TOMBORO MOUNTAIN IN JAVA.

The most extraordinary convulsions of Vesuvius and Ætna, as they appear in the descriptions of the poet, or the more authentic accounts of the naturalist, bear no comparison in point of duration or force with this eruption in the Indian Archipelago. It extended perceptible evidences of its existence over the whole of the Molucca islands, over Java, a considerable portion of Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, to a distance of 1,000 statute miles from its centre, by tremulous motions and reports of explosions; while within the range of its more immediate activity, embracing a space of more than 300 miles around it, it produced the most astonishing effects, and excited the most alarming apprehensions. On Java, at the distance of more than 300 miles, it seemed to be awfully present. The sky was overcast at noonday with clouds of ashes; the sun was enveloped in an atmosphere, whose 'palpable' density he was unable to penetrate: showers of ashes covered the houses, the streets, and the fields, to the depth of several inches; and, amid the darkness, explosions were heard at intervals like the report of artillery, or the peals of distant thunder. So fully did the resemblance of the noises to the reports of cannon impress the minds of some officers, that, from an apprehension of pirates on the coast, vessels were despatched to afford relief. Superstition, on the other hand, was busily at work on the minds of the natives, and they attributed the reports to an artillery of a different description from that of pirates. The first explosions were heard on the 5th of April; a fall of ashes took place on the 6th; from that day the sun became obscured, and apparently enveloped in fog till the 12th. On the 11th the explosions were tremendous, and shook the houses on the eastern part of Java. Candles were obliged to be lighted at four in the afternoon. The ground in some places was covered with ashes to the depth of eight inches. The darkness of the atmosphere, and occasional falls of volcanic ashes, continued till the 17th of April. From Sambawa, where the eruption took place, to the part of Sumatra where the sound was noticed, is a distance of 970 geographical miles, and clouds of ashes, so dense as to create utter darkness at noonday, were experienced more than 300 geographical miles from the centre of its operations. The explosions did not cease entirely on the island of Sambawa till the 15th of July. Of the whole villages of Tomboro, one only remained, containing about forty inhabitants. In Pekate, no vestige of a house was left; and twenty-six of the inhabitants,

who were at Sambawa at the time, were the only part of the population who escaped. There were not fewer than 12,000 individuals in Tomboro and Pekate at the time of the eruption, of whom only five or six escaped. The trees and herbage of every description along the whole of the north and west sides of the peninsula were completely destroyed, with the exception of one point of land, near the spot where the village of Tomboro stood.



*6. 1828.—JUBILEE IN HONOUR OF ALBERT DURER.

A jubilee in honour of this, the greatest artist of whom, in the fifteenth century, Germany could boast, was held on this day (the anniversary of his death) at Nuremberg. A statue in bronze, to the expense of which that enlightened friend of artists and the fine arts, the King of Bavaria, has contributed 3000 florins, is about to be erected to his memory.

12.—PALM SUNDAY.

This day commemorates our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem; see our former volumes:—for an account of the 'festival of torches,' consult T.T. for 1828, p. 67.

A most singular custom is still retained at Caistor church, in Lincolnshire, on Palm Sunday. A large ash whip of ten feet in length is procured by a 'deputy' from Broughton; it is wrapt with white leather half way down the stock; the thong, too, is of white leather, and very large. This whip is denominated a '*gad whip*,' (pronounced by them *ged whup.*) The deputy, about the commencement of the first lesson, places himself at the north porch door, and cracks this whip loudly three times in front of the porch door; after which he twists the thong round the whip handle, puts some strips of mountain ash lengthwise on it, and binds them together with *whup*-cord tightly. He then takes a purse, containing two shillings (formerly twenty-four silver pennies), and ties it to the top of the whip stock, and throwing them across his shoulder, he walks into the church, and places himself before the reading-desk till the commencement of the second lesson: he then approaches nearer the clergyman, and waves the purse over his head; at the end of which he kneels down on a cushion, and continues holding the purse over the clergyman's head till the end of the lesson. The whip, purse, &c., he then carries into the manor-house of Undon, adjoining, where he deposits them. Certain lands in the parish of Broughton are held by the tenure of this custom. The word gad, or *ged*, means, in Lincolnshire, a measure of ten feet.—*Mirror*.

*13. 1827.—CAPTAIN HUGH CLAPPERTON DIED,

At Sockatoo, in Africa, aged 40. He was born at Annan, in the year 1788, where his father was long established as a surgeon. Unfortunately for himself and others, he was careless rather than careful of money; but on the other hand it is due to him to state, that he married early—became a widower—married again, and was the father of no fewer than twenty-one children. Of the fruit of the first marriage, six sons and one daughter grew to man and woman's estate, and the youngest of these was the justly celebrated African traveller. In his person he resembled his father greatly, stood at least six feet high, had great breadth of chest and expansion of shoulders, nerves of steel, and sinews of iron, and was altogether a handsome, athletic, powerful man.

From circumstances that need not be detailed here, he received no classical instruction, and could do little more than read and write indifferently, when he was placed under the care of Mr. Bryce Downie, a man of general information, though chiefly celebrated as a mathematician. Under him the deceased acquired a knowledge of practical mathematics, including navigation and trigonometry. At the age of seventeen Clapperton was bound an apprentice to the sea, and became the cabin-boy of Captain Smith; of the Postlethwaite of Maryport, to whose notice he was kindly recommended by the late Mr. Jonathan Nelson, of Port-Annan. The Postlethwaite, a vessel of large burthen, traded between Liverpool and North America, and in her he repeatedly crossed the Atlantic, distinguished even when a mere youth for coolness, dexterity, and intrepidity. On one occasion, the ship, when at Liverpool, was partly laden with rock-salt, and as that commodity was then dear, the mistress of a house which the crew frequented, very improperly enticed Clapperton to bring her a few pounds ashore in his handkerchief. After some entreaty the youth complied, probably from his ignorance of the revenue laws, was caught in the act by a custom-house officer, and menaced with the terrors of trial and imprisonment unless he consented to go on board the Tender. He immediately chose the latter alternative, and, after being sent round to the Nore, was draughted on board the Clorinde frigate, commanded by a very gallant officer, who is now the Hon. Captain Briggs. Here he was ranked as a man before the mast; but feeling a desire to better his situation, he addressed a letter, detailing his mishap and recent history, to a friend, Mr. Scott, banker, in Annan, who had always taken a warm interest in the family. Mr. Scott, as the likeliest channel that occurred to him, applied to Mrs. General Dirom, of Mount Annan, who happened to be related to the Hon. Captain Briggs; and through the influence of that lady, combined with his own professional merit, the brave Clapperton was speedily promoted to the rank of midshipman—a circumstance which tended in no mean degree to fix his destiny, and shape his future fortunes in life. It has often been remarked, that what at first appears to be a misfortune, is sometimes the happiest thing that can befal us, and so it chanced in the present instance. Had he stuck to the American or coasting trade, he might have become first a mate, then a master, then ship's husband and part owner, and finally returned to his native burgh with a fortune of a few thousand pounds, and vegetated tranquilly for ten or twenty years, reading the newspaper or playing at billiards in the forenoon, and smoking cigars and drinking whisky-punch or negus in the evening. But where would have been his laurels—where his glory—where his zeal in the cause of science—where his defiance of death and danger—where his niche in the annals of Britain?—Previous to 1813, our sailors, in boarding, used the cutlass after any fashion they pleased,

and were trained to no particular method in the management of that formidable weapon. It was suggested, however, that this was a defect, and, with the view of repairing it, Clapperton, and a few other clever midshipmen, were ordered to repair to Portsmouth Dock-yard, to be instructed by the celebrated swordsman Angelo in what was called the improved cutlass exercise. When taught themselves, they were distributed as teachers over the fleet, and our countryman's class-room was the deck of the Asia 74—the flag-ship of Vice Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, since engaged at Navarino. The Asia was then lying at Spithead, and continued there till the end of January 1814; but her Admiral had been entrusted with the command of our whole naval force on the coast of North America, and was making every thing ready to sail for his final destination. Clapperton's services as a drill sergeant were to be performed during the passage out to Bermuda; and he was afterwards to make the best of his way to the Canadian Lakes, which had then, or were just about to become the scene of important naval operations.

While at Bermuda, and on the passage out, nothing could exceed Clapperton's diligence in discharging the duties of his new occupation. Officers as well as men received instruction from him in the cutlass exercise; and his manly form, and sailor-like appearance on the quarter-deck, tended, in the opinion of all who saw him, to fix the attention and improve the patriotic spirit of the crew. At his own as well as the other messes, where he had the honour of being a frequent guest, he was the very life and soul of the party; sang a good song, told a merry tale, painted scenes for the ship's theatricals, sketched views, drew caricatures, and, in one word, was an exceedingly amusing and interesting person. Even the Admiral became very fond of him, and invited him to remain on board the Asia, under the promise of speedy promotion. But the warm work going forward on the Lakes had more attraction for his enterprising mind, and, having procured a passage in a vessel to Halifax, he bade adieu to the flag-ship, to the regret of every individual on board, from the venerable Admiral down to the cabin-boys. From Halifax he proceeded to Upper Canada, and shortly after his arrival was made a lieutenant, and subsequently appointed to command the Confiance schooner. While she rode at anchor on the spacious shores of Lake Erie or Lake Huron, her enterprising commander occasionally repaired to the woods, and with his gun kept himself in fresh provisions. In these excursions he cultivated an acquaintance with the aborigines, and was so much charmed with a mode of life, full of romance, incident, and danger, that he at one time entertained serious thoughts of resigning his commission when the war was ended, and becoming a denizen of the forest himself. But the fit fortunately was not permanent; his country had stronger claims on his talents, and the tinge of ro-

mance, which formed a part of his nature, yielded to more patriotic impressions, and the spirit-stirring scenes in which he was engaged. At this time he occasionally dined on shore, and as few men excelled him in swimming, he not unfrequently plunged into the water, and made for the schooner, without either undressing or calling for a boat. This he did for the double purpose of showing his manhood, and keeping his crew on the *qui vive*. In the year 1817, when our flotilla on the American lakes was dismantled, Lieutenant Clapperton returned to England, to be placed, like many others, on half-pay; and ultimately retired to his grandfather's native burgh of Lochmaben. There he remained till 1820, amusing himself with rural sports, when he removed to Edinburgh, and shortly after became acquainted with the amiable and lamented Dr. Oudney. It was at Dr. Oudney's suggestion that he first turned his thoughts to African discovery; and through all the varieties of untoward fortune—suffering and sorrow, sickness and death, he clung to his friend with the constancy of a brother. After closing his eyes in a miserable hut, far from the decencies and comforts of Britain, he even assisted to dig his grave, and read over the lonely spot the burial service of the Church of England.

Captain Clapperton himself died at Sockatoo, where he had been detained for five months, in consequence of the Sultan Bello of Sockatoo not permitting him to proceed, on account of the war between him and Bornou. He had waited there in hopes of getting permission to go on to Timbuctoo, and lived in a small, clay hut belonging to the sultan's brother. He was attacked by dysentery, and his illness lasted thirty-two days; he latterly fell away rapidly, and became much emaciated. Two days before he died, he requested his servant to shave him, as he was too weak to sit up. On its completion he asked for a looking-glass, and remarked he was doing better, and should certainly get over it. The morning on which he died, he breathed loud and became restless, and shortly after expired in his servant's arms. He was buried by him at a small village (Jungali), five miles to the S.E. of Sockatoo, and followed to his grave by his faithful attendant and five slaves. The corpse was carried by a camel, and the place of interment marked by a small square house of clay, erected by his servant, who then got permission from the sultan to return home. He accordingly journied to Badagry, which occupied him seven months, and was taken off the coast by Capt. Laing, of the merchant brig Maria, of London, in January, 1828, to whom he expresses himself most grateful for his attentions and the preservation of his being. He states that he nearly lost his life while at Badagry, from the Portuguese setting the minds of the natives against him, and that they attempted to administer poison to him in his drink. He landed at Cape Coast, whence he was brought by the Esk. While travelling to Badagry he

lost four horses and two asses, from their being exposed to the sun, and fording the rivers, which were much swollen by the rains. He also confirms the account, that Mungo Park was lost on a reef of rocks which runs from the island of Busa (or Boussa) in the Niger. Park got on the reef, and was unable to get off. When the natives saw him, they came down and fired on him and his party. Three black slaves and two white companions threw themselves in despair, in each other's arms, into the river, and perished. Captain Clapperton's servant also states, that Park's son died at five days' journey in the interior from Accra, in January 1828.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

16.—MAUNDY THURSDAY.

Annually, on this day, the lord almoner, or the sub-almoner, relieves, at Whitehall, as many poor men and as many poor women as agree with the years in the king's age. This practice was instituted by Edward III, in the year 1363.—On the eve of this day, says a recent traveller, we saw a curious ceremony at the Church of the Pilgrims; princesses and ladies of the first consequence washing the feet of female pilgrims, and afterwards attending them at supper. For the first, warm water was brought in large tubs or buckets: the ladies, dressed in black, tucked up their gowns, and girded themselves with napkins; after which they pulled off the stockings of the poor women, and, having placed their feet in the tubs, washed and rubbed them carefully, and then wiped them with the towels. When this was over, we were ushered into a grand sala, where long tables were laid out for supper. In a few minutes, a number of women entered, dressed as pilgrims, with staves in their hands, and bundles girt to their backs, and arranged themselves, standing round the table. It occurred to me, that this ceremony is a commemoration of the passover, which the Israelites ate hastily before their sudden departure from Egypt. The same ladies who had been employed in washing the feet, served the pilgrims at table, handing round macaroni, vegetables, and such other provisions as Lent permitted. Between the tables, at a convenient

distance, a long form was filled with spectators, many of whom were descanting upon the meritorious deeds of the princesses. A little Italian girl, who sat next me, observed, that 'those ladies would obtain many indulgences;' (in other words, they were earning a pardon for past offences). The ladies of the Buonaparte family particularly distinguished themselves in their observance of these ceremonies. We were next conducted into a long gallery, from whence we saw several cardinals going through the same ceremony with male pilgrims. The gentlemen of our party had permission to enter the room where they were, but we were only allowed to behold them at a distance.

On *Holy Thursday*, immediately after breakfast, we drove to St. Peter's, having first obtained tickets of admission, and went with the crowd to the door of the Sistine chapel, which did not open for half an hour; and then the squeezing and pushing became quite dreadful. At last, we all got in, and procured seats on high benches, erected on purpose for foreign ladies, the gentlemen standing below. The Pope and cardinals went through some ceremonies, and then passed on in procession, bearing the host to the Pauline chapel, where there is some ceremony of burying it, which I did not see, the crowd being too great for us to approach. As soon as the procession began to move, the people, eager to obtain a good situation for seeing, pressed forwards until repelled by the Swiss guards, who shouldered them unmercifully. Both to-day and yesterday, during the interval when the music ceased, there was a noise like the *clashing of swords*, to represent the Jews coming with swords and staves to take our blessed Lord. After burying the host, the Pope was carried up to a balcony, from whence he pronounced the blessing; which scene I also lost, having missed my party, and being pushed along by the crowd, I knew not whither, until I saw again the Pope carried through

the long galleries to the place where he washed the feet of thirteen pilgrims. The Pope prefaced this operation by reading a portion of Scripture in Latin, in a clear and audible voice. I believe that it was the narrative of our Lord washing the feet of his disciples, to set them an example of humility. A kneeling cardinal presented to the Pope a silver basin, in which he dipped the towel, and slightly rubbed one foot of each pilgrim. After having witnessed this for a a few minutes, we all moved to the supper room, where the Pope was to attend the same pilgrims at table. We were fortunate in procuring good seats opposite, when the pilgrims came in and seated themselves on one side of the table. The Pope followed, and, as before, began by reading a portion of Scripture in Latin; he then advanced to the table, and served them with macaroni, soup, vegetables, sweetmeats, &c. and goblets of wine in abundance, all of which he first received from a cardinal on his knees. Every thing which is laid on the table becomes the property of the pilgrims, as the silver goblets, spoons, knives, forks, plates, napkins, &c. and the residue of the provisions. We waited until the conclusion, and then hastened on to the Pauline chapel, which was splendidly illuminated. The lights were beautifully disposed round a full-length picture of our Lord.—*Three Years' Residence in Italy.*

*16. 1746.—BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

A JACOBITE RELIC.

[Written for Time's Telescope, by C. M.]

I left my blythe and cozey hame,
  My wife and bairnies a';
And I took the sword my father wore,
  And sped wi' haste awa'.

I left my ain, my native hills,
  When th' heather was in bloom;
And now return to find a' clad
  In darkness and in gloom.

I left the happy, freshened scene
  When summer's breath was there;
But now I turn my steps and find
  The winter bleak and bare:

But still the winter is to me
  An emblem of my fate;
A scathed trunk, a withered tree;
  A scene laid desolate.

My wife was in the bloom of years;
  My bairnies blythe and fair;
But soon the bitter saut, saut tear
  Foretauled a heart o' care.

My wife is in her silent grave,
  My bairnies by her side;
Houseless and cauld[1], they couldna thole
  The winter's stormy tide.

The cottage on the lone hill-side;
  The burnie wimpling by;
Where are *they* now? bleak wa's are there—
  A channel waste and dry!

I left them a', I tint the best,
  For Charlie's kingly right;
And Oh! that on sae fair a hope
  Should set sae dark a night!

But still I dinna mourn the cause
  That made me lea' them a';
For Charlie's gude—for Charlie's sake
  I yet could blythely fa'.

But now the lift is dim and dark,
  That lately shone sae clear;
And I hae come to lay my banes
  By wife and bairnies dear.

17.—GOOD FRIDAY.

Holy Friday, or the Friday in Holy Week, was its more ancient and general appellation; the name

[1] The Duke of Cumberland allowed his army to proceed to great excesses, after the decisive battle of Culloden, in order to quench the enterprising spirit of the unfortunate highlanders, who had joined the standard of Prince Charles. He spread havoc and devastation through the whole extent of the highlands; burned down the cottages, and turned out the families amid the severities of winter, which is doubly felt in these mountainous parts, without the smallest shelter or support, to perish with cold and hunger.—See 'Memoirs of the Rebellion, by L'Abbe Johnstone, Aid-de-Camp to Lord George Murray,' and others.

Good Friday is peculiar to the English Church.—Some singular customs, on this day, are recorded in T.T. for 1826, p. 69. See also T.T. for 1827, pp. 94-100.

The propensity of the Jews, in the early period of our history, to steal boys, and afterwards, on *Good Friday*, to crucify them, has been doubted by some authors. The circumstance which occurred at Norwich is so well authenticated as to be beyond suspicion. It is recorded in the Saxon Chronicle (A.D. 1137), New Legend, London, 1516, Fabian, Holingshed, &c.; and the site of the church that was dedicated to Saint William still remains. In the reign of King Stephen, the Jews of Norwich, dwelling in Abraham's Hall (in the Old Hay-market), seized on a boy, named *William*, who was son of Wenstan, by Elwina, the daughter of Wulward, a priest, and was bound to a tanner in Norwich. On the approach of Easter these Jews enticed him to their houses, where he underwent the several punishments inflicted on our Lord. On *Good Friday* they crucified him with great torment, wounding him in his left side; and on Easter-day they put the body into a sack and carried it to a wood, about one mile north-east of Norwich, on Mushill Heath, to bury it; but as they entered the wood, Eilward, a burgess of Norwich, saw them, and silently followed them out of curiosity to know what they had got; and coming near, he perceived it was a human body; but they, discovering him, and fearing they should be taken, fled into the thickest part of the wood, and then hung up the body on a tree, and, returning home, took counsel with the rest of the Jews, and went to the sheriff, and promised him a hundred marks if he would free them from their danger. The sheriff immediately sent for Eilward, and forced him to swear that so long as he or the sheriff lived he would never accuse the Jews, or discover the fact; but about five years afterwards, when he lay on his death-bed, affrighted with the

imagination of seeing the boy, he discovered the whole matter; and the body being found in the wood, it was taken by the monks, and buried in the church-yard of the Holy Trinity, in Norwich; but many miracles being supposed to be wrought by it there, it was removed in the year of our Lord 1150, and enshrined in the church.

18.—EASTER-EVE.

Blessing of Houses at Easter.—The week before Easter (says a recent traveller, in a letter from Pisa, dated March 30, 1822) our house was blessed by the rector of the parish, who first asked us whether it were a custom among us to have our houses blessed at this time of the year: we answered, that it was not. He said it was his duty to bless every house in the parish; but, if it gave offence, he would omit ours. We assured him to the contrary; that we considered the blessing of a good man a good thing, and we should gladly receive it. The next day our landlord's wife came to ask the same question, saying, if we objected, it should not be done: at the same time, her manner showed that she would have thought her house in great danger if we refused, which, of course, we did not. The day following, the rector arrived, dressed in a little white cassock over his black clothes, accompanied by an inferior priest, in the same costume, by way of an attendant. The former pronounced the blessing, in the name of the Trinity, on the house and its inhabitants, and repeated the same ceremony up stairs and down stairs, in every hole and corner. The sequel of the story is, that every house makes a small offering; the poor, of eggs; the more genteel, of chocolate: as we wished to be considered of the latter class, we presented him with a pound of it. He became our firm friend and daily visiter.—*Three Years' Residence in Italy.*

Before twelve o'clock at noon on the day before Easter (observes the same entertaining author), the resurrection service begins at the Quirinal Chapel at Rome. Exactly at that hour a curtain is drawn back, which conceals a picture of our Lord. Then begins a universal peal from all the bells, accompanied with the beating of drums and firing of guns; and joy succeeds to mourning. During the week, until this moment, a universal stillness prevailed in the streets: not a bell was heard to ring in any of the churches. The drums, and all instruments of music, were silenced, and scarcely a loud word was to be heard from the mourners as they traversed the streets. The churches were all hung with black; and nobody, not even the English, appeared except in that sable garb.

19.—EASTER DAY.

An account of some very curious early English customs on this day will be found in our volume for 1826, p. 73. For ceremonies practised in *France*, at Easter, see T.T. for 1828, pp. 85-87. The following account of *Easter at Toulouse* is communicated by a correspondent to the 'Mirror:'

From the morning of Good Friday silence reigns over the town; not a bell is heard, and the superstitious people imagine the bells are all gone to St. Peter's; their customary amusements about the streets are suspended; and though they do not at any time live very luxuriously, at this season they fast with great rigour. We visited the chapel belonging to the little convent of Les Frères; at one end was a kind of stage, the distance representing Mount Calvary, with the cross; in the foreground was an altar, on which was the figure of a lamb asleep; two automaton figures, habited as Roman soldiers, were placed on either side, also asleep; and a beautiful fountain of real water played in front. At the moment they suppose our Saviour to have risen, the cannons fire, and all the bells begin to ring at once (returned from St. Peter's, of course, by the same means they went), which has, undoubtedly, a very imposing effect. Upon revisiting the chapel, we found the lamb gone, the soldiers had started upon their feet, in a posture of great surprise and alarm; and between the altar and the mount was the figure of our Saviour ascending. A custom at this time prevails, which has, no doubt, the same origin as the paschal eggs. The moment the bells begin to ring, every one hastens to their friend or neighbour nearest at hand, uttering a patois rhyme, signifying, 'Hallelujah! the omelet for to-morrow;' and the person thus addressed must accordingly furnish an omelet for the women's breakfast next morning. This occasions a great deal of amusement, as frequently two persons will be endeavouring to win of the other at the same time, when

the only chance is, which can speak the fastest. High mass is, of course, celebrated in the churches; after which the priest walks in procession under a handsome canopy, and blesses all the people who choose to come to him. The rest of the day is spent in different kinds of amusement and feasting.

To Don Gaspar Melchior Jovellanos; *for the* Easter Holidays.

A truce now, dear Jové, to care for a season!
  Come—Easter is nigh—to the lute let us sing,
Whilst the March wind pines sadly, gay strains such as Teos
  Heard warbled 'midst grapes to her bard's attic string;
Or beside the mild fire, bid with exquisite converse
  The fugitive hours pass in brilliant relief:
They go—but from night's shady keeping return not;
  Why then by lost dreams should we make them more brief?

As to gold the white down on the summer-peach changes,
  So the bloom that my cheek early feathered is fled;
And the years that have passed, bringing wisdom but slowly,
  With thousand gray ringlets have mantled my head.
I have seen the vale smile beneath April's sweet blossoms,
  Beneath burning June have I seen them decay;
And the pomp and profusion of viny October,
  Before dull December waste coldly away.

Yes! the days and winged months escape from us like shadows,
  And years follow months, as the sea-billows pass—
Mind it not—we've a charm against Time's revolutions,
  In the bright golden liquor that laughs in the glass.
Pour it out: crowned with myrtle and rose, we will frighten
  Chagrin far away with our long merry shout;
And in pledges quaffed off to wit, wine, and dear woman,
  Disregard the rude elements warring without.

For what are they to us, if our bosoms beat lightly,
  And beauty and song set our prisoned souls free;
Whilst the bliss which a king would exchange for a sceptre,
  Love, the holy enchantress, consigns me in thee?
I remember one eve when the sun, half in shadow,
  Sank slow to his own western island afar,
Whilst the peasants and peasant-girls danced near my trellis,
  And I in the porch touched my festal guitar;

How I sang the rich treasure which Heav'n in its bounty
  Had lent to console me in pleasure and pain;
And in prayers for thy welfare implored all its angels—
  Thy welfare, so dear to our own native Spain;

Smit with passionate thirst, in my right hand the beaker
  I filled till the bright bubbles danced o'er the top,
And to thee and to thine, in a frenzy of feeling,
  Drained it manfully off to the last purple drop:

And whilst maiden and youth stood in loud admiration
  Applauding the feat, how I filled it again,
And with yet deeper rapture a second time emptied
  Its bowl of the glory that brightened my brain;
Singing still, singing still in my zeal for thy glory,
  As now to my lute in its ardent excess,
Thy virtues, thy fame in the land's future story,
  And the bliss, more than all, that in thee we possess!

Foreign Review.

The author of a 'Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Italy,' while noticing the ceremonies at *Rome* on this day, says, the show was, indeed, very splendid, but much more like a theatrical representation than an acceptable service in honour of that glorious Being who inhabiteth eternity, and who wills that his worshippers adore Him in spirit and in truth. The scene was gay and animated. Every one looked pleased at being disencumbered from their sombre garments, which were now exchanged for all which fashion and finery could display. The church, and the whole piazza before it, were crowded with all classes of persons in gala dress. The Pope was carried, in magnificent state, through the church, shaded by waving peacocks' feathers, attended by his guardia nobile, in princely uniform, glittering with gold, their helmets adorned with plumes of feathers; the ambassadors and their wives, the senator and his train, the Armenian bishop and priests, in very splendid robes, the cardinals, bishops, and all the Roman troops, in grand procession. In short, every one around 'was clothed in fine linen, and purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls!' The ceremonies concluded with the blessing, which the Pope pronounced from the terrace, as before; and the people below received it on their knees, looking up, with eager eyes,

for the indulgences which are scattered among them by some of the cardinals.

In the evening, the festivity of this holy day was concluded by a grand illumination of St. Peter's, and fire-works at the castle of St. Angelo. On entering the piazza, we beheld the architecture of the dome, façade, and colonnade, all marked out by soft lamps; and while we remained lost in admiration, a deep-toned bell tolled; and in a moment, as if struck by a magical wand, the whole fabric burst into a dazzling blaze of the most brilliant light; nor could we conceive how the sudden transition was effected. From hence we drove to a large building opposite the castle of St. Angelo, from whence we saw the fire-works. St. Peter's, in all its blaze of glory until they began, still looked very brilliant; but from the moment when the girandolo blazed forth, which is meant to imitate an eruption from the crater of Vesuvius, the intense light of the fire-works, in a great measure, eclipsed that of the illumination. There is a baptism of Jews at the church of St. John Lateran, at which every year one or two are induced to receive baptism, either for the sake of the thirty pounds given on the occasion, or from some other motive: but very few, if any, are supposed to be real converts. I have even been told, that the same Jew has been baptized more than once, when no other could be persuaded to come, that the appearance may be kept up.

19.—SAINT ALPHEGE,

Archbishop of Canterbury, was stoned to death at Greenwich, A.D. 1012.

20, 21.—EASTER MONDAY *and* TUESDAY.

An account of some curious customs on these days, in different parts of England, will be found in T.T. for 1822, p. 107: see also our volume for 1823, p. 75, and T.T. for 1828, p. 86.

*21. 1828.—REV. JOSHUA GILPIN DIED, ÆT. 73.

He was Vicar of Wrockwardine, Shropshire, and was well known for his valuable publications. His first was 'An Essay on the Peace of 1783,' from the French of the Rev. J. W. de la Flechere, Vicar of Madely, quarto, 1785. His next was 'The Portrait of Saint Paul, or the True Model for Christians and Pastors,' from the French Manuscript of the same author, two volumes octavo, 1791. It has since been printed in a cheap form, in one volume 12mo, and has gone through many editions, and should be in the library of every Christian minister. In the year 1808 he published 'A Monument of Parental Affection to a dear and only Son.' This was Joshua Rowley Gilpin, who was born January 30, 1788, and died September 6, 1806. This is a publication worthy the perusal of every parent and of every child.

From the preliminary address we extract the following affecting passages:—

'I formerly indulged a hope, that my pastoral labours in this place would be one day seconded by the happier efforts of my son, from the pulpit of his father. This flattering expectation is now cut off for ever; but, though I must not present him to you in the church as a public preacher, permit me to introduce him to your family circles as a silent monitor. By such a procedure I shall secure to myself the wished assistance of my departed son; and, while I declare the great truths of the gospel in your public assemblies, *he* shall privately call your attention *to the uncertainty of human life, the loveliness of early piety, and the blessedness of dying in the favour of God.*

'Nor do my views terminate even here; since, after having retained him as my *coadjutor*, it appears possible to leave him among you as my *successor*. The time is fast approaching, when you will see me borne to that grave which is already prepared to receive me. But, long after my ministerial exercises shall have reached their final period, and when you, my brethren, shall be sleeping around me in the dust—my dearest son may continue to act, through the medium of this little volume, as the modest instructor of your descendants, persuading them by his own bright example, and haply prevailing with some of them to *become followers of those who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises.*'

In the year 1811, Mr. Gilpin published 'The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come, in two parts, by John Bunyan; *a new and corrected edition*, in which the phraseology of the author is somewhat improved, some of his obscurities elucidated, and some of his redundancies done away.' The origin of this work is thus mentioned by Mr. G. in his address to the reader:

'At the age of thirteen or fourteen, my dear departed son requested me, in vain, to undertake the revisal and correction of this well-known work; my disinclination to such an undertaking being at that time absolutely insuperable. But since the removal of my beloved boy, among many other affecting recollections, his urgent request has been frequently brought to my mind; and that request has been so powerfully backed, both by friends at home, and by strangers abroad, as to overcome all my remaining reluctance.' Mr. G. afterwards, says, 'Had I not considered the Pilgrim's Progress as one of the most useful publications that ever appeared, or that is ever likely to appear, in the Christian world, I should never have troubled myself about its form or fashion, nor have felt any concern for its future fortune in the world. But deeply convinced of its important tendency, and lying under the weight of many obligations to the author of this admirable production, both as to pleasure and profit, I have thus endeavoured to discharge a debt of gratitude to the excellent, though illiterate Bunyan.'

Acquiescing in these sentiments, we beg leave respectfully to submit to the committee of *The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*, whether this work, and this edition of it, is not well worthy a place in their *Supplemental Catalogue*, and more especially as *The Progress of the Pilgrim Good-intent in jacobinical times* is already there.—J. P.

23.—SAINT GEORGE,

The patron Saint of England.—See T.T. for 1821, p. 107. The King's birth-day is kept on this day, being his *name-day*, in imitation of the custom in Catholic countries.

25.—SAINT MARK.

This Evangelist wrote his gospel about the year 63. He died in the 8th year of Nero, and was buried at Alexandria. The custom of sitting and watching in the church-porch, on St. Mark's Eve, still exists in some parts of the north of England. A curious narrative, by *Mr. Gervas Holles*, relative to this day, may be seen in our last volume, p. 89.

26.—LOW SUNDAY.

It was a custom among the primitive Christians, on the first Sunday after Easter-day, to repeat some part of the solemnity of that grand festival; whence

this Sunday took the name of *Low-Sunday*, being celebrated as a feast, though in a lower degree.

*APRIL, 1826.—ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY FOUNDED.

The house No. 33, Bruton Street, was taken in 1826, and fitted up for the museum; and a plot of ground in the Regent's Park was obtained for exhibiting a living collection. Sir T. Stamford Raffles was the principal founder and the first president of this society. The second meeting of the society took place in March, 1827, when, in consequence of the death of the president, the Marquess of Lansdown was chosen to that office. The museum in Bruton Street consists of several thousand animals or parts of animals, the greater part of which have been voluntarily contributed. Last year, the collection which Sir Stamford Raffles formed in Sumatra, some valuable eastern animals, a remarkable collection of horns by Major General Hardwicke, an ostrich by the King, and a number of presents by other individuals, were added; and during the present year various accessions have been made. In the society's menagerie and garden, situated on the north-eastern side of the *Regent's Park*, not far beyond the new St. Catherine's Church and Hospital, nearly two hundred living animals are exhibited in suitable paddocks, dens, and aviaries. Among the most attractive of these, are two beautiful llamas, a leopard, some kangaroos bred in this country, a pair of emus, and three bears. Specimens of the ratel, or Indian badger, ichneumons, tiger cats, badgers, monkeys, &c., add to the attractions of the menagerie. Some valuable animals, from the arctic regions, have been lately presented by the Hudson's Bay Company; such as Canadian lynxes, arctic foxes, porcupines, horned owls, &c. The ornithological department comprises several species of eagles, cranes, gulls, gannets, cormorants, with various gallinaceous birds.

The PROGRESS *of* ZOOLOGY.

What a fashionable place
  Soon the Regent's Park will grow!
Not alone the human race
  To survey its beauties go;
Birds and beasts of ev'ry hue,
  In order and sobriety,
Come, invited by the Zo-
  Ological Society.

Notes of invitation go
  To the west and to the east,
Begging of the Hippopo-
  Tamus here to come and feast:
Sheep and panthers here we view,
  Monstrous contrariety!
All united by the Zo-
  Ological Society.

Monkeys leave their native seat,
  Monkeys green and monkeys blue,
Other monkeys here to meet,
  And kindly ask, 'Pray how d'ye do?'
From New Holland the emu,
  With his better moiety,
Has paid a visit to the Zo-
  Ological Society.

Here we see the lazy tor-
  Toise creeping with his shell,
And the drowsy, drowsy dor-
  Mouse dreaming in his cell;
Here from all parts of the U-
  Niverse we meet variety,
Lodged and boarded by the Zo-
  Ological Society.

Bears at pleasure lounge and roll,
  Leading lives devoid of pain,
Half day climbing up a pole,
  Half day climbing down again;
Their minds tormented by no su-
  Perfluous anxiety,
While on good terms with the Zo-
  Ological Society.

Would a mammoth could be found,
  And made across the sea to swim!
But now, alas! upon the ground
  The bones alone are left of him:
I fear a hungry mammoth too,
  (So monstrous and unquiet he),
By hunger urged, might eat the Zo-
  Ological Society! *Christmas Box*, 1829



Astronomical Occurrences

In APRIL 1829.

THOSE brilliant constellations which have communicated such splendour to the wintry sky, will soon be lost in the solar effulgence. Aries, by the middle of the month, will have disappeared; the brightness of Taurus will be diminished by its approximation to the western horizon; while the mild beauty of Pleiades will scarce pierce the twilight of the vernal eve. Orion, with its belt, will no longer glitter with that radiance, which, when aided by an atmosphere refined by frost, shone forth with increased intensity: this 'sentinel of winter,' as if released from its vigilance, ceases to suspend its watchful light over the sleeping nations, and hastens with its bright companion, Sirius, to mingle its fainter glories with the solar beams.—*Literary Gazette.*

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

The Sun enters Taurus at 7 m. past 9 in the morning of the 20th of this month: he will also be eclipsed on the 3d; but as the eclipse will happen under the following circumstances, it will necessarily be *invisible* in this country. The ecliptic conjunction will take place at 21¼ m. past 10 at night, in longitude 0ˢ 13° 53¼′, the Moon's latitude at the time being 35¼′ south. The Sun will be centrally eclipsed in the meridian at 56½ m. past 9, in longitude 149° 6½′ west, and latitude 32° 15′ south; he will also rise and set during this period as in the following

TABLE,

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

April	Sun rises (m.)	after	sets (m.)	after
1st	33	5	27	6
6th	23	5	37	6
11th	14	5	45	6
16th	4	5	56	6
21st	55	4	5	7
26th	46	4	14	[illegible]

Equation of Time.

To change time, as shown by a good sun-dial, to that which should be indicated at the same moment by a well-regulated clock, it must be corrected by the quantities inserted in the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Wednesday .. April	1st, to the time by the dial *add*	3	59
Monday..........	6th..........................	2	30
Saturday	11th..........................	1	6
Thursday	16th, from the time by the dial *sub.*	0	12
Tuesday	21st..........................	1	21
Sunday...........	26th..........................	2	18

For any day intermediate to those in the Table, the quantity to be employed must be found by proportion.

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon	3d day, at	21 m. past	10	at night
First Quarter ..	11th........	7........	2	in the morning
Full Moon	19th........	22........	6	....
Last Quarter ..	26th........	55........	2	in the afternoon

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following passages of the Moon over the first meridian will afford opportunities for observation, if the weather prove favourable at the respective times: they will, of course, require a slight correction for any other meridian than that of the Royal Observatory.

April 9th	at	3 m. after	5	in the afternoon
10th	..	54	5	....
11th	..	42	6	....
12th	..	28	7	in the evening
13th	..	13	8	....
14th	..	56	8	....
15th	..	39	9	....
16th	..	22	10	....
17th	..	6	11	....
24th	..	4	4	in the morning
25th	..	59	4	....
26th	..	54	5	....
27th	..	49	6	....
28th	..	43	7	....
29th	..	37	8	....

Phenomena Planetarum.

Phases of Venus.

This planet now resembles the full Moon: her brilliancy, however, is far less than when she is nearer the earth, though her illuminated disk is then much smaller.

April 1st { Illuminated part = 11·71010
Dark part...... = 0·28990

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Only the following four eclipses of the first and second of the satellites will be visible this month: *viz.*

Immersions.

First Satellite ..	1st day, at	44 m.	43 s. after	4 in the morning
	10th	6 ..	43	1 ....
	17th	0 ..	25	3 ....
Second Satellite,	9th	12 ..	20	2 ....

Form of Saturn's Ring.

The relative proportions of Saturn's ring, at this period, are the following. Our youthful readers should be reminded, that it is the southern side of the ring which is now visible, as indicated by the sign — being prefixed to the conjugate axis.

April 1st { Transverse axis = 1·000
Conjugate axis = —0 400

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

April 7th, with	1δ in Taurus ..	at 11	in the morning
7th	2δ .. Taurus		at noon
7th	α .. Taurus	5	in the afternoon
12th	1α .. Cancer	5	....
12th	2α .. Cancer	6	....
21st	γ .. Libra	4	in the morning
26th . ..	β .. Capricorn ..	7	....

Other Phenomena.

Saturn will be in quadrature at 45 m. after 1 in the morning of the 18th; and Georgium Sidus at half past 8 in the evening of the 26th of this month.

We shall insert here the following instances to show the great utility of the *Marine Barometer,* when its friendly admonitions are strictly regarded. As the

Chronometer should be its never-failing companion, we also subjoin a striking instance of its utility to those whose business is on the bosom of great waters. —See *Arnott's Elements of Physics.*

Barometer.

To the husbandman the barometer is of considerable use, by aiding and correcting his prognostication of the weather drawn from local signs familiar to him; but its great use as a weather-glass seems to be to the mariner, who roams over the whole ocean, under skies and climates altogether new to him. The watchful captain of the present day, trusting to this extraordinary monitor, is often enabled to take in sail, and to make ready for the storm, where, in former times, the dreadful visitation would have fallen upon him unprepared. The marine barometer has not yet been in general use for many years, and the author was one of a numerous crew who probably owed their preservation to its almost miraculous warning. It was in a southern latitude. The sun had just set with placid appearance, after a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's order came to prepare, with all haste, for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity. As yet the old sailors had not perceived even a threatening in the sky, and they were surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations; but the required measures were not completed, when a more awful hurricane burst upon them than the most experienced had ever braved. Nothing could withstand it; the sails, already furled and closely bound to the yards, were riven away in tatters; even the bare yards and masts were in great part disabled; and at one time the whole rigging had nearly fallen by the board. Such, for a few hours, was the mingled roar of the hurricane above, of the waves around, and of the incessant peals of thunder, that no human voice could be heard,

and, amidst the general consternation, even the trumpet sounded in vain. In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given the warning, neither the extraordinary strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, would have saved one man to tell the tale. On the following morning the wind was again at rest, but the ship lay upon the yet heaving waves an unsightly wreck.

Chronometer.

It would be exceeding the limit marked out for this general work, to speak more particularly of those admirable watches which have been produced, within the last thirty years, under the name of chronometers, for the purpose of finding the longitude at sea; but the author may, perhaps, be excused for mentioning here a moment of surprise and delight which he experienced when he first saw their singular perfection experimentally proved. After months spent at sea, in a long passage from South America to Asia, his pocket chronometer, with others on board, announced one morning that a certain point of land was now bearing north from the ship, at a distance of only fifty miles: in an hour afterwards, when a mist had cleared away, the looker-out on the mast gave the joyous call of 'land a-head!' verifying the report of the chronometers almost to one mile, after a voyage of thousands. It is allowable at such a moment, with the dangers and uncertainties of ancient navigation before the mind, to exult, in contemplating what man has now achieved—in contemplating the correctness of the sciences, and the perfection of the various arts which contribute to such a result as now related.

We shall now introduce to our readers the following lines, which require neither apology nor comment:—

To the MOON: *by* JANE TAYLOR.

What is it that gives thee, mild Queen of Night,
That secret intelligent grace?
Or why should I gaze with such pensive delight
On thy fair, but insensible face?

What gentle enchantment possesses thy beam,
Beyond the warm sunshine of day?
Thy bosom is cold as the glittering stream
Where dances thy tremulous ray!

Canst thou the sad heart of its sorrows beguile,
Or grief's fond indulgence suspend?
Yet, where is the mourner but welcomes thy smile,
And loves thee—almost as a friend?

The tear that looks bright, in the beam, as it flows,
Unmoved dost thou ever behold;—
The sorrow that loves in thy light to repose,
To thee oft, in vain, hath been told!

Yet soothing thou art,—and for ever I find,
Whilst watching thy gentle retreat,
A moonlight composure steal over my mind,
Poetical, pensive, and sweet!

I think of the years that for ever have fled;
Of follies—by others forgot;
Of joys that are vanished—and hopes that are dead;
And of friendships that *were*—and *are not!*

I think of the future, still gazing the while,
As though thou'dst those secrets reveal;
But ne'er dost thou grant one encouraging smile,
To answer the mournful appeal.

Thy beams, which so bright through my casement appear,
To far distant regions extend;
Illumine the dwellings of those that are dear,
And sleep on the grave of a friend.

Then still must I love thee, mild Queen of the Night!
Since feeling and fancy agree
To make thee a source of unfailing delight,—
A friend and a solace to me!

Watts's Poetical Album.

The Naturalist's Diary

For APRIL 1829.

Childhood, who, like an *April morn*, appears
Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleased and displeased by starts, in passion warm,
In reason weak; who wrought into a storm,
Like to the fretful billows of the deep,
Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep.

CHURCHILL.

Now APRIL pours its copious showers,
Replenishing the glebe anew;
Awakened Nature's fertile powers
Her tender herbage rears to view.
Thus, mouldering saints beneath the clod,
Shall in immortal vigour grow;
Awakened by the voice of God,
Who bids the springing floweret blow. BECK.

IN this month the business of creation seems resumed. The vital spark rekindles in dormant existences; and all things 'live, and move, and have their being.' The earth puts on her livery to await the call of her lord; the air breathes gently on his cheek, and conducts to his ear the warblings of the birds, and the odours of new-born herbs and flowers; the great eye of the world 'sees and shines' with bright and gladening glances; the waters teem with life; man himself feels the revivifying and all-pervading influence; and his

Spirit holds communion sweet
With the brighter spirits of the sky.

See, APRIL comes! a primrose coronal
Circling her sunny temples, and her vest
Pranked with the hare-bell and the violet:
Like a young widow, beautiful in tears,
She ushers in the Spring!

Watts's Poetical Album.

O! now glad Nature bursts upon mine eye—
The shroud of care is rent. Deep rapture thrills
My waking heart; for life's deforming ills,
That come like shadows when the storm is nigh,
Foreboding strife, at length have floated by,
And left my spirit free! The *skylark* trills
His matin song; the cloud-resembling hills
In dim cerulean beauty slumbering lie,
And form the throne of Peace; the silver stream
Is sparkling in the sun—its bright waves seem
Instinct with joy; the verdant breast of Earth
Teems with delight.—The *past* is like a dream,
A dull trance broken by the voice of mirth,
Or grey mist scattered by the morning beam!

D. L. RICHARDSON.

The student of botany will find ample amusement in this month: vegetation, in all its forms, presents countless objects for admiration—for inquiry and reflection. There is a positive source of pleasure in knowing the species of plants individually. Every plant of which we acquire a knowledge by sight, so as to be able to recognize it again when it comes in our way, is not only a distinct source of pleasure at first, but the pleasure is repeated and increased when we see it for the second and third times, or after some time, or in any other circumstances relatively to ourselves or to the plant. In this way, with no other knowledge of plants than that of being able to name them when we see them, and, consequently, to communicate our ideas respecting them to others, they may prove sources of the most interesting associations. But even this pleasure, derived from what may be termed the trivial knowledge of plants, may be greatly enhanced by extending our views to circumstances connected with them not strictly botanical. Thus we may view them with regard to their geological relation in any particular country, their geographical distribution relatively to the world, their migration from one country to another, their relation to climate, their being domestic plants following man, their being social (growing in masses) or

solitary, their being abundant or rare, their [illegible] modes of propagation, their natural enemies or [illegible] whether among other plants or among animals, their history with regard to man, and their properties, uses, and culture. A mere general lover of plants, therefore, who knows no more of them, in a strictly botanical sense, than their names, may add greatly to the pleasure which he derives from this taste, by simply acquiring something of that knowledge which may be called the *biography of plants*. It must be evident that cultivators, by adding to their stock of this description of knowledge, would not merely greatly increase their enjoyments, but would also contribute to their professional improvement, and would add to their [illegible] as well as to their [illegible].

The number of different species of plants which have been described is about 50,000; but botanists are generally agreed that *probably as many still remain undescribed; and, that the number of vegetable species on the surface of the earth ought not to be estimated under 100,000.* We may be struck at the amount of this number; but our astonishment abates when we find that our own island, which is but a mere misty speck, compared with those broad zones of sunshine 'where the flowers [illegible] brighten,' contains about 1,500 native flowering plants. [illegible] 50,000 plants *described, about eight thousand belong to* [illegible] *of the* [illegible] *classes, and of these nearly 2,000 are grasses.* In cold and temperate climates the species of this most interesting and important family are comparatively diminutive in size. In our climate, for instance, the grasses are somewhat remarkable among vegetables for their humble stature, and their inconspicuous appearance; while in the warmer regions of the earth, the bamboos and canes, which are species of the same [illegible]. emulate trees in height and beauty. But what our s[illegible] *in individual magnitude, is far more than* compens[illegible] *comparative vastness of the number of individuals.* In [illegible] climates, one plant may be seen here, and another there, which, in their size, astonish an European, when he is told that they belong to the family of the grasses; but there he would search in vain for those swards of grass, and green meadows, with which almost the whole aspect of his own climate is verdant. He might find one plant stately enough to shade him from the torrid sun, and to harbour among its boughs many a tropical bird with its bright metallic plumage; but he could not find a lea covered with lowing herds, or with bleating flocks, on the soft sward of

which he could lie down, and listen to the *lark* that sings to him from heaven, sending down its clear notes on the first sunbeams of spring. It is in temperate climates—in those regions where man has made the greatest advances in civilization—where the comforts and conveniences of this life are most numerous around him—and the realities of that which is to come are most brightly seen above him—that this family of plants exists in greatest economic value. It is one of the most important in every climate; for it is from one species of grass or other that the present numbers of men, as well as the domestic animals that serve him, derive their sustenance. The maize or Indian corn of the west; the rice of the east; the wheat and other grains of the north; equally belong to this tribe of plants.

The vegetable kingdom (observes Dr. Lempriere) may be considered one of the principal instruments by which Providence keeps in union the several parts of the natural world, and promotes its respective operations. Without it the earth, from a deficiency of covering, would soon lose its texture; and its integral parts being exposed, its aggregation would be disjointed and destroyed by the operation of the other elements. The atmosphere, whose purity and elasticity depend upon vegetable evaporation, would no longer preserve animal life, or by its pressure keep in due place the minuter parts of which the crust of the globe is composed; while the various animals, many of them of vast magnitude and powers, that may be considered graminivorous, would become beasts of prey, that would soon depopulate the world, and, with the other causes, render it a mass of chaos and desolation. Even man would be gross and ferocious, and his energies being no longer called forth, or his intellectual powers exercised, he would soon be more dangerous than the beasts of the forest by which he is surrounded, and the world would have been created in vain. But it has been wisely and most benevolently ordained to be otherwise. In the place of a rough and unseemly covering, which the earth would in that case present to the eye, or that disturbance of its several parts which would render it useless to the purposes of creation, or inaccessible to human approach; we uniformly find in all those countries most fitted for the occupation of man, vegetation abounding in all its beauty and usefulness, giving life and character to the surrounding scenery, and preserving in due form and place the several parts in all their natural shapes, proportions, and distances, affording capabilities of production suitable to the constitution and wants of those that are dependent upon it for its supplies,—preserving in due purity and equilibrium the varying states of the atmosphere, constantly deteriorated by animal respiration, combustion, and mineral absorption,—*and, above all,* conferring on man, indubitably the first object of the creation, those comprehensive resources and excitements to action, through

he operation of which his intellectual and moral powers have ɪeen developed, and his social propensities have been directed to he most useful ends.—*Lectures on Natural History.*



The Cuckoo. See p. 162.

April.

[From the French of Remy Belleau.]

April, sweet month, the daintiest of all,
Fair thee befal:
April, fond hope of fruits that lie
In buds of swathing cotton wrapt,
There closely lapt,
Nursing their tender infancy.

April, that dost thy yellow, green, and blue,
All round thee strew,
When as thou go'st, the grassy floor
Is with a million flowers depeint,
Whose colours quaint
Have diapered the meadows o'er.

April, at whose glad coming Zephyrs rise
With whispered sighs,
Then on their light wing brush away,
And hang amid the woodlands fresh
Their aëry mesh
To tangle Flora on her way.

April, it is thy hand that doth unlock,
From plain and rock,
Odours and hues, a balmy store,
That breathing lie on Nature's breast,
So richly blest,
That earth or heaven can ask no more.

* * *

'Tis thou that dost, with summons blythe and soft,
High up aloft,
From banishment these heralds bring,
These *swallows*, that along the air
Scud swift and bear
Glad tidings of the merry spring.

April, the hawthorn and the eglantine,
Purple woodbine,
Streaked pink, and lily-cup, and rose,
And thyme, and marjoram, are spreading,
Where thou art treading,
And their sweet eyes for thee unclose.

The little nightingale sits singing aye
On leafy spray,
And in her fitful strain doth run
A thousand and a thousand changes,
With voice that ranges
Through every sweet division.



Sweet month, thou seest at this jocund prime
Of the spring-time,
The hives pour out their lusty young,
And hear'st the yellow bees that ply,
With laden thigh,
Murmuring the flowery wilds among.

May shall with pomp his wavy wealth unfold,
His fruits of gold,
His fertilizing dews, that swell
In manna on each spike and stem,
And, like a gem,
Red honey in the waxen cell.

Who will may praise him; but my voice shall be,
Sweet month, for thee;
Thou that to her dost owe thy name,
Who saw the sea-wave's foamy tide
Swell and divide,
Whence forth to life and light she came.

London Magazine.

The arrival of the *swallow*, about the middle of this month, foretels the approach of summer, whose coming, however, is too often retarded by the return of Winter in angry mood, hurling his last hailstorms at the 'proud-pied' and flower-wreathed head of April.

By Spring's first sunbeam from her wintry rest,
Lo! waked to toil th' industrious *swallow* hies
To seek a shelter for her clayey nest,
And for her curious masonry, supplies:
She cleaves the air with steady speed, and gay
Gathers her insect prey, still journeying on,
Sips, as she skims the river, on her way,
Prattles to passers by, but halts with none.
'Tis done, 'tis tenanted, that little dome!
With duty still untired her young she rears;
Prunes and instructs the unfledged wing to roam,
Then ends her destined task, and disappears.
O! boastful reason, loitering life away,
See how poor instinct fills her humbler day.

MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON.

There are but few persons in the United States (observes Mr. Wilson, in his American Ornithology) unacquainted with this gay, innocent, and active little bird. Indeed, the whole tribe are so distinguished from the rest of small birds by their sweeping rapidity of flight, their peculiar aërial evolutions of wing over our fields and rivers, and through our very streets,

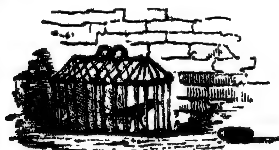
from morning to night, that the light of heaven itself, the sky, the trees, or any other common objects of nature, are not better known than the swallows. We welcome their first appearance with delight, as the faithful harbingers and companions of flowery spring, and ruddy summer; and when, after a long frost-bound and boisterous winter, we hear it announced, that '*The swallows are come,*' what delightful ideas are associated with the simple tidings!

The wonderful activity displayed by these birds forms a striking contrast to the slow habits of most other animals. It may be fairly questioned, whether among the whole feathered tribes which heaven has formed to adorn this part of the creation, there be any that, in the same space of time, pass over an equal extent of surface with the swallow. Let a person take his stand, on a fine summer evening, by a new mown field, meadow, or river shore for a short time, and among the numerous individuals of this tribe that flit before him, fix his eye on a particular one, and follow, for awhile, all its circuitous labyrinths—its extensive sweeps—its sudden, rapidly-reiterated zig-zag excursions, little inferior to the lightning itself, and then attempt, by the powers of mathematics, to calculate the length of the various lines it describes. Alas! even his omnipotent fluxions would avail him little here, and he would soon abandon the task in despair. Yet, that some definite conception may be formed of this extent, let us suppose that this little bird flies, in his usual way, at the rate of one mile in a minute, and that he is so engaged for ten hours every day; and further, that this active life is extended to ten years (many of our small birds being known to live much longer, even in a state of domestication), the amount of all these, allowing 365 days to a year, would give us 2,190,000 miles; upwards of 87 times the circumference of the globe!

After the swallow, the next bird that appears is the *nightingale:*



it seldom sings above six weeks, generally commencing the last week in April.



That beautiful bird the wryneck next makes its appearance, preceding the *cuckoo* by a few days: *see* p. 158. The other summer birds of passage which arrive this month, make their appearance in the following order: the ring-ouzel; the redstart, the yellow wren, the swift, the white-throat, the grasshopper lark, and the willow-wren, which, as well as the house-wren, destroys many pernicious insects.

The feathered tribe are now busily engaged in

forming their temporary habitations, and in rearing and maintaining their offspring. Some beautiful reflections on the *nests of birds,* by M. Chateaubriand, will be found in our last volume, pp. 97-99.

The Baltimore Oriole.—So solicitous is this bird to procure proper materials for his nest, that, in the season of building, the women in the country are under the necessity of narrowly watching their thread that may chance to be out bleaching, and the farmer to secure his young grafts, as the Baltimore finding the former, and the strings which tie the latter, so well adapted for his purpose, frequently carries off both; or should the one be too heavy, or the other too firmly tied, he will tug at them a considerable time before he gives up the attempt. Skeins of silk and hanks of thread have been often found, after the leaves were fallen, hanging round the Baltimore's nest; but so woven up and entangled, as to be entirely irreclaimable. Before the introduction of Europeans no such material could have been obtained here; but with the sagacity of a good architect, he has improved this circumstance to his advantage; and the strongest and best materials are uniformly found in those parts by which the whole is supported. Their principal food consists of caterpillars, beetles, and other insects.

The song of the Baltimore is a clear, mellow whistle, repeated at short intervals, as he gleans among the branches. There is in it a certain wild plaintiveness and *naiveté* extremely interesting; it is not uttered with rapidity, but with the pleasing tranquillity of a careless ploughboy, whistling merely for his own amusement. When alarmed by an approach to his nest, or any such circumstance, he makes a kind of rapid chirruping, very different from his usual note. This, however, is always succeeded by those mellow tones which seem so congenial to his nature.

High on yon poplar, clad in glossiest green,
The orange, black-capped Baltimore is seen;
The broad extended boughs still please him best,—
Beneath their bending skirts he hangs his nest;
There his sweet mate, secure from ev'ry harm,
Broods o'er her spotted store, and wraps them warm;
Lists to the noon-tide hum of busy bees,
Her partner's mellow song, the brook, the breeze:
There, day by day, the lonely hours deceive,
From dewy morn to slow descending eve.
Two weeks elapsed, behold a helpless crew
Claim all her care, and her affection too:
On wings of love the assiduous nurses fly,
Flowers, leaves, and boughs abundant food supply;
Glad chaunts their guardian as abroad he goes,
And waving breezes rock them to repose.

The Baltimore inhabits North America, from Canada to Mexico, and is even found as far south as Brazil. Since the streets of the cities have been planted with that beautiful and stately tree, the Lombardy Poplar, these birds are constant visiters during the early part of summer; and amid the noise and tumult of coaches, drays, wheelbarrows, and the din of the multitude, they are heard chanting their native wood-notes wild; sometimes, too, within a few yards of an oysterman, who stands bellowing, with the lungs of a Stentor, under the shade of the same tree: so much will habit reconcile even birds to the roar of the city, and to sounds and noises, that, in other circumstances, would put a whole grove of them to flight.—*Wilson's American Ornithology.*

That noble bird, the *Otis tarda*, or great bustard, still continues to breed in the open parts of Norfolk and Suffolk; though they are become much scarcer than formerly. The places most frequented by them are Westacre in the former county, and Icklingham in the latter.

Ruffs and *reeves* breed in the marshes of Norfolk; but they are becoming scarcer every year, on account of the old birds being eagerly sought after, as soon as they arrive, for the London markets; to which place also the *eggs* are sent, together with those of many other marsh birds. The reeve is very tenacious of her eggs. In the summer of 1817, a bird was taken upon the nest by the warrener's boy, at Winterton, who carried it to his master, and was ordered to set it at liberty: on the following day the same bird was found upon her eggs again.

In the early part of the month of April, 1828, a *woodcock's nest* was found in Chicksand woods, near Shefford, in Bedfordshire. It was considered a curiosity, and a great rarity, as they seldom breed with us, although there are a few instances on record of young birds being seen, especially in Sussex. In 1817, three young ones were found in the woods of Buscot Park, in Berkshire, the seat of J. E. Loveden, Esq. The eggs were about the size of a bantam fowl's egg, of a bluish-white ground, with irregular brown spots.



The Wood-Wren.

This bird is usually found in woods and forests, particularly those which abound in oak and beech trees, on which it is frequently seen seeking for insects, which compose its principal food. It is very like the yellow wren, and has not been much noticed as a distinct species, though it is not at all uncommon. This bird may be easily recognized by the singularity of its note, expressive of the word *twee* drawn out to some length, and repeated five or six times in succession, delivered in a hurried manner, and accompanied with a shaking of the wings. It makes an oval nest, constructed of dry grass, a few dead leaves, and a little moss; the nest is lined with finer grass and hair, and has a small hole near the top. The wood wren lays six eggs, which are white, and sprinkled with purplish spots.

The *vine* now expands its empurpled leaves. Honesty, or moonwort, is in flower; and the new sprung leaves of the sweet chestnut, in their turn, are playing in the breeze.

Various kinds of *insects* are observed in this month; as the jumping spider, seen on garden walls; and the webs of other species of spiders are found on the bushes, palings, and outsides of houses. All the

spider tribes possess poisonous fangs, with which they kill their prey; and in South America, some of the species are very large and appalling in their aspect, and will destroy even small birds. But, with the exception of the tarantula, the bite of the spider has little or no effect on the human constitution; though their external appearance, and the prejudices of early education, have stamped on them a character for virulence which they do not merit.

The *Iulus terrestris* appears, and the death-watch beats early in the month. The wood-ant begins to construct its large conical nest. Little maggots, the first state of young ants, are now to be found in their nests. The shell-snail comes out in troops; and the stinging-fly and the red-ant appear.

Caterpillar.—An experiment has been tried for three years to preserve gooseberry plants from the ravages of the caterpillar, by brushing the stems with a soft brush dipped in common train or fish oil, about the time of their first appearance, or at any time when infested, which appears to destroy or greatly to annoy them. It also much improves the growth and productiveness of the tree the following year, and clears it of moss. This communication is made public, in the hope of exciting experiments to prove how far it may be useful for the preservation of other trees.

The mole-cricket is the most remarkable of the insect tribe seen about this time. The blue flesh-fly, and the dragon-fly, are frequently observed towards the end of the month. The great variegated *Libellula*, which appears, *principally*, towards the decline of summer, is an animal of singular beauty. The cabbage butterfly, also, now appears. Captain Lyon, in his Travels in Mexico (Vol. I, p. 70), says, The number and variety of *butterflies* seen in April was quite astonishing; we frequently observed several square yards entirely covered with them. They always appeared to assemble in communities of the same colour; and none which differed in tints and size

ever associated together, or varied the uniformity of the bright patches, which resembled little beds of flowers.

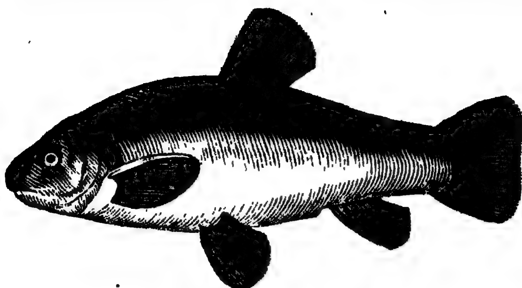
The black slug abounds at this season. For the best mode of destroying them, see T.T. for 1821, p. 129.

Of the beetle tribe now on the wing, the *Scolytus destructor* may be noticed for its extraordinary powers of injuring trees.

The sudden decay of some of the elm trees in front of St. Catherine Hall, Cambridge (says a correspondent of the Suffolk Chronicle), having excited the public attention, and given rise to a variety of erroneous opinions respecting its cause, I am induced to offer a few remarks upon this subject (the result of personal observation and experiment), as it is one of deep interest to all who possess wood-lands and ornamental plantations. It appears to be a prevailing opinion in the vicinity of Cambridge, that when the roots of a tree penetrate the blue clay, which extends over a large portion of the county, and in geological position lies immediately below the chalk, they cease to derive nourishment, and soon perish; but sufficient satisfactory evidence not having been adduced upon this point, I give no credit to the hypothesis, having, in repeated instances, found the real source of evil to proceed from the same cause as in the trees above alluded to, as well as in some which have perished in the plantations of Madingley Park. Their death has been decidedly occasioned by the ravages of a small beetle, of the genus Scolytus, and of the species emphatically termed *destructor*. This insect penetrates the bark till it reaches the alburnum, or soft wood. It is in this portion of the tree, and the inner bark or *liber* contiguous to it, that the vital principle more especially resides; and here the female insect works her way for about two inches, in a direction parallel to the surface, and in her progress deposits numerous eggs. About September these are hatched into the grub or larva state, and from this period the work of destruction commences. The young grubs eat their way into the alburnum and liber, at right angles to the channel formed by the parent insect, and in parallel lines to each other's progress. Thus very considerable patches are totally deprived of vitality, and it will be readily understood, that when a tree has numerous wounds of this nature in a part so important to its functions, the circulation of its sap would be so impeded as to cause its immediate decay. From September to March, by removing a portion of the bark, the larva may be found of the size and much resembling the nut maggot; and about the latter end of May the perfect insects begin to make their appearance. These soon eat their way through the bark, and in June and July may be observed busily employed in preparing to deposit a fresh

stock of eggs, for the propagation of a new brood of grubs, the harbingers of destruction for the ensuing year. When a tree has perished, they no longer lay their eggs in it, but proceed to those in its immediate vicinity (a remarkable instance of which is exemplified in their ravages at Madingley), which are destroyed with greater facility, as the increase of the species is very rapid, and their numbers compensate for their diminutive size, *eighty thousand* being sometimes found in a single tree. By carefully examining the bark, it may be readily ascertained which trees are infected. The bark will appear perforated with small holes in various parts, and little patches, similar to fine sawdust, will be found upon its rough surface and at the foot of the tree. This examination should take place while the insect is in the larva state; and if the evil has proceeded far, the tree should be immediately cut down, and every portion of the bark taken off. Even this operation is not sufficient to destroy the enemy—the bark must be burned! But where the tree is only slightly infected, it may be done over with the oil of tar. This will penetrate the bark, and destroy all the larva lying towards the surface. *April* is, perhaps, the best time of the year for this operation, as the perfect insects are then working their way towards the surface, and will be obliged to eat through the bark freshly imbued with the liquid. Those healthy trees in the vicinity of the infected, which it is a particular object to preserve, ought likewise to be subjected to the same process, as an effectual preservative against the approaches of the insect. It has been suggested, that some mineral poison, as corrosive sublimate, might be advantageously mixed with the oil of tar; but I am not prepared to say whether the tree itself would not be injured by such an ingredient; the experiment has not been tried, and this test will alone determine. Those who may wish for further information respecting the form and characters of this insect, will find an elaborate description of it, together with an admirable figure, given by *Mr. Curtis, in his Illustrations of British Entomology, No.* 11, fig. 43. There is also an able paper upon its habits, &c. in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal for 1824, p. 106.

The dung of animals swarms at this season with minute *Coleoptera;* several species of the Lepidoptera will also be found by carefully inspecting garden pales, gates in lanes, &c. Many species of bees may be seen sucking the pollen from the sallow, which blossoms at this season. Sand and gravel pits should be carefully examined, and under the stones and clods of earth many insects will be discovered.—*Samouelle's Introduction to British Entomology,* p. 315.



The Tench.

The progress of vegetation is general and rapid in this month.

> The winds no longer rage with boundless ire,
> But, hushed in silence, to their caves retire;
> The clouds disperse, restoring, as they fly,
> The unobstructed sun and azure sky.
>
> *Hayley's Ercilla.*

The sloe puts forth its elegant flowers; a host of others follow, among which may be named the ash, ground-ivy, and the box-tree. The wild and garden-cherry, the plum, gooseberry and currant trees, the sycamore, the apricot, the peach, and the nectarine, are in flower. The blossoms of the *apple* and *pear* present to the eye a most agreeable spectacle, particularly in those counties which abound with orchards.

> There is no lovelier scene in all the land!
> Around me far a sweet enchantment lies,
> Fed by the weeping of these *April* skies,
> And touched by Fancy's great 'all-charming wand.'

The beech, the larch, and the elm, are now in *full leaf*. The larch also exhibits its red tufts or flowers, which soon expand into cones, and the fir tribe show their cones also. Many lovely *flowers* are showered from the lap of April: among them may be named jonquil, anemoné, ranunculus, polyanthus, and the crown-imperial. The double-white, the yellow, and some others of the earlier *tulips*, are fully opened in this month; but the more illustrious varieties will not

blow for some weeks. Our favourite *wall-flower* must not be forgotten: it has received many a poetical tribute in our former volumes; we now add another flower to the wreath of its praises.

The rose and lily blossom fair,
But all unmeet for Sorrow's child;
They deck the bower and gay parterre,
As if for Mirth alone they smiled.

The *cowslip* nods upon the lea;
And, where wild wreaths the green lanes dress,
The woodbine blooms, but not for me,
For these are haunts of Happiness.

I will not seek the mossy bed,
Where *violets* court soft vernal showers,
For Quiet there reclines her head,
And Innocence is gathering flowers.

The WALL-FLOWER only shall be mine;
Its simple faith is dear to me;
To roofless tower and prostrate shrine
It clings with patient constancy,

And, prodigal of love, blooms on,
Though all unseen its beauties die,
And, though for desert gales alone,
Breathes fragrance rich as Araby.

Oh, there appears a generous scorn
Of all requital in its choice!
The thousand flowers that earth adorn,
In earth's exuberant stores rejoice.

It only asks the freshening dew,
Imparting all where naught is given—
Raised above earth, as if it drew
Its only nutriment from heaven.

O thou, whose love is all to me,
'Tis for thy sake I love the flower!
As truly it resembles thee,
As I the lone and ruined tower.

Thou know'st that in my desert halls
The pride of youth and hope is o'er—
That, sunk, defaced, my crumbling walls
Repose or shelter yield no more.

Yet on this dark and dreary pile
Thy love its fragrant wreaths has hung,
And all it asks is—still to smile,
Bloom, fade, and die, where once it clung.

C. H. TOWNSEND

The yellow star of Bethlehem in woods; the vernal squill among maritime rocks; and the wood-sorrel, are now in flower. This and the wood-anemoné have both white blossoms, and inhabit shady woods.

To the WOOD-ANEMONE.

Welcome! though cold the hour,
Anemone!
And shelterless the hazel be;
Yet Spring shall form the greener bower,
And sunshine bring, and warmer shower,
To foster thee.

Where hast thou been since last
The wanton air
Was roving through thy chambers fair?
Did elfin troop then close them fast,
And have the while, in revels past,
Pavilioned there?

Or hast thou been in quest
Of summer spot
To dwell upon, yet found it not?
Or here to strip thy beauteous vest,
And lay thee down to death-like rest,
Hath been thy lot?

Welcome! for drear the glade
Has been to me,
And all the flow'rets withered be
Young life had reared in sun and shade,
They spring no more, though they do fade
And die like thee.

Yet though this be the doom
Of earthly flower,
And earthly hopes may feel its power,
Still hopes are left that mock the tomb,
And nurture here the strength to bloom
In heavenly bower.

Spirit and Manners of the Age.

The way-side *violet* is still seen, and loved for its own and for remembrance sake; and the hedge-banks are now studded with *primroses*, the bright yellow of whose flowers, beautifully contrasted with the surrounding green of the budding trees, offers a most

agreeable spectacle to the lover of Spring scenery. Other flowers which adorn our fields at this time are the checquered daffodil, the lady-smock, the harebell, and the *cowslip*.

A very extraordinary cowslip was plucked in the garden of Mr. Sheriff Hornby, in Stockton-lane, near York, in 1828. The stem, which had the appearance of six stalks grown into one, supported a head of flowers comprising one hundred and fourteen pips. The stem itself was above eight inches in length. Several other cowslips of unusual size were also growing from the same root.

To our amiable correspondent from *Alveston*, we are indebted for the following eloquent and pleasing reflections:—

The INFLUENCE *of a* FLOWER.

There are many brief incidents and apparently trivial events in our lives, that at the moment of occurrence are almost unnoticed; but which, from some association, make an impression on the memory at many periods of after-life, or may be remembered through existence with undiminished freshness; when others, of the most seeming interest at the time, fade from our recollections, or become abraded from the mind by a constant collision with the passing transactions of our days. It is in early life, chiefly, perhaps entirely, that deep and indelible sensations of regard and affection are made; and impressions in those days are often recorded upon an unsullied tablet, that admits in after-hours of no erasement or superscription. How deep are our school-boy reminiscences! and the kindnesses received, and the friendships formed, at such periods, commonly constitute more enduring characters on our minds than all the after-occurrences, half-heartless transactions, perhaps, of later hours; when darker passions arise—ambition, avarice, self-interest, and cold reality, banish for ever the elysian ideas of youthful romance. There is a flower, the common *cowslip* of the fields, which, by reason of associations, for thirty years of my life I never saw without emotion; and though I might sanctify this feeling, I confess my belief that it has not contributed to the general happiness of my life: from reverence at first, it gradually became a disease, induced a morbid indifference, and undermined and destroyed the healthful sources of enjoyment.

Towards the close of a most lovely spring day—and such a lovely one, to my fancy, has never beamed from the heavens since—I carelessly plucked a cowslip from a copse side, and gave

it to *Constance*. 'Twas on that beautiful evening when she told me all her heart! as, seated on a mossy bank, she dissected, with downcast eyes, every part of the flower; chives, pointal, petal, all were displayed; though I am sure she never even thought of the class. My destiny through life I considered as fixed from that hour. Shortly afterwards I was called, by the death of a relative, to a distant part of England: upon my return, *Constance* was no more. The army was not my original destination; but my mind began to be enfeebled by hourly musing upon one subject alone, without cessation or available termination; yet reason enough remained to convince me, that, without change and excitement, it would degenerate into fatuity.

The preparation and voyage to India, new companions, and ever-changing scenes, hushed my feelings, and produced a calm that might be called a state of blessedness—a condition in which the ignoble and inferior ingredients of our nature were subdued by the divinity of mind. Years rolled on in almost constant service; nor do I remember many of the events of that time, even with interest or regret. In one advance of the army to which I was attached, we had some skirmishing with the irregulars of our foe; the pursuit was rapid, and I fell behind my detachment, wounded and weary, in ascending a ghaut, resting in the jungle, with languid eyes fixed on the ground, without any particular feeling but that of fatigue, and the smarting of my shoulder. A *cowslip* caught my sight! my blood rushed to my heart—and, shuddering, I started on my feet, felt no fatigue, knew of no wound, and joined my party. I had not seen this flower for ten years! but it probably saved my life,—an European officer, wounded and alone, might have tempted the avarice of some of the numerous and savage followers of an Indian army. In the cooler and calmer hours of reflection since, I have often thought that this appearance was a mere phantom, an illusion—the offspring of weakness: I saw it but for a moment, and too imperfectly to be assured of reality; and whatever I believed at the time seems now to have been a painting on the mind rather than an object of vision; but how that image started up, I conjecture not—the effect was immediate and preservative. This flower was again seen in Spain: I had the command of an advance party, and in one of the recesses of the Pyrenees, of the romantic, beautiful Pyrenees, upon a secluded bank, surrounded by a shrubbery so lovely as to be noticed by many—was a *cowslip.* It was now nearly twenty years since I had seen it in Mysore: I did not start; but a cold and melancholy chill came over me; yet I might possibly have gazed long on this humble little flower, and recalled many dormant thoughts, had not a sense of duty (for we momentarily expected an attack) summoned my attentions to the realities of life: so, drawing the back of my hand across my eyes, I cheered my party with, 'For-

ward, lads,' and pursued my route, and saw it no more, until England and all her flowery meadows met my view: but many days and service had wasted life, and worn the fine edge of sensibility away;—they were now before me in endless profusion, almost unheeded, and without excitement: I viewed not the cowslip, when fifty, as I had done with the eyes of nineteen.



Cloisters at Eton College.

May.

MAY was thus named from *Maia*, the mother of Mercury. The sign of this month is *Gemini*.

Remarkable Days

In MAY, 1829.

1.—SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES THE LESS.

THE first of these martyrs was stoned to death; and the second, having been thrown from a high place, was killed by a fuller's staff.

1.—MAY-DAY.

The following has been given as the origin of the *May-pole:*—The leisure days after seed-time had been chosen by our Saxon ancestors for folk-motes, or conventions of the people. After the Norman conquest, the Pagan festival of Whitsuntide fully melted into the Christian holiday of Pentecost. Its original name is Whittentide, the time of choosing the wits or wise men to the Wittenagemote. It was consecrated to Hersha, the goddess of peace and fertility; and no quarrels could be maintained, no blood shed, during this truce of the goddess. Each village, in the absence of the baron at the assembly of the nation, enjoyed a kind of saturnalia. The vassals met upon the common green, round the May-pole, where they elected a village lord, or king, as he was called, who chose his queen. He wore an oaken, and she a hawthorn wreath; and, together, they gave laws to the rustic sports during these sweet days of freedom. The May-pole, then, is the English tree of liberty!—For an account of customs on May-day, consult our previous volumes, particularly the last, pp. 108-113.—The following beautiful lines, taken from the 'Desolation of Eyam, and other Poems,' by W. & M. HOWITT, our kind friends and contributors, give a vivid picture of *May-Day* in

'olden time:' they are the three opening stanzas of a beautiful poem, entitled 'Surrey in Captivity.'

'Twas a May morning, and the joyous sun
Rose o'er the city, in its proud array,
As though he knew the month of flowers begun,
And came bright-vested for a holiday;
On the wide river barge and vessel lay,
Each with its pennon floating in the gale;
And garlands hung, in honour of the May,
Wreathed round the masts, or o'er the furled sail,
Or scattered on the deck, as fancy might prevail.

And quick on every side were busy feet,
Eagerly thronging, passing to and fro;
Bands of young dancers gathering in the street;
And, ever and anon, apart and low,
Was heard of melody the quiet flow,
As some musician tuned his instrument,
And practised o'er his part, for mask or show;
And dames and maidens o'er their thresholds bent,
And scattered flowers about, that a sweet perfume lent.

From every church, the merry bells rung out;
The gay parades were thronging every square,
With flaunting banner, revelry, and shout;
And, like a tide, the gale did music bear;
Now loud, then softened; and in that low air,
Came on the listener's ear the regular tread
Of the gay multitude. The brave, the fair
Passed on; the high-born, and the lowly bred;
All, for one little day, a round of pleasure led.

May Goslings.—In Westmoreland, it is the practice, every May morning, to make folks May goslings, a custom similar to that on the first of April. This custom prevails till twelve o'clock at noon, after which time none can carry on the sport. And it may be observed, that ploughmen and others decorate themselves with garlands and flowers, and parade through different towns for their 'annual collection,' which they spend in the evening with their sweethearts at the May-pole.

3.—INVENTION OF THE CROSS.

This is the day appointed by the Romish church to celebrate the *invention,* that is, the finding of a wooden cross, fancied to be the *true cross* on which

our Lord was crucified, by Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great.—See some interesting information respecting this day in our previous volumes, particularly in T.T. for 1827, pp. 133 et seq.

6.—JOHN EVANGELIST, A. P. L.

St. John was banished to the isle of Patmos, and there he remained till the death of Domitian, when he returned into Asia.

*10. 1828.—REV. THOMAS KERRICK, M.A., F.S.A., DIED, ÆT. 80.

He was formerly Fellow of Magdalen College; and, at the time of his death, Principal Librarian of the University of Cambridge, Vicar of Dersingham, Norfolk, and Prebendary of the cathedral churches of Lincoln and Wells. Mr. K. had travelled abroad in his younger days; and was eminent as an antiquary, a painter, and an etcher. Being an amateur painter, he painted only from such originals as he approved; and his likenesses are, accordingly, marked and striking. Of those which have been engraved, we may enumerate Dr. Glynn, Mr. Masters, Mr. Wade, Dr. Waring, and Dean Milner. His etchings, none of which have been published, are numerous. When Mr. Nollekens, the sculptor, went to Cambridge to erect his statue to Mr. Pitt, in the Senate House, which he said he intended should be his own *monument*, Mr. K. invited him to make his house his home, during the time he was in Cambridge; with which he was so well pleased, that he made him and Mr. Douce his heirs, leaving them at his death about £50,000 each.

*12. 1812.—PRAYER BOOK AND HOMILY SOCIETY INSTITUTED.

This comparatively despised society has struggled on for sixteen years, with little patronage and slender means; or, rather, has persevered and increased in its useful operations amidst all its discouragements. It now, however, boasts the Royal Chancellor of the University of Cambridge for its patron, and reckons

seven of our bishops as its vice-patrons; and the Report this year speaks of an increasing fund. But what is this with the field they have before them: The Report for the last year, now before us, states, 'that the number of bound books, namely, of prayer-books, psalters, and homilies, in the volume, sent out from the depository during the year, has been greater by 1,000 copies than that issued in the former; making an increase in the last two years of more than 60,000. Of the bound books, 13,300 were put into circulation between March 31, 1827, and the same day in 1828; and of the tracts, 128,192. So that the whole number of bound books disseminated by the society from the time when it was formed, amounts to 154,980, and of its tracts to 1,230,500.—The excellent sermon prefixed to this Report, which was preached before the society at Christ Church, Newgate Street, on Wednesday, May 7, 1828, by the Rev. Richard Waldo Sibthorp, B.D., we consider as one of the best defences of a liturgy, or composed form of prayer, that we have seen.—J. P.

19.—SAINT DUNSTAN.

St. Dunstan was born at Glastonbury in 924. He was successively Bishop of Worcester and London, and Archbishop of Canterbury. He died in 988. Many and ridiculous are the miracles imputed to him.

24.—ROGATION SUNDAY.

For an account of some very singular ceremonies in France on this day, and during Rogation week, see our last volume, p. 117.

Some curious customs are mentioned by Mr Shaw, and several other writers, as having prevailed at Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, even so late as the commencement of the last century. Among these was the practice of *processioning*. On the Monday and Tuesday of Rogation week, the sacrist, resident prebendaries, and the members of the choir, assembled at morning prayers with the charity children, each of whom carried a long pole, decked with a profusion of different kinds of flowers. Prayers being finished, the whole assembly marched through the streets with great solemnity, the clergy, singing men, and boys, arrayed in their sacred robes bringing up the rear. The origin of this ceremony is referred to very high antiquity, and would appear to have been a continua-

tion of the Roman offerings of the *Primitiæ*, adopted by the earlier Christians. Another custom was, that of certain officers patrolling through the fair, dressed in antique armour, and preceded by musicians playing the *fair tune*. In the skirts of the town of Wolverthampton are ranged, at determinate distances, a number of large trees, marking the limits between the township and the parish. These the inhabitants call *Gospel trees*, from the practice of reading the gospel under them when the clergy used to perambulate the boundaries.

26.—AUGUSTIN, *or* AUSTIN,

First Archbishop of Canterbury. He came into England in the year 596, and died on this day, A.D. 607.

27.—VENERABLE BEDE.

This great ornament of his age and country was born at Jarrow, in the bishoprick of Durham, A.D. 672, and died in 735.

28.—ASCENSION DAY.

From the earliest times a day was set apart to commemorate our Lord's ascension into heaven. On this day parish boundaries are perambulated, and the custom is of considerable antiquity. Spelman thinks it was derived from the heathens, and that it is an imitation of the feast called Terminalia, which was observed in the month of February in honour of the god Terminus, who was supposed to preside over bounds and limits, and to punish all unlawful usurpations of land. On this festival, the people of the country assembled with their families, and crowned with garlands and flowers the stones which separated their different possessions, and sprinkled them, in a solemn manner, with the blood of a victim, generally a lamb or a young pig, which was offered to the god who presided over the boundaries. Libations of milk and wine were made.

In making the parochial perambulations formerly

in this country on Ascension-day, the minister, accompanied by the churchwardens and parishioners, used to deprecate the vengeance of God, by a blessing on the fruits of the earth, and implore him to preserve the rights of the parish. The custom is thus noticed by Withers in his 'Emblems:'

> That every man might keep his own possessions,
> Our fathers used, in reverent processions,
> (With zealous prayers and with praisefull cheers)
> To walk their parish limits once a-year;
> And well-known marks (which sacrilegious hands
> Now cut or break) so bordered out their lands,
> That every one distinctly knew his own;
> And many brawls, now rife, were then unknown.

*28. 1828.—HON. MRS. DAMER DIED, ÆT. 79.

In the art of sculpture Mrs. Damer, undoubtedly, took the lead of all amateurs. In early life she received lessons from Ceracchi, and also from the elder Bacon; and she even followed the example of professional artists in taking a voyage to Italy to improve herself. Her elegant, tasteful, and classical productions are widely scattered as presents. At the suggestion of her relative, Sir Alexander Johnston, with a view to aid the advancement of European arts in India, she sent a bust of Lord Nelson to the King of Tanjore; and she presented another bust of Nelson to the Corporation of London, which is placed in the Common-Council Room at Guildhall. A statue of George the Third, by Mrs. Damer, adorns the Register Office at Edinburgh, and her beautiful bust of Sir Joseph Banks, at the British Museum, is well known. But, perhaps, the most public of her works are the colossal heads of the Thames and Isis, on Henley Bridge. Several of her busts are in the hands of private individuals. Mrs. Damer possessed one of the best-selected and most valuable libraries that was ever formed by a female collector.

29.—KING CHARLES II RESTORED.

For particulars of this day see our former volumes. In a poem called 'The Annal of an Oak,' lately pub-

lished at Norwich, an ancient Oak at Kilverstone, in Norfolk, descended from the royal tree which sheltered King Charles II, is made to relate its observations and those of a jackdaw that nestles in its branches. Descanting on modern symbols of approaching change, the Oak remarks—

Besides those episodes called lovers' vows,
What wild discourses pass beneath my boughs!
The veriest clown will dogmatise far more
Than schoolmen and philosophers of yore;
Fresh from his Institute, the smith exclaims,
'What care we now for venerable names!
Hail, *reign of intellect!* proud *march of mind!*
Our sires, where are they? distanced, far behind!
Darkling they groped their lost, bewildered way,
And, talking nothings, merely lived their day.
What know they then of talismanic steam?
No more than yon poor crows of Shrove-tide dream.
Ill-fated men! their's was the halo's haze,
Our's the full, glorious, intellectual blaze.'
To hear him criticise art, science, text,
You'd marvel what the world will come to next.

We may also quote the moral reflections on the fall of the *Royal Oak*, in Worcestershire, which is stated to have taken place in 1826.

What gloomy meditations close the day
That lays our last surviving parent low!
That takes the only barrier away
Which seemed to shield us from the mortal blow!
'Tis sad to be the oldest of one's race—
To see no more on earth the well-known face,
That, with unmixt disinterested glee,
Benignly smiled on our prosperity;
Or, like the rainbow gleaming through a shower,
Could cast a radiance on our darkest hour.
'Tis sad to see Infirmity's stern hand
Wave o'er our trembling heads her withering brand;
To find our limbs grow stiff, rheumatic, ailing,
Sight, touch, and hearing dull, and memory failing.

Yet still, by Providence's kind behest,
Appropriate pleasures on each period rest:
If busy scenes our youthful fancy please,
ge has its benison—the sense of ease.

Still there are cordials sent in life's decline,
To cheer our progress to the land divine—
Some fruits late ripening still reserved in store,
Though paler-hued than those we plucked before—
Joys that can penetrate the gathering gloom,
As flowers at eve exhale their soft perfume.

Modern Discoveries.

Columbus discovered America in the night between the 11th and 12th of October, 1492; Captain Franklin completed the discovery of this new world on the 18th of August, 1826. How many generations have passed away, how many revolutions have taken place, how many changes have happened among nations, in this space of three hundred and thirty-three years, nine months, and twenty-four days! The world no longer resembles the world of Columbus. On those unknown seas, above which was seen to rise a *black hand*, the *hand of Satan*, which seized ships in the night, and dragged them to the bottom of the abyss; in those antarctic regions, the abode of night, horror, and fables; in those furious seas about Cape Horn and the Cape of Storms, where pilots turned pale; in that double ocean which lashes its double shores; in those latitudes formerly so dreaded, packets perform regular voyages for the conveyance of letters and passengers. An invitation to dinner is sent from a flourishing city in America to a flourishing city in Europe, and the guest arrives at the appointed hour. Instead of those rude, filthy, infectious, damp ships, in which you had nothing but salt provisions to live upon, and were devoured by scurvy, elegant vessels offer to passengers cabins wainscotted with mahogany, provided with carpets, adorned with mirrors, flowers, libraries, musical instruments, and all the delicacies of good cheer. A voyage requiring several years' researches in latitudes the most various, shall not be attended with the death of a single seamen. As for tempests, we laugh at them. Distances have disappeared. A mere whaler sails to the south pole; if the fishery is not prosperous, she proceeds to the north pole; to catch a fish she twice crosses the tropics, twice traverses a diameter of the earth, and touches, in the space of a few months, the two extremities of the globe. On the doors of the taverns of London is seen posted the announcement of the sailing of the packet for Van Dieman's land, with all possible convenience for passengers to the Antipodes; and beside that, the notice of the departure of the packet from Dover to Calais. We have pocket itineraries, Guides, Manuals, for the use of persons who purpose to take a trip of pleasure round the world. This trip lasts nine or ten months, and sometimes less; we set out in winter, on leaving the opera; touch at the Canaries, Rio Janeiro, the Phillipines, China, India, and the Cape of Good

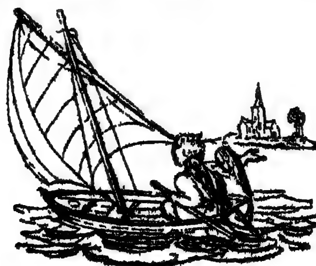
Hope; and return home for the opening of the hunting season. Steam-boats no longer care for contrary winds on the ocean, or for opposing currents in rivers; they are kiosks, or floating palaces of two or three stories, from whose galleries the traveller admires the most magnificent scenery of nature in the forests of the New World. Commodious roads cross the summits of mountains and open deserts, heretofore inaccessible; forty thousand travellers meet on a party of pleasure to the cataract of Niagara. On iron railways the heavy vehicles of commerce glide rapidly along; and if France, Germany, and Russia, thought fit to establish a telegraphic line to the wall of China, we might write to our friends in that country and receive their answers in the space of nine or ten hours. A man commencing his pilgrimage at the age of eighteen years, and finishing it at sixty, if he had gone but four leagues a day, would have travelled nearly seven times the circumference of our planet. The genius of man is truly great for his petty habitation: what else can we conclude from it, but that he is destined for a higher abode!

CHATEAUBRIAND.

SONNET.

[Written for Time's Telescope, by Richard Howitt.]

Men with adventurous keels through unknown seas
  Have found their perilous way; and, unconfined,
Roved through strange lands, and dared the deadly breeze
  Of deserts—adding to the stores of mind.
They have sought deep into the earth—have sought
  To rend all mystery from the earth and sky;
Making far worlds familiar unto thought—
  Conferring power on the mind's sov'reignty.
Pyramids which stand, and temples desolate,
  In savage grandeur, show how men have striven;
Powerful, though impotent to cope with fate;
  To save a name warring with earth and heaven.
Nor, erring, be they blamed—all speak a soul
  Which earth may limit, but may not controul!



Astronomical Occurrences

In MAY 1829.

Look forth, where those eternal planets roll
Harmonious, through the pathless heaven, and trace
A power that guides and animates the whole;
Mark with what prodigality of grace
Majestic nature clothes her varied face,
And say what hand adorned that rolling ball—
What voice was His, that, from the depths of space,
Bade worlds awake at his creating call,
And breathed the breath of life and vigour through them all?

Anon.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Gemini at 31 m. after 9 in the morning of the 21st of this month: he also rises and sets, during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

May	Sun rises m.	after	sets m.	after
1st	36	4	24	7
6th	29	4	31	7
11th	20	4	40	7
16th	13	4	47	7
21st	6	4	54	7
26th	59	3	1	8
31st	54	3	6	8

The time of rising or setting on any of the intermediate days may easily be found by proportion. For instance—let his time of rising on the 8th of the month be required: the difference between the times for the 6th and the 11th is 9m., and the interval five days; and therefore $5 : 2 :: 9 : 3\frac{3}{5}$ m., which, taken from 29, gives $25\frac{2}{5}$ m. past 4 for the time sought.

Equation of Time.

When it is required to reduce apparent to mean time, subtract the equation of time from that given by a good sun-dial, and the remainder will be the time required.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	s.
Friday	May 1st,	from the time by the dial *sub.*	3	8
Wednesday	6th		3	34
Monday	11th		3	52
Saturday	16th		3	55
Thursday	21st		3	45
Tuesday	26th		3	20
Sunday	31st		2	44

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon.... 3d day, at 57 m. after 7 in the morning
First Quarter..10th.........36........ 7 at night
Full Moon ....18th........48 .... 7 ....
Last Quarter...25th........19......... 8 ....

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following passages of the Moon will afford our young astronomers opportunities of observation, if the weather prove favourable at the times specified: *viz.*

	m.		
May 8th, at	26 m. after	5	in the afternoon
9th	12	6	....
10th	56	6	....
11th	39	7	in the evening
12th	21	8	....
13th	4	9	....
14th	49	9	....
15th	35	10	....
16th	23	11	....
24th	47	4	in the morning
25th	40	5	....
26th	33	6	....
27th	25	7	....
28th	17	8	....

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The comparative breadths of the illuminated and dark parts of the disk of this planet, at the commencement of this month, are as follow: *viz.*

May 1st { Illuminated part = 11·95291
{ Dark part...... = 0·04709

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

There will be four eclipses of the first satellite, and two of the second, visible this month; and these will occur on the following days: *viz.*

Immersions.

First Satellite .. 3d day, at 16 m. 39 s. after 1 in the morning
10th .... 10 .. 40 .... 3 ....
18th .... 33 .. 19 ....11 at night
26th .... 27 .. 35 .... 1 in the morning
Second Satellite, 3d .... 8 .. 23 ....11 at night
11th .... 41 .. 49 .... 1 in the morning

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

May 4th, with 1θ in Taurus .. at 9 in the evening
4th ...2θ .. Taurus ......10 ....
5th .... α .. Taurus ...... 3 in the morning
10th ...2α .. Cancer ...... 2 ....
18th .... γ .. Libra ....11 ....
23d .... β .. Capricorn... 1 in the afternoon.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury and Venus will be in conjunction with each other on the 4th of this month. Mercury will be in his superior conjunction at 45 m. after 1 in the morning of the 8th. Georgium Sidus will be stationary on the 11th; and Venus will be in her superior conjunction at a quarter past 8 in the evening of the 20th.

Curious Phenomenon in Saturn's Ring.

On the 21st December, 1827, M. Schwabe observed that the dark space between the body of Saturn and his ring appeared larger on the eastern side of the planet than on the western side. Mr. Herschel and others were also of opinion that the eastern space was the largest; but, from his observations, and those of Mr. South's, it appears that there is no difference. Thus—

Western space ...	3″.532	1st set of 35 Observations.
Eastern space....	3 .607	
Western space ...	3 .472	2d set of 20 Observations.
Eastern space....	3 .472	

Of the last set *ten* were made by Mr. Herschel, and gave,

Western space ...3″.612
Eastern space....3 .442;

and *ten* by Mr. South, which gave,

Western space ...3″.331
Eastern space....3 .502.

Hence it follows, that the phenomenon is an optical deception. Professor Struve, however, is decidedly of opinion, from observations with his splendid achromatic telescope, that Saturn is not in the centre of his ring. From a mean of 15 measurements he makes the apparent distance on the east side 11″.272, and on the west side 11″.390, making a difference of 0″.215. The probable error of his mean measurements he regards as 0″.024, the ninth part of the difference above found.—*Edin. Jour. of Science, Oct.* 1828.

To a STAR.

[By Barry Cornwall.]

Now, from thy skiey road look down upon me,
Hesper, star of my sad nativity!
With no unholy thought I dare to court
Thy lustrous eye upon me; and as to one
Known in some happier hours I bid thee hail,
After my many wanderings. I have seen
Thy burning glance on bare and peopled lands,
Civil and savage,—on the parched plains
Of India, and the sands of Palestine,—
On tropic waters, and on iced shores,—
And on the far and solitary seas
O' the south. I've roamed this circular world, and thou
Hast followed me like fate, yet never looked
Before with such kind aspect. Thou art now
Shining above my home, and hallowing
The sweet haunt of my infancy.——I come,
After my toils and dangers, to seek rest,
And love, and welcoming eyes, and gentle hearts.
Oh, thou bright Star! be now my messenger,
And from thy cloudy palace (for the clouds
Are rolling round about thee) glance upon
My mother's house with thy expressive eye,
And to the dear inhabitants, gentle Star,
Dart smiling tidings, that the boy they loved
Is come indeed. Shipwrecked, and lost for years,
He lives, redeemed from his watery grave,—
Lives, and will be a blessing. And on the cheek
Of one supremely soft and beautiful,
Light like the cheerful ray of a summer morning;
So may my own Olympia know that still
Juan, the wanderer, lives.

The Naturalist's Diary

For MAY 1829.

How heavenly o'er my frame steals the life-breath
Of beautiful Spring! who, with her amorous gales
Kissing the violets, each stray sweet exhales
Of May-thorn, and the wild flower on the heath.
I love thee, virgin daughter of the year!
Yet ah! not cups,—died like the dawn, impart
Their elves' dew-nectar to a fainting heart!
Ye birds! whose liquid warblings far and near
Make music to the green turf-board of swains;
To me, your light lays tell of April joy,—
Of pleasures—idle as a long-loved toy;
And while my heart in unison complains,
Tears like of balm-tree flow in trickling wave,
And white forms strew with flowers a maid's untimely grave!

New Monthly Magazine.

THE weather during May and June is usually the most pleasant of the whole year; the air is peculiarly soft and refreshing, being scented with the balmy fragrance of innumerable flowers and opening buds. Almost every part of the vegetable creation is in vigorous growth, and holding forth the pleasing hope of future perfection. The ear is ever saluted by the concert of the groves, and all nature seems to rejoice. The winds are generally variable, in which case there are alternations of showers and sunshine; if steady from any of the northerly points, with a clear sky, frosty air sometimes chills the early hours, and checks the tender shoots.

Easterly Winds and Blights.—A correspondent to that highly attractive periodical, the 'Magazine of Natural History,' which has furnished so many interesting notices for our Naturalist's Diary, makes the following sensible remarks upon this subject:— 'April 30, 1828. In conversation with Mr. Gibbs, of Brompton, he stated, that 'we should certainly have an *east wind* about this time.' The wind had veered to the east in the morning of this day, but at the time we were speaking it had changed to the north-east.

He added, however, that for twenty-two years he had paid particular attention to this circumstance; and, except twice, always observed that the wind blew from the eastward at the beginning of May. No one who has regularly noticed the progress of vegetation in the vernal months, but can remember how often they have had to witness the withering effects of the east wind on the tender plants, flowers, and shoots of this season: its parching effects on the garden, and its hurtful consequences to the young barley in the fields, are frequent complaints. These easterly winds, too, are very often attended by a blue mist, called, by those living to the westward of the metropolis, 'London smoke;' and though it is well known, that the fuliginous vapour of this great city extends, like the train of a comet, to the distance of fifty miles, yet that blue mist or haze, which is known to be so extensive, cannot be occasioned by such a local circumstance. But from the want of simultaneous meteorological observations at numerous distant stations, we have not sufficient data on which to form a rational opinion, as to the prevalence of either the east wind or the blue mist. The latter is called a *blight*, and many people imagine that the aphides are wafted through the air by this same mist; because the depredations of these insects become visible at the time, or soon afterwards: but with such winds we have commonly a clear sky; in course, the sun's heat is intense, and this it is which calls forth myriads of insects from their autumnal and hybernal retreats.'

In a recent number of the 'Edinburgh Journal of Science,' Mr. Samuel Marshall states it to be highly probable, that the only periodical wind which we have in this island, that from the north-east, which prevails, generally, from about the middle of April to the 7th or 8th of May, and sometimes longer, may be thus accounted for. In Sweden and Norway the face of the country is covered with snow to the middle of May, or longer. This frozen covering, which has been formed during winter, grows gradually shallower to the 15th or 16th of May, or until

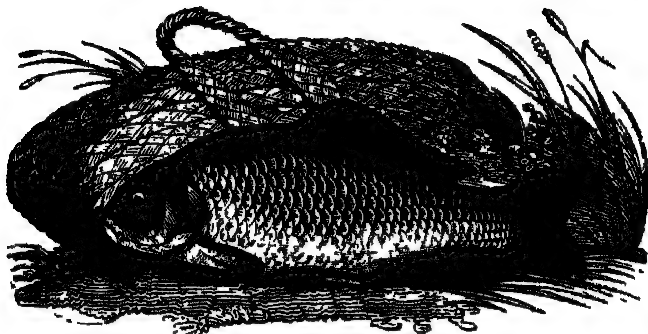
the sun has acquired 17° or 18° of north declination; while, on the other hand, the valleys and mountains of England have received an accession of temperature of 24° or 25°. On this account, when the temperature of Sweden and Norway is cooled down by snow to 32°, that of Britain is 24° or 25° higher than that of the preceding countries. Because, while the ground is covered with snow, the rays of the sun are incapable of heating the air above 32° (the freezing point). For this reason the air of England is 24° or 25° more heated than that of the before-mentioned countries. The air of Sweden and Norway will then, of course, by the laws of comparative specific gravities, displace that of England; and, from the relative situation of those countries with this country, will produce a north-east wind. This current is, in common, stronger by day than by night, because the variation of temperature in the air of Great Britain is at that time the greatest, being frequently from 50° to 60° about noon, and sinking to 32° in the night.

If the season be at all favourable, there is something particularly revivifying and pleasant in this period of the year—a gaiety and mirthfulness of which all God's creatures more or less partake. A thousand joyous feelings are associated with the smell of hawthorn, and the sight of the bright green trees, and the sound of the notes of the sweet singing birds; and the daisies and cowslips spangle the surface of the grassy fields, and the playful butterflies wanton in the glittering sunbeams.

When apple-trees in blossoms are,
  And cherries of a silken white;
And king-cups deck the meadows fair,
  And daffodils in brooks delight;
When golden wall-flow'r blooms around,
And purple violets scent the ground,
And lilac 'gins to show her bloom—
We then may say the May is come.

When happy shepherds tell their tale
  Under the tender leafy tree;
And all adown the grassy vale
  The mocking cuckoo chanteth free;
And philomel, with liquid throat,
Doth pour the welcome, warbling note,
That had been all the winter dumb—
We then may say the May is come.

When *fishes* leap in silver stream,
And tender corn is springing high,
And banks are warm with sunny beam,
And twitt'ring swallows cleave the sky,
And forest bees are humming near,
And cowslips in boys' hats appear,
And maids do wear the meadow's bloom—
We then may say the May is come. CLARE.



The Carp.

How pleasant is the return of spring! When nature revives and smiles again, the pastures are clothed afresh with living green, the trees put on their new attire, and appear fine and beautiful: flowers adorn the face of the meadows, and afford a pleasing variety of colour and fragrance; they mingle their odoriferous sweets, perfume the circumambient air, and refresh and regale us.

Advancing Spring profusely spreads around
Flowers of all hues, with sweetest fragrance stored.
Where'er she treads, Love gladdens every plain;
Delight, on tip-toe, bears the lucid train;
Sweet Hope, with conscious brow, before her flies,
Anticipating wealth from summer skies.

Now the animate and inanimate parts of the creation rejoice together in one chorus: all join in songs of praise to the bountiful Creator and universal Lord. Gladness inspires the breast of the feathered tribes, and with thanksgiving hymns they offer a tribute of gratitude to Him who gives them their meat

in its season. Those birds and reptiles which had slept all the winter, revive, and welcome the approach of summer. The corn grows and flourishes, and the trees bud and blossom, giving us animating prospects of ensuing plenty.

> A thousand hues flush o'er the fragrant earth,
> Or tinge the infant germs of every tree
> That burst with life.

This is the season when all things smile and are glad; and from viewing the whole delightful scene, one would be ready to imagine that the curse pronounced on the earth for Adam's disobedience was removed, and there was rising up a new creation.—*Wood's Germs of Thought.*

SPRING.

[By D. L. Richardson.]

> The brightly beaming Spring at length is seen,
> And all things breathe of joy. The infant year
> Hath burst the barriers time and tempest rear;
> And, clothed in vernal beauty, smiles serene
> The quick-reviving earth. Though long hath been
> The trance of Nature on the naked bier,
> Where ruthless Winter mocked her slumbers drear,
> And rent with iron hand her robes of green,
> The spell is sweetly broken! Glossy trees,
> Resplendent meads, and variegated flowers,
> Gleam in the sun, and tremble in the breeze!
> And now with dreaming eye the Poet sees
> Fair shapes of pleasure haunt romantic bowers,
> And laughing streamlets chase the flying hours!

London Weekly Review.

The latest species of the summer birds of passage arrive about the beginning of May. Among these are the goatsucker, or fern-owl, the spotted fly-catcher, and the sedge bird. In this and the following month, the *dotterel* is in season. Birds are still occupied in building their nests or laying their eggs. The parental care of birds at this period, in hatching and rearing their young, can never be sufficiently admired.

Eyes of Birds.—Birds flying in the air, and meeting with many

obstacles, as branches and leaves of trees, require to have their eyes sometimes as flat as possible for protection; but sometimes as round as possible, that they may see the small objects (flies and other insects) which they are chasing through the air, and which they pursue with the most unerring certainty. This could only be accomplished by giving them a power of suddenly changing the form of their eyes. Accordingly, there is a set of hard scales placed on the outer coat of their eye, round the place where the light enters; and over these scales are drawn the muscles or fibres by which motion is communicated; so that, by acting with these muscles, the bird can press the scales, and squeeze the natural magnifier of the eye into a round shape when it wishes to follow an insect through the air, and can relax the scales, in order to flatten the eye again when it would see a distant object, or move safely through leaves and twigs. This power of altering the shape of the eye is possessed by birds of prey in a very remarkable degree. They can see the smallest objects close to them, and can yet discern larger bodies at vast distances, as a carcass stretched upon the plain, or a dying fish afloat on the water. A singular provision is made for keeping the surface of the bird's eye clean, for wiping the glass of the instrument, as it were, and also for protecting it, while rapidly flying through the air and through thickets, without hindering the sight. Birds are, for these purposes, furnished with a third eyelid, a fine membrane or skin, which is constantly moved very rapidly over the eyeball by two muscles placed in the back of the eye. One of the muscles ends in a loop, the other in a string which goes through the loop, and is fixed in the corner of the membrane, to pull it backward and forward.

Birds on their branches hymeneals sing,
The pastured meads with bridal echoes ring;
Bathed in soft dew, and fanned by western winds,
Each field its bosom to the gale unbinds;
The blade dares boldly rise, new suns beneath,
The tender vine puts forth her flexile wreath,
And, freed from southern blast and northern shower,
Spreads without fear each blossom, leaf, and flower.

Sotheby's Virgil.

Some beautiful reflections on the music of nature will be found in T.T. for 1828, p. 128.

The lily of the valley now opens her snowy bells, and the flowers of the chestnut-tree begin to unfold; the tulip-tree has its leaves quite out; and the flowers of the Scotch fir, the beech, the oak, and the honey-

suckle, climbing round its neighbours for support, are now in full bloom. All the varieties of the *strawberry* open their blossoms, their runners extending on all sides. The mulberry-tree puts forth its leaves.

In this month, the orchis will be found in moist pastures, distinguished by its broad, black spotted leaves, and spike of large purple flowers. The walnut has its flowers in full bloom.—See a paper on the *colours of plants and flowers,* in our last volume, pp. 134-6.

The banks of rills and shady hedges are ornamented with the pretty tribe of speedwells, particularly the germander speedwell, the field mouse-ear, the dove's-foot crane's-bill, and the red campion, the two first of azure blue, and the two last of rose colour, intermixing their flowers with attractive variety. The poet Burns, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, says, 'I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with peculiar delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer morn, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plover, in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave!'

Morning Landscape.

[Written for Time's Telescope, by T. W. Kelly, Author of 'Myrtle Leaves.']

Twilight has fled,
Heav'n's dews are shed,
The brilliant flowers in incense rise
To sée the morn unclose her eyes.

From lowly thatch
Th' uplifted latch,
The dog, whose loud bark tells his joy,
Announce the watchful *Shepherd-boy*.

'Neath yon beech tree
Now cheerfully,
With song, that well the new day hails,
The rosy milk-maid yokes her pails.

Half sunk between
The ivy's green,
Yon church-clock, in the sun's young ray,
Urges the ploughman on his way.

Fast works the mill;
The tinkling rill,
Behind the parted hawthorn led,
Bright ripples o'er its pebbly bed.

Heath-bells invest
Yon mountain's crest;
And, o'er the vale's dark woods beneath,
From huts, the light smoke twines its wreath.



The *huntsman's* horn,
From distance borne,
Floats o'er the meads and smiling lakes:—
In Nature's joy the scene awakes.



The *insect* tribe continue to add to their numbers. A few butterflies, that have passed the inclement season in the chrysalis state, are seen on the wing early in May. And about the latter end of the month, the *Papilio Machaon*, or swallow-tailed butterfly, one of the most superb of the British Insects, makes its appearance. Mr. SAMOUELLE, in his directions to the Entomological Collector, says, 'as soon as the white-thorn is in leaf, the hedges should be well beaten;—the season for taking caterpillars now commences, from which most of the *Lepidoptera* are obtained, and this is by far the best method, as the insects are generally perfect, and the specimens very fine. Great attention should be paid to the larvæ, and they should be supplied with fresh food, and moist earth kept at the bottom of their cages'.—*Introduction to British Entomology.*

Field crickets, the chaffer or may-bug, and the forest fly, which so much annoys horses and cattle, are now seen. The female wasp appears at the latter end of the month, and the swarming of *bees* takes place.

The following curious account of *Stylops Dalii*, from Curtis's British Entomology (No. LVI), may afford a useful hint to some of our entomological friends; more especially as it may remind them of seeking for other species, which no doubt will be discovered if looked after. Mr. C. was indebted to J. C. DALE, Esq. for the valuable facts relating to this insect.—'Every specimen of *Andrena barbilabris* I have seen, from the 27th of April to the 4th of June, has contained larvæ, pupæ, or exuviæ of Stylops, from one to three in each. On the 5th of May

I picked one out with a pin; on the 7th another, rather immature; and caught one flying in the hot sun-shine over a quickset hedge in the garden; it looked milk-white on the wing, with a jet black body, and totally unlike any thing else; it flew with an undulating or vacillating motion among the young shoots, and I could not catch it till it settled on one, when it ran up and down, its wings in motion, and making a considerable buzz or hum nearly as loud as a sesia: it twisted about its rather long tail, and turned it up like a staphylinus. I put it under a glass and placed it in the sun; it became quite furious in its confinement, and never ceased running about for two hours. The elytra, or processes, were kept in quick vibration, as well as the wings: it buzzed against the sides of the glass, with its head touching it, and tumbled about on its back.

'By putting two bees (*A. labialis*) under a glass in the sun, two stylops were produced: the bees seemed uneasy, and went up towards them, but evidently with caution, as if to fight, and moving their antennæ towards them, retreated. I once thought the bee attempted to seize it: but the oddest thing was to see the stylops get on the body of the bee and ride about, the latter using every effort to throw his rider. A large hole is left in the tail of the bee when the stylops escapes, which closes up after a time. I have found five species of Andrenæ infested.' In a second communication Mr. Dale says, 'I forgot to tell you that the bees were in a state of extreme irritation immediately before the stylops came out; and when on the body of the bee, the stylops kept its wings still and half erect.'—The above account is illustrated by a beautiful coloured figure of the insect, and some very accurate dissections.

The female *glow worm* is now seen on dry banks, about woods, pastures, and hedgeways, exhibiting, as soon as the dusk of evening commences, the most vivid and beautiful phosphoric splendour, in form of a round spot of considerable size.

This morning, when the earth and sky
 Were blooming with the blush of Spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly,
 Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing;
But now the skies have lost their hue,
 And sunny lights no longer play,
I see thee, and I bless thee too,
 For sparkling o'er the dreary way.
Oh! let me hope, that thus for me,
 When life and love shall lose their bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
 To light, if not to warm, the gloom. MOORE.

Little being of a day,
Glowing in thy cell alone,
Shedding light with mystic ray
On thy path and on my own;

Dost thou whisper to my heart—
'Though I grovel in the sod,
Still I mock man's boasted art
With the workmanship of God.'

See! the fire-fly in his flight
Scorning thy terrene career,—
He, the eccentric meteor bright,
Thou the planet of thy sphere.

Why, within thy cavern damp,
Thus with trembling haste dost cower?
Fear'st thou I would quench thy lamp,—
Lustre of thy lonely bower?

No! Regain thy couch of clay,
Sparkle brightly as before:
Man should dread to take away
Gifts he never can restore.

ANON.



The *Grayling or Umber.*—This fish is not to be met with in the rivers about London, but abounds in the river Thame, about nine miles from London, and in the Severn, the Wye, and the Trent. It spawns the latter end of May, and seldom exceeds a pound in weight.

Swarms of insects in this and the succeeding month burst from their egg and chrysalis state. The dragon-flies leave the water, the element where they are born and bred, and soar in the air, where they may be seen darting after smaller winged insects, their prey. The gaudy family of butterflies, the mail-covered though splendid tribe of beetles, and the curiously mechanical fraternity of bees, everywhere intrude themselves on the notice of the naturalist. Spiders weave their geometric-formed webs on every spray; and which may be seen to reflect the prismatic colours, to entice the more readily their unwary victims. The common butterfly deposits a red fluid; and vast numbers of the insects in the air have dropt this fluid in such quantities, as to give rise to the story of a shower of red rain.

Toads, frogs, and efts may soon be seen changing from their tadpole state to their perfect form. Soon after this, the frogs instinctively leave the water, and secrete themselves on land, to avoid the notice of their natural enemies, ducks and other aquatic birds. Snakes cast their slough; and with vipers and slow-worms, may be seen basking under hedges.

The *dew-worm* may be seen lying abroad on warm, moist mornings, or during warm rain. Snails, with their curiously-coloured spiral shells, may be seen roving about in moist weather, accompanied by their shelless congeners, wherever moisture exists or their favourite food abounds. In shallow brooks, in still parts at the edge of the stream, the Gordius may be seen, like an animated hair, waving its slender body in all directions.—*Magazine of Natural History*.

Young *hares* or leverets, in favourable seasons, are now seen feeding near the edges of woods and copses.—See T. T. for 1824, p. 159.



Moles are affected by the season: though the constant tenants of darkness, their economy in forming their abodes, and exertions in search of their food, arrest the notice of the observer. In the beginning of May, the female begins to prepare a nest, either under a bush or hedge, and not uncommonly in the open pastures, by throwing up a larger hill than usual. The water shrew may be seen diving in search of food amongst the mud in spring-water ditches.

MAY DAY; *in three Sonnets.*

I.

Sweet May, who has not hailed thy smiling morn,
Beheld thy rising sun gild ether blue?
Who has not joyous brushed thy pearly dew,
Or seen it sparkle on the springing corn,
And gem the meadow flowers of varied hue;
While soft the blackbird whistled on the thorn,
The linnet blythe on slender broom-twig borne,
And warbling skylark soaring from the view?
Thou breathest fragrance in the evening gale,
Or when soft zephyrs fan the daisied green,
From azure violet or primrose pale;
When glowing twilight leads the swain, unseen,
To whisper soft love's fondly tender tale,
Beneath the budding birch, whose odours scent the vale.

II.

Such are thy sweets, dear, ever-blooming May;
And such the young delights that once were mine,
When youth, light-hearted, met thy morning ray,
And saw thy evening skies in splendour shine:
Then I could careless on a bank recline,
And list the woodland warbler's vesper lay;
Or for my fair a flowery chaplet twine;
Or haply by thy streamlet musing stray,
A song to frame for charms transcending thine.
Now youth is past—these joys are fled for aye;
Thy flowers are fair, thy meadows green and gay;
But I am left in age and care to pine,—
To mourn Hope's promised fairy blossoms shed,
And shudder in the storm that howls around my head.

III.

Enough of this. I check the rising sigh;
Of Nature's law 'tis bootless to complain;
Since Heaven decrees that earthly bliss must fly,—
That man, like summer-flowers, must droop and die:
Let me such murmuring, impious thoughts restrain;
All sublunary joys still wax and wane,
Like airy meteors gliding o'er the sky;
Or like the product of the spider's loom,
Whose filmy texture mocks the gazer's eye:
Although the gathering shades of evening gloom,
Though blighted every flower that blossomed fair,
There is a hope that looks beyond the tomb,
Contemplating celestial glories there,
And flowers for ever fair in amaranthine bloom.

Edinburgh Saturday Post.

The *fishes* which appear in the London market in May and June, are chiefly the salmon, turbot, mackerel, doree, red mullet, and pike.

The doree (corrupted from *adorée*, worshipped, or probably from *dorée*, gilt; in allusion to its splendid colour) is said by some to be the fish out of whose mouth St. Peter took the tribute money, leaving on its sides those incontestible proofs of the identity of the fish, the marks of his finger and thumb. Others contend that the fish in question was the haddock. It is rather

hard to determine the dispute; for the doree also asserts an origin of its spots of a similar nature, but of a much later date than the former. St. Christopher, in wading through an arm of the sea, having caught a fish of the kind, *en passant*, as an eternal memorial of the fact, left the impression on its sides to be transmitted to all posterity. In our own country it was very long before the fish attracted notice, at least as an edible one. We are indebted to that judicious actor and *bon vivant*, the late Mr. Quin, for adding a most delicious luxury to our table, who, overcoming all the vulgar prejudices on account of its deformity, has effectually established its reputation. It is found on the southern shores of this kingdom. Those of the largest size are taken in the Bay of Biscay, and in the Mediterranean. Ovid has called it *rarus Faber*, which must have been owing to its excellence, not its scarcity. While living, the colour is very resplendent, and as if gilt, whence, according to some, the name; but Sir Joseph Banks used to say it should be *adorée*, and that it was the most valuable of fish, because it required no sauce. The red mullet, or surmullet, was highly esteemed by the Romans, and bore an exceedingly high price. The capricious epicures of the days of Horace, valued it in proportion to its size; not that the larger fish were more delicious, but that they were more difficult to be got. Evidence of the high price and the luxury of the age, appears from Juvenal:—

> The lavish slave
> Six thousand pieces for a mullet gave,
> A sesterce for each pound.

But Apicius, a man of consular dignity, gave a still more unconscionable sum, for he did not scruple bestowing 8000 *nummi*, or £64..11..8, for a fish of as small a size as the mullet.—See *Loudon's Magazine of Natural History*, where accurate and spirited figures of these fishes are given.



SONG.

[By Joanna Baillie.]

The *gliding fish* that takes his play
In shady nook of streamlet cool
Thinks not how waters pass away,
And summer dries the pool.

The bird beneath his leafy dome,
Who trills his carol loud and clear,
Thinks not how soon his verdant home
The lightning's breath may sear.

Shall I, within my bridegroom's bower,
With braids of budding roses twined,
Look forward to a coming hour
When he may prove unkind?

The bee reigns in his waxen cell,
The chieftain in his stately hold:
To-morrow's earthquake,—who can tell?
May both in ruin fold.

The lilac, the barberry, and the maple, are now in flower. At the latter end of the month rye is in ear; the mountain-ash, laburnum, the guelder-rose, clover, columbines, with their singular and fantastic nectaries,—the alder, the wild chervil, the wayfaring tree, or wild guelder-rose, and the elm, have their flowers full blown.

Many fine *plants* are in flower, both in artificial climates and the open garden. The American tribes flower in great numbers during this month, as Magnolias, Azaleas, Vacciniums, &c.

About the middle of the month, the green-house plants are ventured out: the rule is, the foliation of the common ash and the mulberry. This is a critical month for insects, especially the green fly or aphis family, and the caterpillars. Tobacco, lime-water, and hand-picking, are the remedies.

The various species of meadow grass are in flower. The buttercup spreads over the meadows; the coleseed in corn fields; bryony, the arum, or cuckoo-pint, in hedges; the Tartarian honeysuckle, and the *Corchorus Japonica*, now show their flowers. Sweet violets still continue to shed their delicious odours.

> O! to breathe
> The nectared air of a clear morn in May,
> Treading the gorgeous meadows.

Towards the end of the month, that magnificent and beautiful tree, the horse-chestnut, displays its honours of fine green leaves, and its handsome 'spikes pyramidal' of white and red flowers: it is quite the glory of forest trees. The hawthorn (*white* and *pink*) is usually in blossom about the middle or end of the month.

> Again the merry month o' May
> Has made our hills and valleys gay:
> The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
> The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
> Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
> And evening's tears are tears of joy:
> My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
> While Willie's far frae Logan braes.
>
> Within yon *milk-white hawthorn bush*,
> Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;
> Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
> Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
> But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
> Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
> Pass widowed nights and joyless days,
> While Willie's far frae Logan braes.
>
> O wae upon you, men o' state,
> That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
> As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
> Sae may it on your heads return!
> How can your flinty hearts enjoy
> The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
> But soon may peace bring happy days,
> And Willie, hame to Logan braes! BURNS.

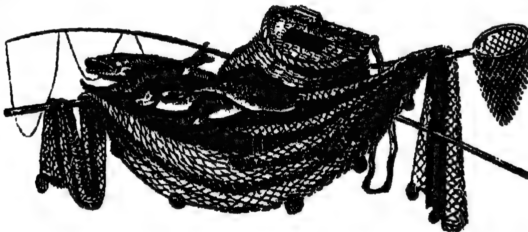
The principal show of *tulips* takes place in this month (see T.T. for 1824, p. 158). The dazzling and gorgeous appearance of beds of tulips cannot fail to attract the notice of the most indifferent observer: some varieties of this elegant flower are very splen-

did, and unrivalled for the beauty of their exquisite colours.

Spring flowers are no longer
What spring flowers used to be;
Their fragrance and their beauty
Cannot give delight to me:
The cowslip and the primrose
And the violet are here—
Ah! why am I dejected
In the spring time of the year?

All seasons are delightful
In life's gay unclouded spring,—
We sport among the flowers
Like wild birds upon the wing:
But when life's bloom is over,
And no friendly smile is near,
Oh! dreary as December
Is the spring time of the year! T. H. BAYLEY.

Towards the end of the month, the *Phalæna humuli*, called by some the *ghost-moth*, makes its appearance, and continues visible during the greater part of the month of June. The female glow-worm is now seen on dry banks, about woods, pastures, and hedgeways.—The *angler* is busily employed in this month.



The Thrasher, or Brown Thrush of America.—This bird (says Mr. Wilson, in that highly interesting work 'The Ornithology of America') is a welcome visiter in Spring to every lover of rural scenery and rural song. In the months of April and May, when our woods, hedge-rows, orchards, and cherry-trees are one profusion of blossoms, when every object around conveys the sweet sensations of joy, and heaven's abundance is, as it were, showering around us, the grateful heart beats in unison with the varying elevated strains of this excellent bird; we listen to its notes with

a kind of devotional ecstacy, as a morning hymn to the great and most adorable Creator of all.—Concerning the sagacity and reasoning faculty of this bird, my venerable friend, Mr. Bartram, writes me as follows: 'I remember to have reared one of these birds from the nest; which, when full grown, became very tame and docile. I frequently let him out of his cage, to give him a taste of liberty: after fluttering and dusting himself in dry sand and earth, and bathing, washing, and dressing himself, he would proceed to hunt insects, such as beetles, crickets, and other shelly tribes; but being very fond of wasps, after catching them and knocking them about to break their wings, he would lay them down, then examine if they had a sting, and with his bill squeeze the abdomen to clear it of the reservoir of poison, before he would swallow his prey. When in his cage, being very fond of dry crusts of bread, if upon trial the corners of the crumbs were too hard and sharp for his throat, he would throw them up, carry and put them in his water-dish to soften; then take them out and swallow them. Many other remarkable circumstances might be mentioned that would fully demonstrate faculties of *mind;* not only innate, but acquired ideas (derived from necessity in a state of domestication), which we call understanding and knowledge. We see that this bird could associate those ideas, arrange and apply them in a rational manner, according to circumstances. For instance, if he knew that it was the hard, sharp, corners of the crumb of bread that hurt his gullet, and prevented him from swallowing it, and that water would soften and render it easy to be swallowed, this knowledge must be acquired by observation and experience, or some other bird taught him. Here the bird perceived by the effect the cause, and then took the quickest, the most effectual, and agreeable method to remove that cause. What could the wisest man have done better? Call it reason, or instinct, it is the same that a sensible man would have done in this case. After the same manner this bird reasoned with respect to the wasps. He found, by experience and observation, that the first he attempted to swallow hurt his throat, and gave him extreme pain; and, upon examination, observed that the extremity of the abdomen was armed with a poisonous sting; and after this discovery never attempted to swallow a wasp until he first pinched his abdomen to the extremity, forcing out the sting with the receptacle of poison.

[From Darley's Silvia.]

Green haunts, and deep inquiring lanes,
Wind through the trunks their grassy trains;
Millions of chaplets curl unweft
From boughs, beseeching to be reft,
To prune the clustering of their groves,
And wreathe the brows that beauty loves.

Millions of blossoms, fruits, and gems,
Bend with rich weight the massy stems;
Millions of restless dizzy things,
With ruby tufts and rainbow wings,
Speckle the eye-refreshing shades,
Burn through the air, or swim the glades;
As if the tremulous leaves were tongues,
Millions of voices, sounds, and songs,
Breathe from the aching trees that sigh,
Near sick of their own melody.

Poetical Pictures in May and June.

[From *Robert* Montgomery's 'Omnipresence of the Deity.']

Morning.

The Sun is seated on his ocean throne,
Engirdled with his court of clouds. Around,
Billows of damask and of orange light
Evolving roll, as from a cauldron heaved;
While, from the midst, red bars of splendour shoot,
And travel fiercely to the midway skies;
Then cowered awhile, they swell to wizard shapes,
Advance, and, like battalions in array,
Mingle their hues, and make a shining plain
Of crimson on the skies.

Beneath, the waves,
Shiv'ring and glassy, lie like ruffled scales
Of liquid steel; and, lo! awaking now,
With the white dews of slumber on her breast,
The Earth! all fragrant, fresh in living green,
And beautiful, as if this moment sprung
From out her Maker's hand. Athwart the trees
A brassy lustre shines; where matin beads,
Like drops of light, have diamonded the boughs;
And here and there some crisped and glossy stream,
Lit by a passing ray, laughs through the leaves.

The flowers are waking too, and ope their eyes
To greet the prying Sun, while meads and dales
With hoary incense steam; and, list!
The buzz of life! Myriads of insects now
Creep from their greenwood caves and mossy domes,
And wind their way, to glitter in the sun;
While from yon hurdled hills the sheep-bells shake
Their tinkling echoes down the bushy dale.

And is creation's heir, in sleepy calm,
Unmindful of the morn! Ah! no; its beam
Hath glanced upon the cottager's clean couch,

And called him up. And, see! the lattice oped
He spies along the landscape's glitt'ring view,
And looks to heav'n, and feels the toying breeze
Upheave his locks; and then angelic thoughts
Gush through his soul; instinctvely he owns
The presence of a God, and sends his heart
To Him, upon a sigh of artless love
And praise, because another day is born.

Noon.

The Sun hath waxed into his noontide wrath,
And 'fore his countenance the Earth lies scorched
In agonies of heat! The winds are dead!
The shallow lakes are filmed, and fetid pools
Battle upon the parched grounds; while flies
And insects, on the tumours of hot mud
Basking and buzzing creep. The trees stand still
Amid the air, and at their matted trunks
The ploughman lies, his head upon his palms;
While 'tween the spangled leaves the sheen of heaven
Gleams on him beauteously. The flowers are drooped,
As if they languish for a breezy draught;
And e'en the flirting bee, now honey-cloyed,
Is humming languid on the rose's brim!
The world grows faint; and all is stirless, save
Yon sky-bird trav'lling to the sun; and, hark!
Wing-poised, he peers undazzled at the blaze,
Hymning his heart-full of aërial strains.
Beneath this horrid cliff, behold the sea
Magnificently spread! The billows pant,
And revel in the beams that on their shoal
Of glassy crests dance sparklingly; or wild
Disporting wreathe the ocean's breast,
And gambol to the shore,—like cherub groups,
When on a glossy meadow-bank they leap,
And roll in gay contortions.

Far beyond,
Behold a rock majestically reared;
Upon whose brow the eagle sits at noon,
Rolling his eye-balls at the blazing sun!
High on the yellow beach, its hoary side
Is bared unto the ocean, and the breeze
Upwafted,—like a tight and stately sail,
When whitening in the glow of heaven. And, look!
The feathery forms of far-off sails are seen,
Alone upon the billows, or as clouds
Dropped down upon the deep, and dancing on
The swell of waters.

Night.

Another day is added to the mass
Of buried ages. Lo! the beauteous moon,
Like a fair shepherdess, soon comes abroad,
With her full flock of stars, that roam around
The azure meads of heaven. And, oh! how charmed,
Beneath her loveliness, creation looks:
Far-gleaming hills, and light-endearing streams,
And sleeping boughs, with dewy lustre clothed,
And green-haired valleys, all in glory dressed,
Wake up the pageantries of night. One glance
Upon old Ocean, where the moonbeams
Have braided her dark waves. Their roar is hushed!
Her billowy wings are folded up to rest;
Till once again the wizard winds shall yell,
And tear them into strife.

A lone owl's hoot—
The waterfall's faint drip,—or insect stir
Among the emerald leaves,—or infant wind
Rifling the pearly lips of sleeping flowers,—
Alone disturb the stillness of the scene.

Spirit of All! as up yon star-hung deep
Of air, the eye and heart together mount,
Man's immortality within him stirs,
And Thou art all around! Thy beauty walks
In airy music o'er the midnight heavens;
Thy glory's shadowed on the slumb'ring world.



June.

JUNE has for its zodiacal sign *Cancer*. The name of June gave rise to various etymologies; but the most probable one derives it from *Juno*, in honour of whom a festival was celebrated at the beginning of the month.

Remarkable Days.

In JUNE 1829.

1.—NICOMEDE.

NICOMEDE was a Christian of some distinction at Rome. He was a man of most active benevolence; but was scourged to death in the second persecution under Domitian.

5.—SAINT BONIFACE

Was a Saxon presbyter, born in England, and at first called *Wilfrid*. He was murdered near Utrecht, in the year 755.

*5. 1828.—H. STOE VAN DYK DIED.

He translated, in conjunction with Mr. Bowring, specimens of the Dutch poets, in one volume, entitled 'Batavian Anthology,' for which each obtained a handsome medal from his Majesty the King of Holland. His other publications are, 'The Gondola,' 'Songs set to Music,' and miscellaneous contributions to several periodical works.

7.—WHIT-SUNDAY.

Whit-Sunday takes place of the Pentecostal feast among the Jews, and is in commemoration of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the apostles, &c. on the day of Pentecost (Acts ii). It is held seven weeks after Easter, and has, probably, been continued regularly from the apostolical age (Acts xvi). Over the high altar in the principal church of Orvieto

there is a little door, by which the Santo Spirito, or Holy Ghost, enters on Whit-Sunday; a dove, surrounded by fire-works, to represent the Holy Spirit, being made to enter at that door, and so contrived, that it takes a circle round the church, lighting, as it passed, on the heads of each of the white marble statues of the apostles, and resting on the high altar, where it kindles, or seems to kindle, a flame; the fire-works making a noise as it flies, to imitate the 'rushing mighty wind,' mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles.—*Three Years' Residence in Italy.*

8.—WHIT-MONDAY.

This day and Whit-Tuesday are observed as festivals, for the same reason as Monday and Tuesday in Easter.—For an account of John of Gaunt's Benefaction, see T.T. for 1827.

Among the sports formerly practised on these and other holidays, was the *quintain*. In the parish of Offham, to the west of Town Malling, in Kent, stands a *quintain*, a thing now very rarely to be met with, being a machine used in ancient times by youth, as well to try their own activity with the sword as their skill in horsemanship. It consists of an upright post, about nine feet high, with a cross piece, like the vane of a weathercock, broad at one end and indented with many holes; at the other end was suspended either a wooden sword or a bag of sand. This swings round with great ease on being moved by a slight blow. The quintain was formerly a man erect with a sword (of wood) in his hand, and a shield in the other, or sometimes a bag, or anything else, was substituted by the less active youths for a sword. The pastime was for youth upon horseback, with swords in their hands, or canes, to run at it as fast as possible, and hit the quintain with much force on the shield. He that by chance did *not* hit it, was treated with loud peals of derision from the others; but he who *did* hit it, was obliged to put spurs to his horse, and make the best use of activity, lest the quintain should give him a return blow on his neck with the sword he held in his hand, which immediately swung round upon the quintain's being touched. This sport (which was first introduced to the British by the Romans) has been practised recently by the more refined; and in the *Times* newspaper of 1827, is an 'account' of a party of noblemen and ladies going out to amuse themselves with the sport.

Whitsuntide.

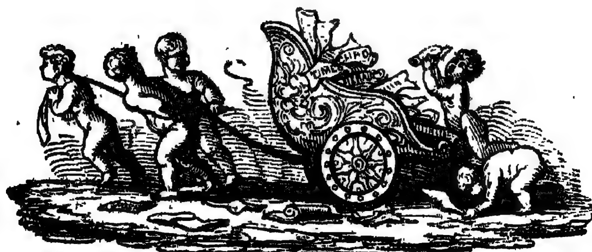
[From Howitt's Forest Minstrel.]

'Tis merry *Whitsuntide*, and merrily
  Holiday goes in hamlet and green field;
Nature and men seem joined, for once, to try
  The strength of care, and force the carle to yield.
Summer abroad holds flowery revelry;
  For revelry the village bells are pealed;
The season's self seems made for rural pleasure,
And rural joy flows with o'erflowing measure.

Go where you will through England's happy valleys.
  Deep grows the grass, flowers bask, and wild bees hum;
And, ever and anon, with joyous sallies,
  Shouting, and music, and the busy drum,
Tell you afar where mirth her rustics rallies
  In dusty sports, or midst the songs and hum
Of the royal oak, or bowling-green's inclosure,
With bower and bench, for smoking and composure.

May's jolly dance is past, and, hanging high,
  Her garlands swing and wither in the sun;
And now abroad gay posied banners fly,
  Followed by peaceful troops, and boys that run
To see their sires go marching solemnly,
  Shouldering their wands; and youths, with ribbons won
From fond fair hands, that yielded them with pride,
And proudly worn this merry Whitsuntide.

And then succeeds a lovelier sight,—the dames,
  Wives, mothers, and arch sigh-awakening lasses,
Filling each gazing wight with wounds and flames,
  Yet looking each demurely as she passes,
With flower-tipped wand, and bloom that flowers outshames;
  And, in the van of these sweet happy faces
Marches the priest, whose sermon says, 'be merry!'
The frank good squire, and sage apothecary.



*8. 1828.—REV. W. COXE DIED, ÆT. 81.

He was the author of Travels in Swisserland; Memoirs of the Earl of Orford; Historical Tour in Monmouthshire; History of the House of Austria; Memoirs of the Kings of Spain; Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough; Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury, and many other valuable and interesting works.

9.—WHIT-TUESDAY.

Every third year on this day, the *Eton Montem* is celebrated; see T.T. for 1815, p. 168.—The following is the portrait of an eccentric character, who was accustomed to attend this triennial festival.



10, 12, 13.—EMBER DAYS. See p. 88.

11.—SAINT BARNABAS

Was descended of the tribe of Levi, and born at Cyprus. He was stoned to death by the Jews.

*11. 1828.—PROFESSOR DUGALD STEWART DIED, ÆT. 75.

His name remains an honour to the philosophy and literature of Scotland. He was the son of Dr. Matthew Stewart, professor

of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, where his more celebrated descendant was for many years professor of moral philosophy. He was born in 1753, studied under Blair and Ferguson, and enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Reid, to whom he has been infinitely indebted for fame founded on his metaphysical writings. In 1792, Stewart put forth his Philosophy of the Human Mind, in 2 vols. 4to.; and the next near, his Outlines of Moral Philosophy. He continued to publish—Adam Smith's Essays, with a Memoir; the Life and Writings of Dr. Robertson; the Life and Writings of Reid; Philosophical Essays; and, very recently, two new volumes. The remains of this distinguished philosopher were interred in the Canongate churchyard. The solemn feelings, says the '*Scotsman*,' which on occasions of this kind—on every occasion when mind of such an order ceases to manifest itself here—silence every thing like controversy; while, at the same time, they make an appeal to the voice of truth, which impresses us strongly with the conviction that fulsome panegyric would be not only unsuitable, but insulting to the memory of the dead. The private worth of the deceased, the qualities of heart and head which made him so beloved in the family circle, so interesting to his friends, so much respected by his acquaintances, are known to, or have been heard of by all. His public value will be judged of ultimately by his writings; although it was by no means confined to these, the impression made by his academical prelections having been as extraordinary in depth, as it was important in character. By the extensive range of his information, by his love of knowledge, by his high aspirations after good, by an eloquence unrivalled in philosophic dignity, he gave a bias to the feelings, and a direction to the studies, of many young men of rank and talent, which redounded not less to their own honour, than they proved, in result, beneficial to the country. The leading characteristics of his mind, indeed, were elevated moral feelings, high conceptions of what our nature is destined to accomplish, high resolves to act consistently in furtherance of the great scheme of general improvement. He was thus led, unavoidably, to engage with mental philosophy; since, not only must all moral and political science be based upon a knowledge of the human mind, but every mind which has activity united with any thing like reflective depth, will also inquire, and must have some anchorage ground, respecting its own faculties. Since the very dawning of intellect, the greatest minds have occupied themselves in examining and considering the nature and extent of their own powers; and although there has been much fruitless inquiry, the very extent of these speculations, unsatisfactory as too many of them have been, all go to establish the real importance and magnitude of the subject. Shallow minds only despise metaphysics. The mind of Mr. Stewart, on the contrary, was strongly disposed to be compre-

hensive. It was also penetrative enough to discover the best theory of mind which had been submitted to the philosophic world; it adopted, improved, and gave consistency to that theory; but, naturally circumspect, and having observed how often rashness and impetuosity had, while dealing with ethics and metaphysics, brought talent into discredit, he became anxious to fortify himself with authority. This led him to trace the history of his science, which he did with much care, and, we might say, with unrivalled discrimination; but, while he selected nothing that was not of great intrinsic value, and happily illustrative of the points on which he was treating, he thus contracted a habit of dwelling veneratively on the past, and exalting the genius that had been, more than of attending to the vigorous products of fresh and original contemporaries. There was, it must be confessed, a want of adventurousness here; but his industry and chariness united, gave bolder minds a starting-post from vantage ground of the highest value; and all his labours and speculations were calculated to elevate the tone and meliorate the temper of the mind—to invigorate the intellectual, and improve the moral departments of our nature. He was a lover of liberty and letters, a scholar, a gentleman, a philosopher, and, beyond all, he was, in the truest sense of the word, a philanthropist.

Two anecdotes, said to be quite authentic, of the early maturity of talent in this eminent philosopher, have been published since his decease. His father, Dr. Matthew Stewart, having been prevented from teaching his class by falling into bad health soon after the commencement of the College Session, it was thought advisable that his son Dugald, then a youth under twenty, should attempt to fill his father's place; which he did to the end of the course: and so extraordinary was his success, such the spirit and love of the study which he infused into the pupils, that it became matter of general remark and surprise. One individual asked the young lecturer himself, how it was that he, who had not devoted himself particularly to mathematics, should have succeeded in teaching them better than his father. 'If it be so,' said the philosopher, with no less modesty than sagacity and truth of principle, 'I can only account for it by the fact, that during the whole session I have never been more than three days a-head of my pupils.' The other anecdote is this: Mr. Stewart was not much above twenty, when circumstances, which we do not at present remember, but equally imperative, imposed upon him, very unexpectedly, the task of delivering a course of moral philosophy to the pupils of Dr. Ferguson, then professor of that science. Having nothing written beforehand, nor time to make regular preparation, he used, all that winter, to rise at four or five in the morning, and, pacing for several hours in the dark, along the quadrangular walk of a small garden attached to his father's house in the Old College, he there conceived the plan, and arranged in his head the

expression, of each day's lecture; and, without committing a word to paper, entered the class, which then met at nine in the morning, and poured forth in glowing periods—where the freshness and vehemence of extempore eloquence was chastened and harmonized by the dignity and seriousness of the subject—the doctrines of his benevolent and high-minded philosophy, stamped with a stronger impress of originality and genius than some of the more guarded and cautious speculations of his maturer years.

14.—TRINITY SUNDAY.

The observation of this festival was first appointed by the Council of Arles in 1260.—See some curious particulars relative to this day in T.T. for 1827, pp. 183-187.

17.—SAINT ALBAN

Suffered martyrdom at Verulam, now St. Alban's, in 303. A splendid abbey was founded in memory of the martyr, A.D. 795, by Offa, king of the Mercians.

18.—CORPUS CHRISTI.

This festival, 'the body of Christ,' was appointed in honour of the Eucharist, and always falls on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. It is called the *Fête Dieu*, or Corpus Christi, and is one of the most remarkable festivals of the Romish church.—An account of the 'Procession of the Host' is given in our last volume, [illegible]; see also T.T. for 1826, p. 126. In the annals of the town of Orvieto, it is related, that a travelling German priest, having reached the small village of Bolseno, on the borders of the lake, while celebrating mass, was disturbed with a doubt as to the truth of transubstantiation; when, in a moment, the bread and wine in his hands underwent the miraculous change, and became flesh and blood; which he took to Orvieto, followed by the whole congregation in triumphant procession, and deposited in the duomo, or cathedral, in a very beautiful silver ciborio, made on purpose, in the form of a temple. From this supposed miracle originated the ceremony of Corpus Christi, and the fine painting on the same subject in the Raphael gallery.

Sacramental Bread.—The church of Rome, in the height of its power, was extremely scrupulous in all that related to the sacramental bread. According to Stevens, in the *Monasticon*, they first chose the wheat, grain by grain, and washed it very carefully. Being put into a bag, appointed only for that use, a servant, known to be a just man, carried it to the mill, worked the grindstones, covering them with curtains above and below; and having put on himself an albe, covered his face with a veil, nothing but his eyes appearing. The same precaution was used with the meal. It was not baked till it had been well washed; and the warden of the church, if he were either priest or deacon, finished the work, being assisted by two other religious men, who were in the same orders, and by a lay brother, particularly appointed for that business. These four monks, when matins were ended, washed their faces and hands. The three first of them put on albes; one of them washed the meal with pure, clean water, and the other two baked the hosts in the iron moulds. So great was the veneration and respect, say their historians, the monks of Cluni paid to the Eucharist! Even at this day, in the country, the baker who prepares the sacramental wafer must be appointed and authorized to do it by the Catholic bishop of the district, as appears by the advertisement inserted in that curious book, published annually, *The Catholic Laity's Directory.*

The following was anciently the manner of celebrating Corpus Christi at *Shrewsbury*:—From remote times, it has always been customary for all the companies to unite in the commemoration of this festival. Preceded by the masters and wardens, and graced with colours and devices, they attended the bailiffs and members of the corporation, who, with the canons of St. Chad and St. Mary, the friars of the three convents, and the parochial clergy, followed the holy sacrament, which was borne by the priests, under a rich canopy of velvet or silk, to a stone cross without the town. Here all joined in bewailing their sins, and chaunting petitions for a plentiful harvest: they then proceeded, in the same order, to the church of St. Chad, where each company had a particular place in the choir. The festival was followed by three days of disport and recreation, either in the ensuing week, or at an early time agreed upon by the several wardens. On the ground where

this was held, each company had its arbour. After the Reformation, the religious part of the ceremony was, of course, abolished; but one day of entertainment is still observed, under the denomination of the *show*, and is always on the second Monday after Trinity Sunday. Most of the companies had a man on horseback, gaudily dressed, called the *king*, intended originally as a representation of the monarchs who granted their charters. Thus the king of the cloth-workers personated Edward IV; the king of the masons, Henry VIII. The barbers marched with a queen, probably Elizabeth. The devices were emblematical of the trades: the saddlers led a caparisoned horse; the smiths and armourers were preceded by a knight in complete armour; the hatters and furriers by an American Indian; the skinners by the figure of a stag as large as life, attended by huntsmen sounding bugle horns. The day was spent in festivity, and the companies returned to town nearly in the same order in which they set out.

*18. 1815.—BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

DEATH *and the* WARRIOR.

[From Death's Doings.]

'Aye, warrior, arm! and wear thy plume
On a proud and fearless brow!
I am the lord of the lonely tomb,
And a mightier one than thou!

Bid thy soul's love farewell, young chief!
Bid her a long farewell!
Like the morning's dew shall pass that grief—
Thou comest with me to dwell!

Thy bark may rush through the foaming deep,
Thy steed o'er the breezy hill;
But they bear thee on to a place of sleep,
Narrow, and cold, and still!'

'Was the voice I heard *thy* voice, O Death!
And is thy day so near?
Then on the field shall my life's last breath
Mingle with Victory's cheer!

Banners shall float, with the trumpet's note,
Above me as I die,
And the palm-tree wave o'er my noble grave,
Under the Syrian sky.

High hearts shall burn in the royal hall,
When the minstrel names that spot;
And the eyes I love shall weep my fall—
Death! Death! I fear thee not.'

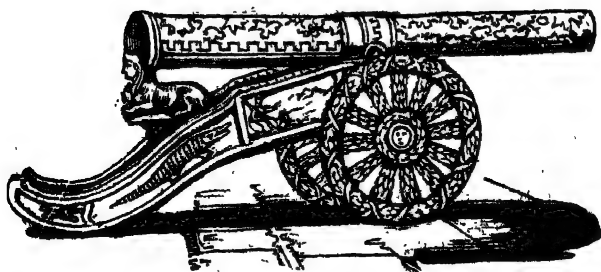
'Warrior! thou bearest a haughty heart,
But I can bend its pride!
How should'st thou know that thy soul will part
In the hour of Victory's tide?

It may be far from thy steel-clad bands
That I shall make thee mine;
It may be lone on the desert sands,
Where men for fountains pine:

It may be deep, amidst heavy chains,
In some strong Paynim hold—
I have slow, dull steps, and lingering pains,
Wherewith to tame the bold!'

'Death! Death! I go to a doom unblessed,
If this indeed must be!
But the *cross* is bound upon my breast,
And I may not shrink for thee!

Sound, clarion, sound! for my vows are given
To the cause of the holy shrine;
I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,
O Death! and not to thine!' FELICIA HEMANS.



Cannon taken by the British troops at Alexandria, now in St. James's Park.

20.—TRANSLATION OF EDWARD, *King of W. Saxons.*

Edward was first buried at Wareham; but, three years afterwards, his body was removed to Shrewsbury, and there interred with great pomp.

21.—LONGEST DAY.

This day is, in London, 16h. 34m. 5s., allowing 9m. 16s. for refraction.

MOTTOES FOR SUN-DIALS.

[By the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.]

MORNING SUN.—*Tempus volat.*

Oh! early passenger, look up—be wise,
And think how, night and day, Time onward flies.

NOON.—*Dum tempus habemus, operemur bonum.*

Life steals away—this hour, oh man, is lent thee,
Patient to 'work the work of Him who sent thee.'

SETTING SUN.—*Redibo, tu nunquam.*

Haste, traveller, the sun is sinking now;
He shall return again—but never thou!

To Death.

Lord of the silent tomb! relentless Death!
Fierce Victor and Destroyer of the world!
How stern thy power! The shafts of fate are hurled
By thine unerring arm; and swift as breath
Fades from the burnished mirror,—as the wreath
Of flaky smoke, from cottage hearths upcurled,
Melts in cerulean air,—as sere leaves whirled
Along autumnal streams,—as o'er the heath
The forms of twilight vanish; so depart,
Nor leave a trace of their oblivious way,
The meteor-dreams of man! Awhile the heart
Of eager Folly swells—his bubbles gay
Float on the passing breeze—but ah! thy dart
Soon breaks each glittering gaud of Life's deceitful day!

London Weekly Review.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait, on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Lady of the Lake.

24.—SAINT JOHN BAPTIST, AND MIDSUMMER DAY.

The nativity of St. John the Baptist is celebrated by the christian church on this day, because he was the *forerunner* of our blessed Lord, and, by preaching the doctrine of repentance, prepared the way for the gospel. For various ceremonies on this day, see our former volumes.—The following account of a curious custom, on the eve of this day, at Penzance, is extracted from 'The Guide to Mount's Bay and Land's End,' attributed to the indefatigable Dr. Paris:—

The most singular custom is, perhaps, the celebration of the Eve of Saint John the Baptist, our town saint, which falls on Midsummer eve; and that of the Eve of St. Peter, the patron of fishermen. No sooner does the tardy sun sink into the western ocean, than the young and old of both sexes, animated by the genius of the night, assemble in the town and different villages of the bay with lighted torches. Tar-barrels having been erected on tall poles in the market-place, on the pier, and in other conspicuous spots, are soon urged into a state of vivid combustion, shedding an appalling glare on every surrounding object, and which, when multiplied by numerous reflections in the waves, produce, at a distant view, a spectacle so singular and novel as to defy the powers of description; while the stranger who issues forth to gain a closer view of the festivities of the town, may well imagine himself suddenly transported to the regions of the furies and infernal gods; or else that he is witnessing, in the magic mirror of Cornelius Agrippa, the awful celebration of the fifth day of the Eleusinian feast[1]; while the shrieks of the female spectators, and the triumphant yells of the torch-bearers, with their hair streaming in the wind, and their flambeaux whirling with inconceivable velocity, are realities not calculated to dispel the illusion. No sooner are the torches burnt out, than the *numerous inhabitants engaged in the frolic, pouring forth from the quay and its neighbourhood, form a long string,* and, hand in hand, run furiously through every street, vociferating, 'an eye,'—'an eye,'—'an eye!' At length they suddenly stop, and the two last of the string, elevating their clasped hands, form *an eye* to this enormous *needle*, through which the *thread* of populace

[1] The fifth day of the Eleusinian feast was called 'the day of the torches,' because at night the men and women ran about with them in imitation of Ceres, who, having lighted a torch at the fire of Mount Ætna, wandered about, from place to place, in search of her daughter Proserpine. Hence, may we not trace the high antiquity of this species of popular rejoicing?

runs; and thus they continue to repeat the game until weariness dissolves the union, which rarely happens before midnight. On Midsummer Day, festivities of a very different character enliven the bay; and the spectator can hardly be induced to believe that the same actors are engaged in both dramas. At about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, the country people, drest in their best apparel, pour into Penzance from the neighbouring villages, for the purpose of performing an aquatic divertisement. At this hour, the quay and pier are crowded with holiday-makers, where a number of vessels, many of which are provided with music for the occasion, lie in readiness to receive them. In a short time, the embarkation is completed, and the sea continues, for many hours, to present a moving picture of the most animating description. Penzance is remarkable in history for having been entered and burnt by the Spaniards, in the year 1595. From time immemorial a prediction had prevailed, that a period would arrive when '*some strangers should land on the rocks of Merlin, who should burn Paul's church, Penzance, and Newlyn.*' Of the actual accomplishment of this prediction we receive a full account from Carew; from which it would appear, that on the 23d of July, 1595, about two hundred men landed from a squadron of Spanish galleys on the coast of Mousehole, when they set fire to the church of Paul, and then to Mousehole itself. Finding little or no resistance, they proceeded to Newlyn, and from thence to Penzance. Sir Francis Godolphin endeavoured to inspire the inhabitants with courage to repel these assailants; but so fascinated were they by the remembrance of the ancient prophecy, that they fled in all directions, supposing that it was useless to contend against the destiny that had been predicted. The Spaniards, availing themselves of this desertion, set it on fire in different places, as they had already done to Newlyn, and then returned to their galleys, intending to renew the flames on the ensuing day; but the Cornish having recovered from their panic, and assembled in great numbers on the beach, so annoyed the Spaniards with their bullets and arrows, that they drew their galleys farther off, and, availing themselves of a favourable breeze, put to sea and escaped. It is worthy of remark, that when the Spaniards first came on shore, they actually landed on a rock called 'Merlin.' The historian concludes this narrative by observing, that these were the only Spaniards that ever landed in England as enemies. Paul church is a very conspicuous object, from its high elevation, and interests the historian from the tradition, already stated, of its having been burnt by the Spaniards; upon which occasion the south porch alone is said, in consequence of the direction of the wind, to have escaped the conflagration. A pleasing confirmation of this tradition was lately afforded during some repairs, when one of the wooden supporters was found charred at the end nearest the body of the church. It

also deserves notice, that the thick stone division at the back of the Trewarveneth pew, which has so frequently occasioned inquiry, is a part of the old church which escaped the fire. In the church is the following curious notice of its having been burnt:—'*The Spanger burnt this church in the year* 1595.' Most tourists inform us, that, in this churchyard, is to be seen the monumental stone with the epitaph of old Dolly Pentreath, so celebrated among antiquaries as having been the last person who spoke the Cornish language. Such a monument, however, if it ever existed, is no longer to be found; nor can any information be obtained with regard to its probable locality. Her epitaph is said to have been both in the Cornish and English language; viz.

> Coth Dol Pentreath canz ha deaw
> Marir en bedans en Powl pleu;
> Na en an eglar ganna poble braz
> Bet an eglar hay coth Dolly es!

> Old Dol Pentreath, one hundred age and two,
> Both born and in Paul parish buried too;
> Not in the church, 'mongst people great and high,
> But in the churchyard, doth old Dolly lie!

In some of the islands of the Archipelago, every housekeeper lights a fire in the area before his house, or in the balcony, on St. John's Eve. This fire is made of the dried leaves or stalks of the vine. Every member of the family is then expected to jump over this fire three times, using some ridiculous exclamation. This singular ceremony produces so much amusement among the children, that they generally repeat this cry for some time after. Women, with children at the breast, are not averse to this ceremony of jumping over the fire. It is also customary to roast heads of garlick, which are eaten with bread, and form the only supper allowed; and this abstinence or fast is said to be observed in honour of St. John. On the same evening, the young girls go round to all the houses, carrying with them a vessel half filled with water, into which each person throws a pledge. On the following day, they all assemble together, when a child being chosen to draw the pawns, the drawers are enjoined to perform various tasks by way of penitence: this game is called *Clydonas*. In this, as well as in other festivals, it is

contrived that the amusements of the people should be mingled with the religion of the country.

29.—SAINT PETER.

The festival in honour of this apostle was instituted in the year 813. *Hegesippus*, *Eusebius*, and other early historians, say that he was crucified with his head downwards.—For an account of the *Cock Mass*, as celebrated in Columbia on this day, see our volume for 1826, p. 158. A description of the illumination of St. Peter's, at Rome, as lately witnessed by an English traveller, is given in T.T. for 1827, p. 201.

*30. 1828.—SIGNOR SAPIO DIED, ÆT. 76.

Sapio, a long celebrated Professor of Singing, was an Italian by birth, and in early life settled at Paris. He filled there the office of chapel-master, was the instructor of Mary Antoinette, and had the honour of being preferred to Piccini, Sacchini, and Glück, his rivals at the French court. Such a connection, of course, drove him from France at the breaking out of the Revolution, although he had married a French lady. He came to this country, and so widely had his fame spread, that immediately on his arrival he was appointed singing master to the Duchess of York, and then to the Princess of Wales. His instruction was sought by all the highest nobility, and, for a long period, he continued at the head of his profession in the fashionable world. The musical historians and critics of his day ascribe the superiority of his style to its incomparable feeling and expression, while the facility with which he imparted its peculiarities to his pupils appears to have been unique. Signior Sapio was the father of Mr. Sapio, the distinguished tenor of Covent-garden Theatre, and of Mr. A. Sapio, the very promising young bass singer, attached to the Royal Academy of Music.

*JUNE 1828.—LIEUT.-COL. DIXON DENHAM DIED,

Another victim to the pestilential climate of Sierra Leone. All past experience of the fatal effects of climate, in this colony, should certainly have taught us to receive, without surprise, the intelligence of such an event; but having, on the other hand, the knowledge of the singular success with which Colonel Denham had encountered all the rigours of a life in Africa, when on his travels to and from the city of Bornou, in the interior, during a period of more than three years; considering the experience and confidence in himself which he had thereby attained; and, above all, that, during a residence of eighteen months at Sierra Leone, in the exercise of very arduous duties, he had felt scarcely any ill effects, we had indulged a sanguine hope that he would have been spared to fulfil the wishes of the government and the country for the improvement of this ill-fated place—an object which he had deeply at heart, and which, for the reasons we have stated, there was room to believe he was destined to accomplish.

His appointment to the government had given great satisfaction to all ranks of persons, and the highest hopes were entertained that a new era was about to commence in the colony; for, although so very short a period had elapsed since his entering upon his duties as governor, he had, among other sound and judicious regulations, taken measures for inviting the native chiefs of the surrounding kingdoms to come down to the seat of government to trade—to promote the interchange of good offices between them and the people—and for the establishment of savings-banks among the inhabitants of Free Town.

Colonel Denham was a native of London, and only in his *forty-third* year; and, if to promote the cultivation of the human understanding—to extend the benefits of civilization—to rescue our fellow-creatures from the depths of human suffering, and restore the slave to freedom—be more glorious than the mere strife of conquest, and the acquisition or overthrow of human power, then will his death shed a brighter lustre on his name, than if he had fallen on the plains of Waterloo!

He thought of his home, of the days of his youth,
  Of the friends who had loved him, and those who'd deceived;
And the soft, mournful words which he now felt were truth,
  That at parting *she* spoke who his absence still grieved.

'I have loved thee, fair Science—for thee I've immured
  My youth in the closet of wisdom,' he cried;
'For thee has my manhood all suffering endured,
  And for thee, on my tomb, be it said that I died.

My tomb!—but what tomb, save this waste, shall be mine?
  Yet to what Heaven wills be my spirit resigned!
Though no friend can witness my being's decline,
  Still my name shall be found in my works left behind.'

S. R. JACKSON.

*JUNE 1828.—EARTHQUAKE IN WALES.

The effect of an earthquake was severely felt by the inhabitants of Ishmael parish, about three miles from Milford, Pembrokeshire, and on part of the farm of Skerryback, occupied by Mr. William Whitton, and on the estate of the Rev. D. B. Allen. It commenced with a rumbling noise like distant thunder, and continued incessantly for about twenty minutes. A solid body of grey rock, adjacent to the Sandy Haven shore, and parallel with the sea opposite to the Stock Rock in Milford Harbour, was entirely rent asunder, and separated by the shock into a thousand pieces, throwing large masses of it to a considerable distance; the adjacent rocks, and part of the hill, on which there was a thriving plantation of timber overhanging, were separated from the main land by this dreadful convulsion of nature, and several of the trees split and torn up by the roots. The noise was terrific, and heard for many miles around. A cracking noise continued for some days in the rocks, as of the breaking of dry sticks.

*JUNE 1828.—PROFESSOR WOODHOUSE DIED,

Plumian Professor of Mathematics in Cambridge University, a Fellow of Caius College, and one of the members of the Royal Society. In 1820, he was elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics; and, on the death of Professor Vince, he succeeded to the Plumian Professorship. He was appointed by the University, in 1824, to conduct the observatory, then newly erected. Among the Professor's published works are—The Principles of Analytical Calculation, in 4to, in 1803; A Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, in 1809; A Treatise on Isoperimetrical Problems, in 1811; A Treatise on Astronomy, [illegible]2; several Papers in the Philosophical Transac[illegible]s, &c.

Astronomical Occurrences

In JUNE 1829.

To the POLE STAR.

[By Robert Millhouse.]

Chief amidst northern orbs! that dost remain
Steadfast, like Him who hung thy lamp on high,
To guide benighted barks o'er Ocean's plain,
And point to Constancy the lover's eye.
Let Friendship mark thy shrine in yonder sky,
And shrink from breach of faith,—the fickle wind
Of summer promises, which wreck the mind,
When wintry storms of penury howl by.
Oh, as thy moveless ray surveys mankind,
Thou haply dost behold a constant few,
But, ah! the rest are faithless and unkind,
A prowling, selfish, and misleading crew;
In Heaven's wide field thou hast not one compeer,
And worth like thine is solitary here.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Cancer at 8 m. after 6 in the evening of the 21st of this month, and he rises and sets during the same period as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

	Sun rises m.	after	sets m.	after
June 1st	33	3	7	8
6th	49	3	17	8
11th	45	3	15	8
16th	43	3	17	8
21st	43	3	17	8
26th	44	3	16	8

Equation of Time.

Apparent time, corrected by the quantities in the following Table, gives the mean time corresponding to the same epoch.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

Day	Date		m.	s.
Monday	June 1st	from the time by the dial *sub.*	2	35
Saturday	6th		1	45
Thursday	11th		0	49
Tuesday	16th	to the time by the dial *add*	0	13
Sunday	21st		1	17
Friday	26th		2	21

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon.... 1st day, at 49 m. after 5 in the afternoon
First Quarter.. 9th.........23......... 1 ....
Full Moon.....17th.........15......... 6 in the morning
Last Quarter .. 23d ....27.......... midnight.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following transits of the Moon will afford opportunities for observation, if the atmosphere be clear in that direction at the several times: *viz.*

June 9th, at 14 m. after 6 in the evening
10th .. 56 ...... 6 ....
11th .. 39 ...... 7 ....
12th .. 24 ...... 8 ....
13th .. 10 ...... 9 ....
14th .. 0 ......10 ....
15th .. 52 ......10 ....
16th .. 46 ......11 ....
22d .. 25 ...... 4 in the morning
23d .. 18 ...... 5 ....
24th .. 9 ...... 6 ....
25th .. 0 ...... 7 ....
26th .. 52 ...... 7 ....
27th .. 44 ...... 8 ....

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

Venus is still at so great a distance from the earth as to appear very faint, though nearly wholly illuminated. The proportion of her phases is,

June 1st { Illuminated part = 11·98191
{ Dark part....... = 0·01809

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The following are the eclipses of the first and second of these small bodies that will be visible this month, and our youthful readers will bear in mind that they are recorded in mean time at the first meridian.

Emersions.

First Satellite... 3d day, at 0 m. 4 s. after midnight
11th ...... 54 .. 37 ...... 1 in the morning
19th ...... 17 .. 56 ......10 at night
27th ...... 12 .. 43 ...... 0 in the morning
Second Satellite, 5th ...... 6 .. 42 ...... 1 ....
29th ...... 8 .. 12 ......10 at night

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

June 6th, with 2α in Cancer ... at 10 in the morning
14th .... γ .. Libra....... 8 in the evening
19th .... β .. Capricorn... 7 ....
28th ....1ϑ .. Taurus ..... 1 in the afternoon
28th ....2ϑ .. Taurus ...... 2 ....
28th .... α .. Taurus...... 7 in the evening

Other Phenomena.

Jupiter will be in opposition at a quarter past 5 in the morning of the 1st of this month. Mercury and Mars will be in conjunction with each other at 5 in the morning of the 5th. Mercury will also attain his greatest elongation on the 8th, and be stationary on the 22d.

Remarkable DOUBLE STARS *in the* SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

Mr. James Dunlop communicated to the Astronomical Society, on the 9th of May last, a valuable memoir on the approximate places of double stars in the southern hemisphere for 1827, as observed at Paramatta. The following are a few of the most remarkable:

α *Crucis.* This double star resembles *Castor* both in the magnitude of the two stars, and in their mutual distance.

α *Centauri.* This star consists of one of the *first* magnitude accompanied by one of the *fourth*,—a combination which does not occur in our hemisphere. Their distance is about 20″.

1κ *Argus.* This star consists of stars of the *sixth* and *eighth* magnitudes, the large star being *blue*, and the small one dusky *red*. This is the only instance known of a combination of two considerably bright stars differing decidedly in magnitude, where a marked excess of the less refrangible rays appear in the light of the smaller star, and of the more refrangible rays in the larger one. Its right ascension is $8^h\ 4^m$, and its declination 42° 7′ south.

Another double star, unnamed, has a deep red purple colour, which occurs also in our hemisphere. It is of the seventh magnitude, and is situated in right ascension $1^h\ 19^m\ 43^s$, and declination 33° 31′ south.—See *Phil. Mag., July* 1828.

The SUNBEAM.

[By Felicia Hemans.]

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles—
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array:
Thou brakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;—
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-isle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven!

The Naturalist's Diary

For JUNE 1829.

At this sweet time, the glory of the spring,
Young verdurous JUNE's delightful opening;
When leaves are loveliest, and young fruits and flowers
Fear not the frosts of May's uncertain hours;
Rich, rife, luxuriant, yet with tenderest hues,
Waves the full foliage; and with morning dews,
And showers that gush down from the radiant skies,
To bring below the air of Paradise,
Awakening freshest fragrance as they pass;
There is a peerless greenness on the grass,
Yet somewhat darkened with the loftier swell,
And purple tinge, of spike and pannicle;
While vivid is the gleam of distant corn,
And long and merry are the songs of morn;
'Tis wise to let the touch of nature thrill
Through the full heart; 'tis wise to take your fill
Of all she brings, and gently to give way
To what within your soul she seems to say:
'The world grows rich in beauty and in bliss;
Past springs were welcome, none so much as this.'

Howitt's Forest Minstrel.

SUPPOSING the weather to have been mild and favourable to vegetation, the flower-garden is in all its glory at the commencement of June; and nothing can be more delightful than to observe the almost countless varieties which grace the parterre of Flora at this season. Among the various ornaments of the garden, 'THE ROSE,' that queen of flowers, stands pre-eminent. The *Austrian* rose blossoms in the early part of the month, as does also the Chinese rose: these are followed by the common garden rose, the single yellow rose, and the white rose; last of all comes that loveliest of floral attractions,—the 'MOSS ROSE'.

They may talk of their flowers, and the crimson that blushes,
The Queen of the garden, the *rose* on its tree;—
But while I'm possessed of thy innocent blushes,
I care for none else—they're the roses for me.

They may talk of their diamond, that beams in the mine—
It sparkling, and glowing, and brilliant may be;
But while thy dear eyes with benevolence shine,
I care for none else—they're the diamonds for me.

They may talk, if they will, of their Venus, resplendent
With beauty and life, as she sprang from the sea;
They may talk of the cestus, her graceful attendant—
But love is the cestus that binds me to thee.

MARY ANNE BROWNE.

Marigolds, and *pæonies*, and roses, including the *guelder-rose*, with its balls of dazzling whiteness, now display their beauties. The Star of Bethlehem shines in all its splendour, and pinks and sweet-william add their pretty colours: the panicled *lychnidea* and red valerian ornament our gardens at this period, the delicate lilac of the one forming a pleasing contrast with the rich crimson of the other. The blossoms of the sweet-brier are now open: the white lily, and the flower-de-luce, or *iris*, with its splendid floscules and curiously-formed pistils, shine in the garden. The forget-me-not *(Myosotis palustris)* also flowers in June, and throughout the summer.

In this month, the gum-cistus tribe shed daily their abundant flowers, covering the ground with their delicate blossoms. The fragrant honeysuckle gives out its charming perfume.

I dearly loved a garden-flower,
Which near my summer casement grew;
Of all that dwell in field or bower,
None half so sweet I ever knew!
Many a time, with fond delight,
I've bent its faultless form above,
And kissed its leaves, and deemed it might
Still bloom for me, and be my love.

The autumn winds blew high, and bore
My fairest from my sight away;
I mourned it's fate an hour or more,
Then gave my heart to other sway.
A bird with an enchanting note,
The minstrel of an orange grove,
Became my captive, and I thought
He'd live and share a maiden's love.

But one night to my window came
The tinkle of a soft guitar,
And tones that hung upon my name—
My bird's notes were less pleasant far!

I gave the warbler leave to go,
In freedom, to his native grove,
And sighed, 'Poor thing! ah, now I know,
Thou wert not meant to be my love!' W. KENNEDY.

One of the most interesting insects in June, is, in its perfect state, the *angler's may-fly*.



Sir H. Davy, in his *Salmonia*, gives an interesting account of water-flies. Even in *December* and *January* there are a few small gnats, or water-flies, on the water in the middle of the day, in bright days, or when there is sunshine. These are generally black, and they escape the influence of the frost by the effects of light on their black bodies, and probably by the extreme rapidity of the motions of their fluids, and generally of their organs. They are found only at the surface of the water, where the temperature must be above the freezing point. In *February*, a few double-winged water-flies, which swim down the stream, are usually found in the middle of the day, such as the willow-fly; and the cow-dung-fly is sometimes carried on the water by winds. In *March* there are several flies found on most rivers. The grannam, or green-tail-fly, with a wing like a moth, comes on generally morning and evening, from five till eight o'clock, A.M. in mild weather, in the end of March and through *April*. Then there are the blue and the brown, both ephemeræ, which come on, the first in dark days, the second in bright days; these flies, when well imitated, are very destructive to fish. The first is a small fly, with a palish yellow body, and slender, beautiful wings, which rest on the back as it floats down the water. The second, called the *cob* in Wales, is three or four times as large, and has brown wings, which likewise protrude from the back, and its wings are shaded like those of a partridge, brown and yellow-

brown. These three kinds of flies lay their eggs in the water, which produce larvæ that remain in the state of worms, feeding and breathing in the water till they are prepared for their metamorphosis, and quit the bottoms of the rivers, and the mud and stones, for the surface and light and air. The brown fly usually disappears before the end of April, likewise the grannam; but of the blue dun there is a succession of different tints, or species, or varieties, which appear in the middle of the day all the summer and autumn long. These are the principal flies on the Wandle, the best and clearest stream near London. In early spring, these flies have dark olive bodies; in the end of April and the beginning of May they are found yellow; and in the summer they become cinnamon-coloured; and again, as the winter approaches, gain a darker hue. I do not, however, mean to say that they are the same flies, but more probably successive generations of ephemeræ of the same species. The excess of heat seems as unfavourable as the excess of cold to the existence of the smaller species of water-insects, which, during the intensity of sunshine, seldom appear in summer, but rise morning and evening only. The blue dun has, in *June* and July, a yellow body; and there is a water-fly which, in the evening, is generally found before the moths appear, called the *red spinner*. Towards the end of August, the ephemeræ appear again in the middle of the day—a very pale, small ephemera, which is of the same colour as that which is seen in some rivers in the beginning of July. In September and October, this kind of fly is found with an olive body, and it becomes darker in October, and paler in November. There are two other flies which appear in the end of September and continue during October, if the weather be mild; a large yellow fly, with a fleshy body, and wings like a moth; and a small fly with four wings, with a dark or claret-coloured body, that when it falls on the water has its wings, like the great yellow fly, flat on its back. This, or a claret-bodied fly, very similar in character, may be likewise found in March or April, on some waters.

The Little Angler.

[By Mrs. C. C. Richardson.]

The summer morn was shining bright,
  Inclining me to roam;
Birds, trees, and sweet perfume invite
  To ramble far from home.

At play, beside the dingle brook,
  An urchin troop I spied;
A thread and pin, his line and hook,
  One tiny angler tried,

With ever-baffled toil, to wile
  The craftier minnow race,—
Fair, curly haired, blue-eyed, a smile
  Still winnowing o'er his face.

Playmates were jeering him,—but no!
He would not be subdued;
I watched him long,—'twas time to go—
My wanderings were pursued

Full many a mile. The sun was high
When I this path retraced;
There stood the little fisher-boy,
Just where I left him placed.

Still, every throw fresh hope supplied,
And still the eager eye
Followed each ripple of the tide,
And still the prey shot by.

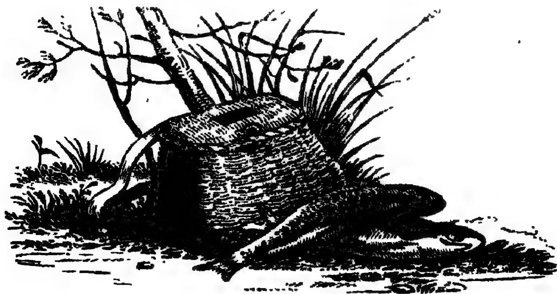
The gazer o'er that woodland scene
Could rest upon no spot
Where Nature's most enchanting sheen
Of loveliness was not;

But eye, thought, fancy, all were spelled
By that fair boy alone,
Still standing where I last beheld,
His every playmate gone;

His minnow chase, his flashing smile,
Hopes baffled, ever new;
The ardour of his fruitless toil—
A faithful portrait drew.

' 'Twas pretty though 'twas sad' to see
How artlessly he *played*
His future youth's sure history—
But deeper musing swayed:

Four years he scarce had numbered; Boy!
So persevering now,
Will good or ill that *Will* employ
When manhood shades thy brow?



Almost innumerable insects are to be seen in this and the succeeding month. In June we may observe the golden-green beetle; various kinds of flies; the cuckoo-spit insect, and the stag-beetle. The several species of the *gadfly* make their appearance in this month. The larvæ of the dragon-fly (*Libellula*), after a two years' submersion in stagnant water, ascend the stalks of plants and burst their shells.

The numerous species of *Aphides* are now found on many plants, bearing an appropriate name from each. Those which infest the *rose-tree* and *bean* are possibly most under observation. One is green, and scarcely distinguished from the colour of the young leaves; the other is black.

Tadpoles are now to be seen, in great swarms, in ponds and ditches. It is amusing to put a few of these in a basin or glass, and watch their transformations. When they first emerge from the frog-spawn, they look like little fish with great heads and long tails. Legs, after a little time, make their appearance; the tails fall off, and then the young frogs forsake the water, and leap about.

Clover is now in blossom, and regales our olfactory senses with its delightful fragrance. The sweet-scented vernal grass (*Anthoxanthum odoratum*), which is the cause of the very delightful scent in hay, flowers also in this month, and diffuses its fragrance through the country. About the beginning of June, the pimpernel, thyme, the bitter-sweet nightshade, white bryony, and the dog-rose, have their flowers full blown. The *poppy* is now in flower.—See an account of *opium* in T. T. for 1828, pp. 160-161.

The foxglove, which produces a beautiful flower, blossoms in this month as well as in the next. The elder tree is in flower.

The several kinds of corn come into ear and flower in June, as well as most of the numerous species of *grasses*.

Preserving Specimens of Plants.—Let the specimens be gathered, if possible, when quite dry, and never, on any account, put in water, with a view to keep them fresh, after they are gathered, and previously to their being pressed between paper; a practice which would tend to increase the quantity of moisture in the plants, and, consequently, add to the difficulty of drying them. Then take some leaves of coarse blotting-paper, the more bibulous the better, and heat them at the fire, till they become as hot as they can be made without scorching them. Place the specimens separately between two of these leaves so heated; lay them between boards or other flat surfaces, and press them with a heavy weight. This process of heating the paper, and shifting the specimens, should be often repeated,—twice, or, at least, once a day, till the juices of the plant are evaporated. In this manner the specimens, if not very robust or succulent ones, will generally be sufficiently dried in the course of a week, or even in less time. The advantages of this method are, not only that the specimens will be thoroughly dried in a short time, and therefore will be less liable to become mouldy or to decay, but also that they will generally retain the colour, both of the flowers and leaves, much more perfectly than when preserved by means of a slower process, and without the aid of artificial heat. A few years ago, a Swiss botanist, of the name of Thomas, visited this country, bringing over with him extensive collections of dried alpine plants for sale: that eminent naturalist A. H. Haworth, Esq., was so struck with the beauty of these specimens, many of which retained the vividness of their colours almost as perfectly as when they were in a living state, that he was induced to ask M. Thomas what means he adopted in their preservation. Without making any mystery of the art, M. Thomas readily communicated to him the above-mentioned process of heating the paper.—Communicated by the Rev. W. T. Bree to the *Magazine of Natural History*, No. 3.

In the months of *June*, *July*, and *August*, the Entomologist will find full employment in the woods. Most of the butterflies are taken in these months, flying abroad in the day-time only: moths will be found flying at break of day, and at twilight in the evening. The taking of them is termed MOTHING, and should be well followed up during the summer season. Many of the rarer *Lepidoptera* are never found but at these times.—See *Samouelle's Introduction to British Entomology*, and T. T. for 1826, pp. 169-171.



The fern-owl may be seen about the middle of the month, in the evening, among the branches of oaks, in pursuit of its favourite repast, the fern-chaffer. —It may not, probably, be generally known to naturalists, that the common brown owl is in the habit, occasionally at least, of feeding its young with *live fish;* a fact which has been ascertained beyond doubt. Some years since, several young owls were taken from the nest, and placed in a yew tree in a garden: in this situation the parent birds repeatedly brought them live fish (bull-heads and loch, or loach) which had doubtless been procured from the neighbouring brook, in which these species abound. The same fish, either whole or in fragments, was also lying under the trees on which the young owls were observed to perch after they had left the nest, and where the old birds were accustomed to feed them.

A singular species of owl, the *Coquimbo owl,* is mentioned by Captain Head as found all over the plains of the Pampas. Like rabbits, they live in holes, which are in groups in every direction, and which make galloping over these plains very dangerous. These animals are never observed in the day; but as

soon as the lower limb of the sun reaches the horizon, they are seen issuing from their holes in all directions, which are scattered in groups, like little villages, all over the Pampas. The biscachos, when full-grown, are nearly as large as badgers, but their head resembles a rabbit's, except that they have large bushy whiskers. In the evening, they sit outside their holes, and they all appear to be moralising. They are most serious-looking animals; and even the young ones are grey-headed, have mustachios, and look thoughtful and grave. In the day-time, their holes are always guarded by two little owls, who are never an instant away from their posts. As one gallops by these owls they always stand looking at the stranger, and then at each other, moving their old-fashioned heads in a manner which is quite ridiculous, until one rushes by them, when fear gets the better of their dignified looks, and they both run into the biscacho's hole.—See a beautiful figure of this bird in the *Magazine of Natural History*.

The *hay-harvest* commences about the end of the month, in the southern and midland parts of the kingdom.

> The mower now, at morning blythe,
> Sweeps o'er the mead till night's reprieve;
> Thick falls the swath before his scythe,
> And withering scents the dewy eve.

About this time, birds cease their notes. The rural ceremony of *sheep-shearing* usually takes place in June, and was formerly celebrated with much innocent pastime.—See our former volumes.

> Seek he who will in grandeur to be blest,
> Place in proud halls, and splendid courts, his joy;
> For pleasure or for gold his arts employ,
> Whilst all his hours unnumbered cares molest,—
> *A little field, in native flow'rets drest,*—
> A riv'let in soft murmurs gliding by,—
> A bird, whose love-sick note salutes the sky,
> With sweeter magic lull my cares to rest.

And shadowy woods, and rocks, and tow'ring hills,
And caves obscure, and nature's free born train

* *

Each in my mind some gentle thoughts instils;

* *

Ah, gentle thoughts! soon lost the city cares among.

Roscoe's Lorenzo.

In the *Magazine of Natural History* we find the following notes for June 1828.—Wheat came into flower on the 16th, the white lily on the 22d, and the evening primrose on the 28th.—Young wasps appeared on the 20th; the geometric-web-making spider on the 25th. About the same time the little moths, the larva of which had been so destructive to the foliage of many plants, particularly apple trees and white-thorn hedges, came forth from their chrysalis state. They proved to be the *Phalæna pyralis* of Linnæus, and very much resembled the common small moth so destructive to woollen garments and house furniture. The eggs of these insects, it is probable, were deposited on the branches, near the buds, in the preceding autumn, or early during the very mild spring.

Poetical Pictures in June.

Morning.

When to my fevered brain, the long drear night
No balm hath brought, and restless, and alone,
I've paced the shrouded fields, till glittering bright
From yon green mountain's brink the fresh day shone;
How have I joyed to mark the hoary tower
Unfolding slowly 'neath the morning beams
Its misty mantle grey!—In such an hour,
To Contemplation's eye, fair Nature seems
Most holy,—and the troubled heart is still.
The vocal grove, the sky-reflecting lake,
The cheerful plain, and softly-shadowed hill,
To loftier dreams are ministrant, and wake
Unutterable love for this fair Earth,
And silent bliss, more exquisite than mirth!

D. L. RICHARDSON.

Nineveh at Sunset.

On Nineveh's proud towers the sinking sun
In cloudless splendour looks, nor through the earth
Like glory doth behold. In golden light
Magnificent the mighty city stands,
Empress of nations.

* *

The flaming orb descends: his light is quenched:
The golden splendours from the walls are fled.
Even so thy glories, mighty Nineveh!
Shall darken, and impenetrable night,
On which no morn must rise, envelope thee!

But joyous is the stirring city now:
The moon is clear,—the stars are coming forth,—
The evening breeze fans pleasantly. Retired
Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's king
Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels delighted. On the gilded roof
A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,
And on the marble walls, and on the throne
Gem-bossed, that, high on jasper steps upraised,
Like to one solid diamond quivering stands,
Sun-splendours flashing round.

* *

All rarest flowers,
Bright-hued and fragrant, in the brilliant light
Bloom as in sunshine: like a mountain stream
Amid the silence of the dewy eve
Heard by the lonely traveller through the vale,
With dream-like murmuring melodious,
In diamond showers a crystal fountain falls.
All fruits delicious, and of every clime,
Beauteous to sight, and odoriferous,
Invite the taste.

Methinks the westering sun shines cooler in the garden—that the shades are somewhat deepened—that the birds are not hopping round our head, as they did some hour ago—that in their afternoon siesta they are mute. Another set of insects are in the air. The flowers, that erewhile were broad and bright awake, with slumbering eyne are now hanging down their heads; and those that erewhile seemed

to slumber, have awoke from their day-dreams, and look almost as if they were going to speak. Have you a language of your own—dear creatures—for we know that ye have loves?—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

But chief when summer twilight mild
Drew her dim curtain o'er the wild,
I loved, beside that ruin grey,
To watch the dying gleam of day.
And though, perchance, with secret dread,
I heard the bat flit round my head,
While winds, that waved the long lank grass,
With sound unearthly seemed to pass;
Yet with a pleasing horror fell
Upon my heart the thrilling spell;
For all that met the eye or ear
Was still so pure and peaceful here,
I deemed no evil might intrude
Within the saintly solitude.
Still vivid memory can recall
The figure of each shattered wall;
The aged trees, all hoar with moss,
Low bending o'er the circling fosse;
The rushing of the mountain flood;
The cushat's cooing in the wood;
The rooks that o'er the turrets sail;
The lonely curlew's distant wail;
The flocks that high on Hounam rest;
The glories of the glowing west.

PRINGLE.

Evening.

But noon's subduing heat and glare
Have melted to a milder air;
And oh! there comes, so calm and boon,
The eve—the Paradise of JUNE.
Past is the glare—but there is still
A light and glow on dale and hill,
Vivid, yet mild and full of grace,
Shining out like an angel's face.
Freed from the sultry thrall of day,
The glad eye revels far away;
All round is bright—and you may see
Green hill and river, tower and tree,
One wide, fair scene of beauteous rest,
Brilliant and sweet, and calm and blest.

All there is peace, and you may hear
Each softened sound distinct and clear:
The wood-gate's clap, the peasant's lay,
The low of herds, the mastiff's bay,
And the rich blackbird's strains, that swell
Each sunset from the neighbouring dell.

Who has not wandered to inhale
Fragrance, and dew, and living gale,
As the far wood's luxuriant waves
Of green the sun's last radiance laves;
And villagers sit at their doors
Beneath the towering sycamores;
And hum the chaffer's ruddy wings?
And sweet are lovers' loiterings
On by the park pales' silvery moss,
Where listening hares the footpath cross;
And partridges, met in the glen,
Are racing swiftly back again;
And from the far heath, drear and still,
Pipes the lone curlew, wild and shrill;
And darker glooms the forest glade;
And heaven's pale gleams yet fainter fade;
Till silence only hears awake
The hoarse, quaint whisperings of the crake.

Howitt's Forest Minstrel.



JULY.

THIS month received the name of *Julius*, in memory of Julius Cæsar, who was born on the 12th of July. The sign for it is *Leo*.

Remarkable Days

In JULY 1829.

2.—VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

THIS festival was instituted by Pope Urban VI, to commemorate the visit of the Virgin Mary to the mother of John the Baptist.

*2. 1820.—CEREMONY OF A NUN TAKING THE VEIL AT ORVIETO.

We have been present (says the author of Three Years' Residence in Italy) at the ceremony of a nun taking the black veil; but did not see her, or understand a word of what was going on, though we were pleased with the sounds of the nuns' voices proceeding from the place where she now professed to be dead to the world, and lay hidden under that funeral cloth, which, as we were told, is to be her covering when laid on her last bed. The epistle for this day is taken from the fifth Galatians, '*The world is crucified to me, and I unto the world.*' The bishop officiated in gold brocaded robes, and a young priest, kneeling before him, supported a large heavy book: the sermon was addressed to the *miscredenti;* we suppose for our sakes. After the ceremony the usual signal of firing of guns was given; and we went to the convent door to see the newly professed nun. She advanced towards us dressed in black, with a silver crown on her head, attended by two little girls with chaplets of flowers, and with expanded wings made of pasteboard fixed to their shoulders, to represent those ministering spirits who watch around the children of God.

3.—DOG DAYS BEGIN.

By *dog days* the ancients meant a certain number of days, about forty, some before and some after the heliacal rising of *Canicula*, or the dog star, in the morning. With us, it simply implies the hottest part of the year, which, in this country, is usually thought to be from July 3d to August 11th.

4.—TRANSLATION OF SAINT MARTIN.

This day was appointed to celebrate the removal of St. Martin's bones from a common grave to a splendid tomb. On the *translation of relics*, see T.T. for 1827, p. 234.

7.—THOMAS A BECKET.

This haughty prelate was born in London, in the year 1119, and was the son of Gilbert, a merchant, and Matilda, a Saracen lady, who is said to have fallen in love with him when he was a prisoner to her father in Jerusalem. The following account of the tomb of Sir William de Tracey, one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, first appeared in the 'Mirror:'—

This tomb, unknown to the world, and hidden in obscurity, is situated in the small parish church of Morthoe, on the romantic cliffs of the bay of that name in the north of Devon. The inhabitants of that part of the country, which is rugged and mountainous, are a wild and uncultivated people; and the only tradition they have among themselves concerning the tomb, is, that this Tracey was a monstrous giant in his day, and was the lord of all the country round. In the parish, situated near the bay of Mort, is a large valley, which is, to this day, called Willacombe Tracey, and an immense estate adjoining is denominated Willacombe, or William's Combe, as the word *Combe* is very common in Devonshire, and is a name given to every *valley*. It is also to be observed, that, instead of William de Tracey, they say the giant's name was Willacombe Tracey.

The parish church of Morthoe is very ancient, and the tomb of De Tracey, though it has been very ill-treated, is yet more perfect than might have been expected. There is a thick slab on the top of the vault, surrounded with Saxon letters, nearly all illegible from their being chipped and broken off. A full-length figure of De Tracey himself is engraved on the slab, cut in as if with a chisel, representing him in robes, and holding a cup or chalice in

his hands. All around the vault, are various pieces of sculpture, such as nuns, the crucifixion, &c., together with his arms. About fifty years ago, the curate of the parish and a gentleman who came from London opened the tomb secretly, and took away the skull and principal bones of the body, some of which were very large. The armour, shield, and sword of De Tracey were purloined at the same time. The country around is very mountainous and romantic. There are three monasteries in the neighbourhood, all of which are said to have been built by De Tracey to expiate his crime.

*10. 1828.—Public Printing.

The above is the date of a Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on printing done for the House. We have introduced this memorial for the purpose of recording the labours of an old and meritorious servant of the public, LUKE HANSARD, Esq., now in his seventy-ninth year. And we do this because we think that the integrity, the skill, and the industry of this eminent printer deserve to be registered in a more permanent volume than a Report printed by order of the House of Commons--which is perused, perhaps, by only a small portion of the members—scarcely seen by the public, and afterwards consigned to the unmerited oblivion of Messrs. Hansards' vast repositories of public documents[1]. After the many paltry, vexatious, and unprincipled attempts that have been made to rob these gentlemen of their well-earned fame, and to deprive them of the means of supporting themselves and their numerous families by honourable and active exertion, as public servants—we consider it but an act of mere justice to occupy a page or two of our volume with some account of the typographical progress of Mr. Luke Hansard, senior; and to hold

[1] There are more than *twelve thousand* various sets of papers deposited in *seven* different warehouses; and so deposited, that the destruction of no one warehouse could consume *all* the copies of any one printed paper. These documents, many of them of the utmost value and importance, are all *classed* and *catalogued*, and are supplied, on a very short notice, to members of parliament, whenever they may have occasion for them.

it up to our readers as one of the many instances of that success in life, which never fails to attend those who unite *principle* with *talent* and *industry*, and who, at the commencement of their career, choose for their motto the emphatic sentence—'*Probitas verus honos.*' The following sketch is extracted from the evidence of John Rickman, Esq., clerk-assistant to the House of Commons:—

Mr. Hansard has been employed in the service of the House of Commons from the year 1772, and came into the management of the printing business, as a partner of Mr. Hughs, in 1774, so that his experience is now of fifty-four years' standing; and it will be found that his talents have not been suffered to lie dormant for many days during that long period. For half this time, nearly twenty-seven years, I have been the principal channel of communication with him on all occasions which have called for the Speaker's personal attention to this department; and if I have contracted a long habit of esteem for Mr. Hansard's liberal character, and admiration of his industry and acuteness, I trust I shall be able to show that he has not earned my friendship and goodwill too cheaply.

Half a century ago, the printing of the House of Commons was comparatively of small extent, and the types of the printer were oftener employed in the service of booksellers and of authors than at present. Mr. Hansard, early in his career, was employed by Mr. Orme in printing his *History of India;* and from personally attending that gentleman, and assisting him in the correction of the proofs and revises, he gained a competent knowledge of Indian affairs, which afterwards became highly useful to himself and to the public.

He had, previously, become acquainted with Mr. Burke in carrying through the press for him the early editions of his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful;* so that when Mr. Burke came into public life, and commenced his Indian inquiries at the House of Commons, he was highly pleased to see his humble friend again at hand, and soon found him his most useful assistant in discovering, among the mass of Indian papers (reluctantly furnished to the committee), such as were essential to his purpose, especially the various "Consultations" which developed the secrets of the then policy of our Indian empire. After this, Mr. Burke, of course, employed Mr. Hansard in printing his *Essay on the French Revolution;* and the large and reiterated impressions were carried through the press with a facility that called forth Mr. Burke's warm commendations.

Dr. Johnson, when in connexion with Mr. Dodsley, preferred Mr. Hansard as his printer, whenever his services could be obtained;

who also carried the original edition of the *Hermes* through the press, greatly to the satisfaction of Dr. Harris. Mr. Bryant presented Mr. Hansard with a copy of his work, in token of satisfaction in his manner of printing it; and PORSON pronounced him to be the most accurate of Greek printers. Mr. Hansard was, in consequence, employed to print the Port Royal Greek Grammar, Clark's Homer, and a few other works; but the influx of parliamentary business compelled him, in a great measure, to abandon the printing of classical works.

In public employment, Mr. Hansard first attracted Mr. Pitt's notice, when the latter, having drafted in his own hand-writing (which was not remarkably legible) the Report of the Secret Committee on the French Revolution, sent for the printer, and stated to him the pressure of the occasion, doubting, however, the possibility of his reading the manuscript; but the printer was accustomed to the hurried writing of great men, and having read it to Mr. Pitt, immediately undertook to copy it himself for press; when a question of secresy and expedition arising, Mr. Hansard at once showed in what manner the first object was perfectly secure, and the more so among numerous workmen; and as for expedition, Mr. Pitt was astonished at receiving all the proof-sheets early the next morning, and was not slow in expressing his sense of this opportune service. The same thing happened in the case of the Report of 1794, on advancing Exchequer bills in relief of a commercial panic; when *expedition* was of the last importance for insuring full effect to the aid thus wisely and effectually afforded by a judicious government.

Mr. Hansard next distinguished himself in the service of the Finance Committee of 1796-7. In the next year, the Slave Trade was brought before the Privy Council, and the mass of matter printed at the suggestion of Mr. Wilberforce and Dr. Porteus (afterwards Bishop of London) was such, that three printers were employed, Mr. Hansard planning and distributing the whole.

After the Union with Ireland, the printing of the House of Commons increased rapidly, and Mr. Speaker Abbot (now Lord Colchester) duly appreciated the merit of Mr. Hansard, already well known to him as chairman of the Finance Committee of 1797; and near the close of his speakership, individually gave the following striking testimony of his good opinion of Mr. Hansard's conduct as printer to the House of Commons:— 'I cannot but repeat (he says, in a letter to Mr. Whittam), upon the present occasion, my admiration and approbation, in the most unqualified manner, of the laborious, accurate, and faithful manner in which Mr. Hansard discharges all the duties of which I am so constantly a witness, and in which he appears to me to combine every consideration of the strictest economy with a due regard to the best means of displaying his matter, by the most methodical arrangement, and the most distinct and perfect typographical execution.'

Mr. Hansard's occupation now became too incessant to admit of private printing, except such as could be procured in the dead time of the year, to keep his large establishment unbroken, in readiness for each ensuing session of parliament.

Among the combinations of workmen in the year 1805, the printing trade did not escape, and the standing order for the delivery of printed bills before their first reading, was deemed by the workmen a good opportunity to try an experiment of forcing a rise of wages in Mr. Hansard's printing office. The pressmen were put in front of the battle; twenty-four of them simultaneously left their work. Their master lost no time in seeking and finding unemployed men in the streets and stable-yards, and he was seen by more members of parliament than one in a working jacket, and, with his sons, instructing these new men by precept and example. In the year 1807, his compositors, a more instructed sort of workmen, to the number of thirty, insisted upon restraining the introduction of new hands by apprenticeship, and upon their right (as was till then too commonly acquiesced in) to print as they pleased, according to the manuscript furnished to them; that is, in a diffuse manner. In House of Commons tablework (accounts and columns), this last alleged privilege would have been peculiarly expensive to the public, and Mr. Hansard withstood it accordingly. His door was never again opened to the mutineers, and no degree of personal inconvenience was regarded until they were replaced from the country and other adventitious resources.

In short, from the beginning of Mr. Hansard's official life, he established this rule for his conduct—To spare no cost or personal labour in attempting to perform the important duty entrusted to him, BETTER, and CHEAPER, and MORE EXPEDITIOUSLY, than any other printing business is done in London.

Modern legislation even depends upon Mr. Hansard's exertions in printing and reprinting, with amendments and accuracy, the bills always pending in parliament, and always painfully urgent for dispatch, especially towards the end of each session. In fact, after having so long enjoyed the benefit of this man's wonderful activity, it is not conceivable how business could go on without him; certainly at a much slower rate, so that the House must always sit till August, or leave part of their business undone. But his two sons, James *and* Luke Graves Hansard, *are trained in the same course of business; and if even their father relaxes from his constitutional activity, or in case of his death (till when he will not willingly relax), they would give proof of the force of his precepts and of his example on them and on their numerous progeny.*

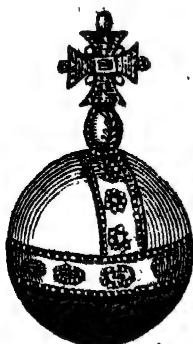
15.—SAINT SWITHIN.

Swithin flourished in the ninth century. He was appointed Bishop of Winchester in 852, and died in 863.



19. 1821.—KING GEORGE IV CROWNED.

The above Crown, with the following cuts constitute the principal *Regalia* used on this occasion.

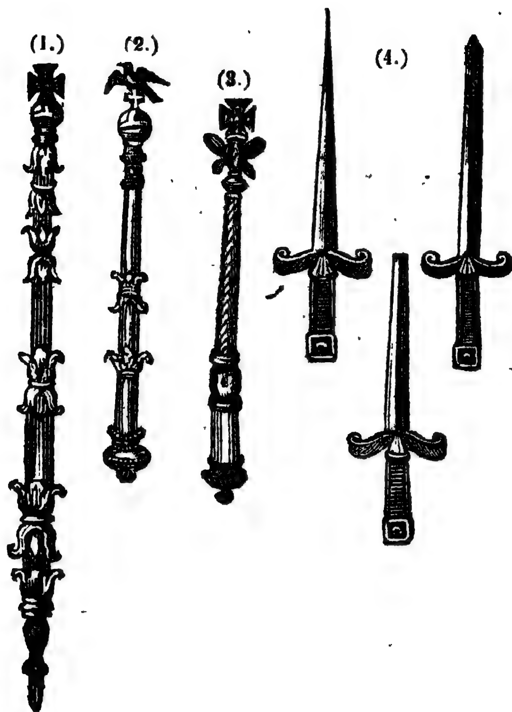


(1.)



(2.)

(1.) The orb, mound or globe, which is put into his Majesty's right hand, immediately before he is crowned, and which he bears in his left hand upon his return to Westminster Hall, is a ball of gold, six inches in diameter, encompassed with a fillet of gold, embellished with roses of diamonds, encircling other precious stones.—(2.) The King's coronation ring, is a plain gold ring, with a large table ruby violet, in which a plain cross of St. George is curiously enchased.



(1.) Saint Edward's staff, 4 feet 7½ inches in length, is a staff or sceptre of gold, with a pike of steel at the end, and a mound and cross at the top.—(2.) The king's sceptre with the dove, is of gold; in length, 3 feet 7 inches: it is ornamented with diamonds and precious stones.—(3.) The sceptre royal, is also of gold; it is 2 feet 9¼ inches in length, and is enriched with rubies, emeralds, and small diamonds.—(4.) Swords borne before the King.

Some interesting particulars of this august ceremony will be found in T.T. for 1822, pp. 194-206, and in T. T. for 1824, p. 191.

20.—SAINT MARGARET.

Margaret was born at Antioch. She was first tortured, and then beheaded, in the year 278.

***21. 1828.—HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY DIED.**

He was a branch of the ducal family of *Manners*, descendants from the sister of King Edward the Fourth; and was grandson to John, the eleventh Earl, and third Duke of Rutland. His father, Lord George Sutton—so called from a family alliance with Bridget, only daughter of Robert Sutton, Lord Lexington—married in the year 1749, Diana, daughter of Thomas Chaplain, of Blankley, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Esq. Charles, his fourth son, the subject of this sketch, was born on the 17th of February, 1755. He was educated at the Charter House, whence he removed to Emanuel College, Cambridge; where, in 1777, we find him one of the triposes, on which occasion he took the degree of A.B. He afterwards proceeded to D.D., and soon obtained ecclesiastical preferment. After holding several livings in succession, he was made Dean of Peterborough, in 1791. On the death of Dr. Horne, in 1792, he was elevated to the see of Norwich; when he relinquished his other livings, and, in lieu thereof, accepted the Deanery of Windsor. Dr. Sutton's residence at Windsor introduced him particularly to the late King, which led him to a just estimate of the merits of the new Dean. Dr. Sutton had married, as far back as the 3d of April, 1778, Mary, the daughter of Thomas Thorston, Esq.; and this lady was honoured with the friendship of her Majesty, Queen Charlotte. On the death of Dr. Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1805, there were *three* competitors to succeed him:—Dr. Tomline, supported by Mr. Pitt; Dr. Stuart, who claimed on a promise made to him when he accepted the see of Armagh; and Dr. Sutton, enjoying the especial favour of the King. His Majesty's *congé d'élire* having been issued, Dr. Sutton was duly *elected* on the 12th of February, and *confirmed* on the 21st, when he was also nominated a member of the Privy Council. Dr.

Sutton 'was a man of mild but imposing presence. His voice was full and tuneable; his elocution distinct and unaffected; his arguments well weighed; his words well chosen; his manner grave and simple; his learning accurate; his knowledge comprehensive; and his judgment sound. He spoke fluently and impressively on most subjects, even on those which might have appeared most averse from his general course of study.' He had a family of thirteen children, all of whom, with two exceptions, have been females. His eldest son, the RIGHT HON. CHARLES MANNERS SUTTON, is the Speaker of the House of Commons. His Grace's eldest daughter was married, in 1806, to the Rev. Hugh Percy, D.D. Bishop of Carlisle, the third son of Algernon, Earl of Beverley. His Grace's fourth daughter was married, in 1812, to the Rev. Dr. Croft, Archdeacon of Canterbury.

22.—MARY MAGDALEN.

This day was first dedicated to the memory of Mary Magdalen by Edward VI.

*24. 1827.—ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.

The following narrative of this ascent, which was performed by Mr. CHARLES FELLOWES and Mr. WM. HAWES, is detailed in a letter from Mr. Fellowes to a friend in London; and affords a vivid picture of the fatigues and dangers attending this perilous undertaking.

We arrived at Chamouni on the evening of the 23d of July. From this place we had long meditated an attempt to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, and, on our arrival, we lost no time in making known our intention to the head guides, in order to arrange for an immediate ascent. They tried to dissuade us from the undertaking, representing its extreme danger, and pointing out several of the guides, and others, who had, unfortunately, been much maimed by accidents, in similar attempts. They also strongly urged delay, wishing to observe the effect of the change of the moon on the weather, which was to take place the following morning; but, finding the barometer remained steady, and seeing every sign of a continuance of fine weather, we resolutely determined on our plan, and fixed eight o'clock next

morning for our departure; in the meantime, after some difficulty, we engaged nine guides to accompany us, with sufficient provisions for three days, and every requisite for the undertaking.

At half-past eight o'clock on the morning of the 24th of July we left Chamouni, amidst the good wishes, but gloomy countenances, of almost the whole of its inhabitants. Our provisions, &c. had been taken forward some time before, by men employed by the guides, as far as the commencement of the glaciers, in order that they might be less fatigued to begin their difficulties, with which several of them were acquainted. Our track lay for about a mile and a half along the valley, thence through a thick forest of pines, growing on the side of a steep rocky mountain, which we gradually ascended, occasionally passing along rugged paths, but a few inches in width, on the side of rocks rising perpendicularly above, and forming an abyss of several hundred feet below. At twelve o'clock we arrived at the foot of the Aiguille du Midi, about nine thousand feet above the valley, and within a few minutes' walk of the first glacier. We here sat down a party of twenty-two at dinner, and from this spot we afterwards started in the following order:—Two guides, tied together with a rope about fifteen feet long; two single guides with ropes in case of accident, and an axe, &c. for cutting the ice; two more guides, between whom I was tied, separated by a length of ten feet of rope: my friend was attended in a similar manner; and one man following, with ropes, brought up the rear. We had also a fine bold youth of eighteen, son of a guide, who requested to accompany us without pay, hoping, by his ascent, to commence with fame the profession of his fathers. Each guide had a knapsack laden with provisions, straw, fire-wood, saucepan for melting the snow, a blanket, &c. We all had batons (poles about seven feet long, with iron spikes at the end); our dress was adapted to a cold climate (although the day was intensely hot), cloth dresses and gaiters, thick shoes with spikes or large nails, fur gloves, large straw hats, and green spectacles or veils. Thus equipped and provided, we commenced the pass of the Glacier de Bosson, where we at once saw that our task would be less difficult than usual, but far more dangerous, in consequence of the unusually heavy snows of the last season having covered many of the crevices between the masses of ice, which formed, even now, a complete chaos around us, thus enabling us to pass over instead of descending and ascending these gulfs.

As we proceeded, we found that these bridges of snow were at times extremely thin and weak, which obliged us to vary our modes of crossing them, sometimes crawling on several of the poles laid together; at others lying down, keeping our bodies stiff, we were pulled over by our ropes. Notwithstanding these precautions, we at times fell through, and in one instance I was suspended, at my own request, for several minutes, to survey

the grandeur of the objects around me, which I will endeavour to describe. The crevices are, perhaps, a quarter of a mile long, running across the mountain, and are formed by layers or cliffs of ice from ten to twenty feet thick, each of which, on falling, forms an avalanche. The depth of these crevices is generally one hundred feet, and is only to be judged of by the darker shades of colour. The sides vary from the whiteness of snow to dark shades of blue and green, blended with the soft brilliancy of crystal reflection; while from many parts of the overhanging snow, icicles are suspended above ten feet in length, which add beauty to the grandeur of the whole.

After encountering, perhaps, less than the usual difficulties, at half past four in the afternoon, we reached the foot of the Grand Mulets, a pile of perpendicular pointed rocks rising about sixty feet out of the snow, bounding the upper part of the Glacier de Bosson, which from its peculiar situation, although apparently in the midst of avalanches, is perfectly safe from the danger usually attending them. Near the top of this point of rock is a flat surface, eight feet long, and four wide, which, with one about four feet square, on the adjoining and smaller rocks, called the Petit Mulets, formed our resting-places for the night. After a hearty meal, we retired to rest, being covered with a sheet, supported by our batons against the rocks. Some of the guides lay on our feet, others leaned against the rock to sleep, or sat up to attend the fire. The thermometer here was at twenty-five degrees of Fahrenheit—too cold an air to enjoy a long night, which was also disturbed by the frequent avalanches commencing close to us, resembling loud claps of thunder, and gradually dying into the distant sound of the roaring Arve, now scarcely audible. At half-past three o'clock we were glad to resume our labours, leaving behind all our luggage except a small portion of eatables, wine, lemonade, &c. We were now much struck with the intense dark blue colour of the sky, and the appearance of the stars, which, instead of seeming to be studded on the surface of the heavens, looked as if suspended at various distances, and greatly diminished in magnitude, being deprived of their misty rays occasioned by the dense atmosphere through which they are generally viewed.

After passing through several valleys of snow, intersected with the usual difficulties, we stood under a range of ice-cliffs, majestically rising above 200 feet above us—some overhanging our path, and threatening an immediate avalanche—all varying in situation, showing splendidly the light of the sun, which but a few minutes before had only tinged, with the most delicate pink, the summit to which we were slowly advancing. Passing this barrier, we arrived at the Grand Plateau, a valley at the foot of the Dome de Gouté, at half-past eight o'clock, where we found our progress, by the usual route, was impeded by the continual falling of the

ice: being determined, however, to proceed, we sent four guides forward to discover some new passage; and after breakfast, of which scarcely any of us partook—indeed, for the next 28 hours my only food was a few raisins—we lay down to sleep on the snow. In about an hour and a half we were awoke by our guides, who said they feared the four men in advance were lost, not having been seen for twenty minutes. From this state of alarm we were soon relieved by perceiving them, one by one, gain the summit of a crevice, in passing which they had experienced much difficulty. They gave us the signal to follow, and we started with nothing but a bottle of wine and one of lemonade. At this time we were about 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and began to feel the effect of the rarity of the air. We all had bad head-aches, which increased as we advanced; our veins appeared swollen, and our pulsation was strong and rapid.

This new pass, which lies to the left instead of the right, is so extremely steep, that we had to cut each step in the snow; the crevices were here less frequent, and, to the summit, our labour was very great, but with comparatively little danger. By this steep, but safe ascent, we avoided the great, and, in many instances, fatal dangers of the old pass, and also saved, in distance, about half a mile. We had now proceeded to within about 1,000 feet of the summit; several of our guides' noses began to bleed, and almost all spat blood. I also experienced the latter inconvenience, but my friend did not; our respiration was also much affected, being unable to walk more than six or eight steps without stopping to recover breath. On arriving at a small point of granite rock, which just appears above the snow, about three hundred feet from the highest point, we stopped to break off some small pieces, as relics, being the highest visible rock on the mountain. Here two of our guides seemed quite exhausted; they were very sick, and threw up a great quantity of blood. We most of us experienced indications of internal loss of blood; and our faces were much blistered, apparently from the reflection of the snow. The cold was intense; even the ropes with which we were tied were frozen quite stiff.

With slow steps and frequent rests (not from fatigue, but from difficulty of breathing), we reached the summit, at twenty minutes past two o'clock in the afternoon of the 25th of July, 1827. We now stood 15,665 feet above the level of the sea, and on the highest spot in Europe. We all assembled (excepting the two guides, who were ill, and did not arrive till we began to return), and, after congratulating each other, drank the general toast, 'Health to all below.' We were much favoured in the day; no clouds rose so high as where we were standing, and the whole country was cloudless, excepting the distant valleys of Italy, which appeared as if filled with wool. Clouds also seemed lying over the country between Marseilles and Lyons; all else was

beautifully clear, and lay as a map beneath; while nearer to us, for miles, we seemed surrounded with snow. The valley of Chamouni (the church and larger houses of Chamouni were visible); the whole lake of Geneva, except the neighbourhood of Lausanne, which was hidden by a mountain rising immediately from the lake; the Jura Mountains, Lake of Neufchatel, a series of Alps ranging into Italy, Mount Rosa, and lesser mountains interminable; the valley of Piedmont, and in every valley the silvery track of rivers. Of colours we saw but little variety: from the immense distance, the boasted green valleys were as the mountains that surrounded them. The summit of Mont Blanc I paced, and found it to be somewhat in the form of an egg, about 150 feet long and 50 wide—an inclined plane, the higher end towards Chamouni. We tried to sing, but the Swiss chant of the guides was even less harmonious than usual, owing to the want of vibratory power in the atmosphere. Birds, are unable to fly in this region—we saw none; but while at the top, *a Papilio flew with great rapidity over our heads, and we saw another in descending*[1]. The Italian side of Mont Blanc is quite inaccessible, being one Glacier from the summit to the valley. We were fortunate enough to hear an avalanche while at the top. it was heard for four minutes.

The descent, which we began at three o'clock, was so totally different to the ascent, that we forgot our past labours, and started with the spirit of a fresh undertaking. We were now only tied to one guide. The mode of travelling down the very deep sides of snow, is sitting behind our guide, with our legs round his body; he then raises his own feet from the snow, and we descend with incredible velocity, frequently seven hundred feet at a time. In this manner we soon again breathed a more suitable air, and entirely lost the unpleasant effects experienced above. Clouds, which had begun to rise from the eastern mountain, now encircled us, and we were in a snow storm which lasted nearly two hours, greatly increasing our danger, and preventing our seeing above twenty yards before us.

Arriving near the Grand Plateau, we heard the thunder of an avalanche close to us; we stood still, not knowing in what direction it was coming, but soon found, by the agitation of the snow and the bounding of a block of ice, that it was immediately before us. During the remainder of our journey to the Grand Mulet, we found the snow so soft, that at each step we sunk in above our knees, making us wet and cold, and on our arrival we found that the cloud in which we had been enveloped had extended to this region, and all our bedding, cloaks, &c.

[1] The insect alluded to was probably the *Bombyx Pavonia Major*, or a species nearly allied to it, and not a papilio.—G. S.

were as wet as ourselves. Seeing every prospect of an uncomfortable night, and that it was now only six o'clock, we proposed continuing our journey, and attempting to reach Chamouni by midnight; but on examining the route, we found that in our absence the whole surface of the mountain had been changed by the largest avalanche known for several years. To cut a new path at this time was impossible, so we reluctantly took up our quarters on the bare rock, where we had not lain long before a heavy rain commenced, and continued without intermission for several hours. I frequently squeezed the water from my cap, and found the silk tassel at the top frozen. In this state, of course sleeping was impossible, and I counted, during an hour and three quarters, seven avalanches. Our faces suffered extreme pain, owing to the cold. Long looked-for daylight at last appeared; and at half-past three o'clock, after having had some hot wine and water, we again started on our route towards the valley.

The difficulty and dangers we here experienced were far greater than any we had hitherto encountered: after many perils we descended to the foot of a cliff of ice, which hung over us; it was about 200 feet high, and in front of it was a deep crevice, down the sides of which we had to cut holes for hands and feet: this operation our guides said would take a quarter of an hour, and for this period we had to wait in a situation from which our oldest guides thought it probable we should never escape, and even *speaking* was prohibited, lest the vibration of the air should cause the impending avalanche to fall. Three times we heard cracks resembling the firing of a pistol: we exchanged looks, but I do not think a word was spoken. By slow and silent steps we descended, and in less than a quarter of an hour had escaped this awful spot; but after bearing to the left for about a quarter of a mile, we heard the fall of the cliff under which we had been standing. Without further difficulty we arrived again on the rock, and at the first Chalet, or cottage, left two of our guides, who in consequence of having reached the summit of the mountain an hour before us, and remaining there so long, were quite blind with a violent inflammation in the eyes, from which, however, they had nearly recovered the following day. We arrived at Chamouni about nine o'clock on the morning of the 27th of July, and were welcomed by tenfold its inhabitants: people from all quarters had been attracted to the spot by our adventure. Inquiry seemed as strongly depicted on every countenance as gloom had been when we left. We were presented with certificates of our ascent from the Syndic, which contained also the names of our guides, who deservedly rank high in their profession. We did not suffer in the least from fatigue, and in a few days our faces were well. We returned from this hazardous en-

terprise without the slightest accident. Thus we have overcome a difficulty—have seen one of the grandest features in the creation—have stood on the mountain snows whose imperceptible meltings form rivers of great magnitude: we have seen an almost unbounded view, and with the gratification these afforded we feel ourselves fully satisfied and amply repaid.

Both Mr. Fellowes and Mr. Hawes have printed accounts of their journey for circulation among their friends; but as neither of these can be purchased, we must refer our readers to a very interesting book, entitled a 'Narrative of an Ascent to Mont Blanc on the 8th and 9th of August, 1827, by John Auldjo, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge, with twenty plates.'

The following splendid and sublime description of Mont Blanc, and the descent of an *avalanche*, was written among the Alpine scenes it describes. It is copied from the *notes* to Mr. Wiffen's Julia Alpinula.

'Tis Night,—and Silence with unmoving wings
Broods o'er the sleeping waters; not a sound
Breaks its most breathless hush;—the sweet moon flings
Her pallid lustre on the hills around,
Turning the snows and ices that have crowned—
Since Chaos reigned—each vast and searchless height
To beryl, pearl, and silver;—whilst profound,
In the still waveless lake reflected bright,
And girt with arrowy rays, rests her full orb of light.

Th' eternal mountains momently are peering
Through the blue clouds that mantle them,—on high
Their glittering crests majestically rearing,
More like to children of the infinite sky
Than of the dædal earth:—triumphantly,—
Prince of the whirlwind—monarch of the scene—
Mightiest where all are mighty;—from the eye
Of mortal man half hidden by the screen
Of mist that moats his base from Arve's dark, deep ravine,

Stands the magnificent MONTBLANC!—his brow
Scarred by ten thousand thunders;—most sublime,
Even as though risen from the world below
To watch the progress of Decay;—by clime,—
Storm—blight—fire—earthquake injured not;—like Time,
Stern chronicler of centuries gone by,
Doomed by an awful fiat still to climb,

Swell, and increase with years incessantly[1],
Then yield at length to thee, most dread eternity!

Hark! there are sounds of tumult and commotion
Hurtling in murmurs on the distant air,
Like the wild music of a wind-lashed ocean!—
They rage, they gather now;—yon valley fair
Still sleeps in moonbright loveliness; but there,
Methinks a form of horror I behold
With giant stride descending! 'Tis Despair
Riding the rushing *avalanche*, now rolled
From its tall cliff—by whom? what mortal may unfold!

Perchance a gale from fervid Italy
Startled the air-hung thunderer;—or the tone
Breathed from some hunter's horn,—or it may be
The echoes of the mountain cataract, thrown
Amid its voiceful snows, have thus called down
The overwhelming ruin on the vale;
Howbeit a mystery to man unknown,
'Twas but some heaven-sent power that did prevail,
For an inscrutable end its slumbers to assail.

Madly it bursts along,—even as a river
That gathers strength in its most fierce career;
The black and lofty pines a moment quiver
Before its breath,—but as it draws more near
Crash—and are seen no more!—fleet-footed Fear,—
Pale as that white-robed minister of wrath,—
In silent wilderment her face doth rear,
But, having gazed upon its blight and scathe,
Flies with the wild chamois from its death-dooming path!

A. A. WATTS.

25.—SAINT JAMES.

St. James suffered martyrdom under Herod Agrippa in July 44.—For an account of *oyster-day*, see T.T. for 1827, p. 243.

26.—SAINT ANNE,

Mother of the Virgin Mary. Her festival was introduced by the Romish church.

*27. 1654.—REV. THOMAS GATAKER DIED.

This learned man was Lecturer of Lincoln's Inn, and Rector of Rotherhithe, in Surrey. The following epigrammatic composition, supposed to be Mr.

[1] The mountain, according to Saussure, continually increases in magnitude.

Gataker's, was found among his papers, and which the experienced Christian will well understand:—

I thirst for thirstiness; I weep for tears;
Well pleased I am to be displeased thus;
The only thing I fear is want of fears;
Suspecting, I am not suspicious;
I cannot choose but live, because I die;
And when I am not dead, how glad am I.

Yet when I am thus glad for sense of pain,
And careful am lest I should careless be,
Then do I grieve for being glad again,
And fear lest carelessness take care from me:
Amidst these restless thoughts, this rest I find,
For those who rest not here there's rest behind.

*29. 1828.—DR. CHARLES O'CONOR DIED.

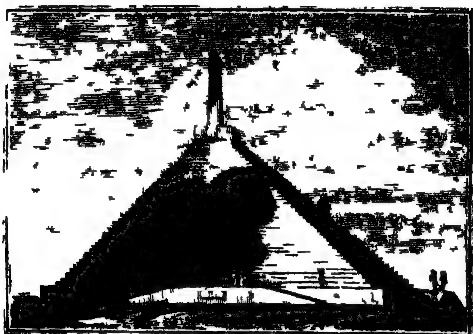
Dr. O'Conor was an Irishman, and brother to O'Conor Don, a title or distinction still preserved by the head of that clan or family. Like other young men of the time intended for the Roman Catholic priesthood, he was sent abroad to qualify himself for 'the vocation,' as it is termed, and passed a large portion of the early part of his life at Rome, of which place he always spoke with enthusiasm. It is a custom in Italy, on the admission of any individual into the Roman Catholic church, to forbid him the perusal of some particular work. O'Conor's obedience was tried on Macchiavelli's Principe. He returned to Ireland at the time of the French revolution, and was in Paris just after the downfal of Robespierre. His first introduction to the late Marquess of Buckingham, was for the purpose of arranging and translating the valuable collection of Irish manuscripts in his lordship's possession. He afterwards became domestic chaplain to Lady Buckingham; and on her death, in 1813, remained at Stowe as librarian. He was a man of mild and almost timid disposition, liked by every one who knew him, and of extensive information, which, however, it was always necessary to draw out. His manners were a curious compound of Italian and Irish. Although a strict Roman Catholic, he was extremely tolerant in all religious questions. Dr. O'Conor's publications are—Columbanus's Letters, with a Historical Address on the Calamities occasioned by Foreign Influence in the Nomination of Bishops to Irish Sees; 2 vols. 8vo, 1810, 1813.—Narrative of the most interesting Events in modern Irish History, 8vo, 1812.—Bibliotheca MS. Stowensis, 2 vols. 4to, Buckingham, 1818, 1819; which work possesses an excellent index, and is a respectable monument of Dr. O'Conor's extensive reading. His last and most important publication is entitled—Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres, in 4 thick vols. 4to, which was privately printed in Buckingham at the ex-

pense of the duke. The first volume appeared in 1814; the second, ten years after, in 1824, printed in some of the most beautiful Irish type ever cast; this was followed, in 1825 and 1826, by the third and fourth volumes. The whole of this extensive work is (except the Irish originals) in Latin. It contains an account of the MSS. written in Irish characters prior to the Danish settlements in Ireland, with fac-similes; of the antiquity of letters in Ireland, and of the Irish pagan year and rathas; of ancient Irish poems quoted by Tigernach in the 11th century; of eclipses recorded in the Irish chronicles, by which the years and successions of the Irish kings of Scotia and Albania are ascertained; Gildas Colman's Irish metrical list of Irish kings, down to the year 1072; an Irish metrical list of the Irish kings of Scotland, written about the year 1053, from the Maguire collection at Stowe, &c. The second volume is chiefly occupied with the Annals of Innisfallen; the third with the annals of the four Marters; and the fourth with the Ulster Annals.

*1828.—SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND DIED.

He was well known as an author, and a profound and elegant scholar. His first work, in 1794, was 'A Review of the Governments of Sparta and Athens,' large 8vo. At the close of 1795 he was returned to Parliament, on a vacancy in the representation of the borough of St. Mawes; and in the two following Parliaments, which met in 1796 and 1801, he sat for Lostwithiel. At the time of his second election, he was Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Naples. In 1798 he published, in 8vo, 'The Satires of Persius, translated;' which happened to appear about the same time as the translation of the same poet by Mr. Gifford, the late editor of 'The Quarterly Review.' In 1801, being Ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, Mr. Drummond was honoured with the order of the Crescent, which was confirmed by license in the London Gazette, Sept. 8, 1803. In 1805, Sir William published, in 4to, 'Academical Questions;' in 1810, in association with Robert Walpole, Esq. 'Herculanensia; or, Archæological and Philological Dissertations, containing a MS. found among the ruins of Herculaneum,' 4to; in 1811, 'An Essay on a Punic Inscription found in the Isle of Malta,' royal 4to; in 1818, 'Odin, a Poem,' 4to; and in 1824,

'Origines; or, Remarks on the Origin of several Empires, States, and Cities,' 2 vols. 8vo. Sir William also printed, *but not for sale,* a work entitled 'Œdipus Judaicus.'



Pyramid at Zeist in Holland

Astronomical Occurrences

In JULY 1829.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Leo at 1 m. after 5 in the morning of the 23d of this month; and he rises and sets during the same period as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

	Sun rises m.	after	sets m.	after
July 1st,	45	3,	15	8
6th	48	3	12	8
11th	52	3	8	8
16th	57	3	3	8
21st	3	4	57	7
26th	10	4	50	7
31st	17	4	43	7

Equation of Time.

When it is required to regulate a clock or watch by means of a good sun-dial, add the following quantities to the time indicated by the dial, and the result will be that which should be given by the clock or watch at the same moment.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	s.
Wednesday	July 1st,	to the time by the dial *add*	3	22
Monday	6th		4	17
Saturday	11th		5	3
Thursday	16th		5	37
Tuesday	21st		5	59
Sunday	26th		6	7
Friday	31st		6	1

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

		m. after	
New Moon	1st day, at	45 m. after	4 in the morning
First Quarter	9th	31	6
Full Moon	16th	42	2 in the afternoon
Last Quarter	23d	14	6 in the morning
New Moon	30th	39	5 in the afternoon

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the first meridian at the following times this month, when her transits may be observed, if the weather be favourable: *viz.*

July 9th, at	12m. after	6	in the evening
10th ..	57	6	....
11th ..	44	7	....
12th ..	34	8	....
13th ..	27	9	....
14th ..	23	10	....
15th ..	21	11	....
21st ..	1	4	in the morning
22d ..	53	4	....
23d ..	45	5	....
24th ..	37	6	....
25th ..	30	7	....
26th ..	22	8	....

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This planet continues almost wholly illuminated, but dim in appearance, on account of her great distance.

July 1st { Illuminated part = 11·75736
Dark part ...... = 0·24264 }

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

There will only be three of the eclipses of the first and second of these satellites visible this month, *viz.*

Emersions.

First Satellite ...	12th day, at	31m.	17s. after	10	at night
	28th	50 ..	5	8	....
Second Satellite,	31st	48 ..	49	9	....

Form of Saturn's Ring.

Most of our readers are already aware, that the appearance of this ring is subject to vary from that of a right line across the disk of the planet to an elongated ellipse. The following is the proportion of the two axes at the commencement of this month; *viz.*

July 1st { Transverse axis = 1·000
Conjugate axis = — 0·356 }

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

July 1st, with	Mercury	at	5 in the afternoon
12th	γ in Libra	......	5 in the morning
17th	β .. Capricorn	..	4......... ....
25th	γ .. Taurus	....	6 in the evening
25th	1δ .. Taurus	....	7..............
25th	2δ .. Taurus	....	8..............
26th	α .. Taurus	....	1 in the morning

Other Phenomena.

Mercury will be in his inferior conjunction at half past 3 in the afternoon of the 5th, stationary on the 16th, and attain his greatest elongation on the 26th, of this month. Venus and Mars will be in conjunction with each other at 5 in the afternoon of the 8th; and Venus and Saturn at the same hour on the 13th. Mars and Saturn will also be in conjunction at noon on the 19th. Georgium Sidus will be in opposition at half past 7 in the evening of the 27th. Jupiter will be stationary on the 29th; and Saturn will be in conjunction at 45 m. past 11 in the morning of the 31st.

On New, Lost, and Variable Stars.

[From the Literary Gazette.]

Notwithstanding the attention of the mind of man has been, in all ages, ardently bending its intellectual powers in researches amidst the celestial regions, and of late years aided by the exquisite instruments which have enlarged the sphere of the fixed stars beyond all that could be conceived, it must be admitted that, notwithstanding these vast acquirements, we are but on the very threshold of the science of astronomy; and the conviction is pressed home to the mind, that, ere its flight be unfettered, and capable of expatiating through the vast range of the universe, the spirit must be released from its present enthralment, and arrayed in the vestments of immortality.

What is it we contemplate when we fix our eyes on the brightest of the starry train? a glittering point, concerning which we only know that the

body which sends forth such a stream of radiance is inconceivably too remote to borrow its lustre from the sun of our system, or from any other sun; for, of necessity, such a glorious orb, if existing, would be visible: we believe the star we thus behold to be itself a sun,—the fount of light, the soul and centre of revolving worlds: we know that, as far as human ingenuity has contrived instruments, the distance of this shining body is beyond computation; though such is the minuteness of modern instrumental graduation, that angles, formerly considered to be insensible, are now measured with the greatest accuracy. Where calculation fails, imagination takes up the wondrous consideration, and in vain attempts to date the period when this bright orb first shone forth in pristine beauty; and as we are ignorant of its origin, we are equally so of the period when the hand that moulded the orb shall return it to its original nothingness. When we survey the glorious host, 'stars densely thronging still,' we cannot suppose them merely twinkling lights to garnish the blue vault of heaven—to afford speculation to the philosopher—to excite the admiration, and add to the delight of man. Returning from the vast survey, we must confess that all these glittering gems, which are displayed in the celestial arches, are enshrined in mysterious obscurity: we see, admire, and speculate; but the soul falls prostrate in attempting to unravel these material wonders, which are as inexplicable as infinite space or eternal duration. We judge there are new creations, pure and beautiful, from the sudden appearance of new stars; unless we may suppose that their light, after having traversed space myriads of years, has just reached our earth: we may conclude, from the disappearance of others, that the awful mandate has been issued forth, and brilliant systems have been blotted from the ample page of the universe.

Among some which have been recently seen in the heavens, and are called *New Stars*, are those in the

following constellations:—Lacerta, Perseus, Boötes, Hydra, Monoceros, Cepheus, &c.; and of those which have been termed *Lost Stars*, are three in Hercules, and others in Cancer, Perseus, Pisces, Orion, and Coma Berenices. A very remarkable star appeared in the year 1604, near the right foot of Serpentarius; it surpassed Jupiter in magnitude, and its brilliancy exceeded that of every other star: when near the horizon it shone with a white light; but in every other situation it assumed, alternately, the varying colours of the rainbow. It gradually diminished in splendour till about October 1605, when it disappeared, and has not been seen since.

There is also another class of stars in the heavens which afford considerable speculation to the philosopher. These are the *Variable Stars*, which, having attained a certain maximum of brilliancy, by degrees suffer a diminution of it, in some instances so as to vanish entirely, and re-appear, increasing to their former splendour; and this variation occupying a limited portion of time. Many have been the hypotheses to account for this periodical change: the solar spots sanction the idea that these stars are suns, having very large spots on their orbs, which, by their rotation, are alternately turned from and towards our system. Others have considered the phenomenon sufficiently explained, by supposing large planets circulating round the stars, which, when in conjunction, intercept the light. Another opinion is, that their exceedingly swift rotation generates a very oblate spheroid; and, consequently, when the plane which passes through the axis of the spheroid is turned towards our earth, the light appears at its minimum; and when its equatorial diameter is similarly posited, its maximum of brightness occurs. This shifting of the planes is accounted for from the action of immense planetary masses, whose orbits are considerably inclined. We have something analogous to this in the nutation of the Earth's axis, which is caused by

the inclination of the Moon's orbit, and the obliquity of the ecliptic. The number of stars ascertained to be variable is fifteen, and those suspected to be so, thirty-seven: the most remarkable of the former are—

	Varying Magnitude.	Period of Variation. d. h. m. s.
Algol in Perseus	2d to 4th	2 20 40 50
β Lyræ	3 to 4.5	6 9 0 0
η Antinoi	3 to 4.5	7 4 15 0
A Star in Sobieski's shield .	5 to 7.8	62 days.

δ Cephei is subject to a periodic variation of 5 days, 8 hrs. 37 min. 30 sec. in the following order:—It continues at its greatest brightness about 1 day, 13 hrs.; it gradually declines in 1 day, 18 hrs.; is at its greatest obscuration about 1 day, 12 hrs.; and increases in 13 hrs.: its maximum and minimum of brightness is that between the third and fourth, and between the fourth and fifth magnitudes.

In the years 1783, 1784, 1785, Pollux in Gemini was observed to be considerably brighter than Castor; in Flamstead's time, the reverse was the case, he making Castor of the first, and Pollux of the second magnitude.

On these mysterious points (the appearance and disappearance of some stars, and the gradual decrease and augmentation of light in others) it is highly probable, that not only the present age, but future generations, will continue to remain in obscurity: every particular connected with the fixed stars so nearly approaches to infinity, that nothing short of Infinite Wisdom can direct the intellectual powers in the development of its sublimities.

To this subject the following beautiful lines afford an appropriate conclusion:—

The LOST STAR: *by* L. E. L.

A light is gone from yonder sky,
A star has left its sphere;
The beautiful—and do they die
In yon bright world, as here?

Will that star leave a lonely place,
  A darkness on the night?
No: few will miss its lovely face,
  And none think heaven less bright!

What wert thou star of, vanished one?
  What mystery was thine?
Thy beauty from the east is gone:
  What was thy sway and sign?
Wert thou the star of opening youth?
  And is it, then, for thee,
Its frank glad thoughts, its stainless truth,
  So early cease to be?

Of hope?—and was it to express
  How soon hope sinks in shade?
Or else of human loveliness,
  In sign how it will fade?
How was thy dying like the song,
  In music to the last,
An echo flung the winds among,
  And then for ever past?

Or didst thou sink as stars whose light
  The fair moon renders vain?
The rest shine forth the next dark night,—
  Thou didst not shine again.
Didst thou fade gradual from the time
  The first great curse was hurled,
Till, lost in sorrow and in crime,
  Star of our early world?

Forgotten and departed star!
  A thousand glories shine
Round the blue midnight's regal car,
  Who then remembers thine?
Save when some mournful bard, like me,
  Dreams over beauty gone,
And in the fate that waited thee,
  Reads what will be his own.

Literary Souvenir, 1828.



The Naturalist's Diary

For JULY 1829.

Receded hills afar of softened blue,
Tall bowering trees, through which the sunbeams shoot
Down to the viewless lake, birds never mute,
And wild-flowers all around of every hue!
Sure, 'tis a lovely scene. There, knee-deep, stand,
Safe from the fierce sun, the o'ershadowed kine;
And, to the left, where cultured fields expand,
Mid tufts of scented thorn, the sheep recline:
Lone quiet farmsteads, haunts that ever please,—
Oh, how inviting to the wanderer's eye
Ye rise on yonder uplands, mid your trees
Of shade and shelter! Every sound from these
Is eloquent of peace, of earth, and sky,
And pastoral beauty, and Arcadian ease.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THIS delightful view of rural scenery, painted by the hand of a master (our friend and correspondent Delta), admirably depicts much of the scenery of this, generally, agreeable month. How pleasant is the morning ramble at this season, before the great heats begin! how grand a spectacle is the 'uprising of the King of Day!' but how few know any thing of his splendour, but in the description of the poets. Let us not, then, consume in sleep those hours which might have been usefully devoted to study or recreation,—to an acquaintance with the beauties and wonders of Nature.

Awake thee, my lady-love!
  Wake thee, and rise!
The sun through the bower peeps
  Into thine eyes!

Behold how the early lark
  Springs from the corn!
Hark, hark, how the flower-bird
  Winds her wee horn!

The swallow's glad shriek is heard
  All through the air;
The stock-dove is murmuring
  Loud as she dare!

Apollo's winged bugleman
  Cannot contain,
But peals his loud trumpet-call
  Once and again.

Then wake thee, my lady-love!
  Bird of my bower!
The sweetest and sleepiest
  Bird at this hour!

G. DARLEY.

The Wakening.

[By Felicia Hemans.]

How many thousands are wakening now!
Some to the songs from the forest-bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice-pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid-sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some—oh! well may *their* hearts rejoice—
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice;
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the earth 'tis gone.

And some in the camp, to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must ere night be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict-cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning-bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
While the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to the sounds from the city borne;
And some to the rolling of torrent-floods,
Far 'midst old mountains and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequered earth,
Each unto light hath a daily birth,
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
Be the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But One must the sound be, and One the call,
Which from the dust shall awake us all!
One, though to severed and distant dooms—
How shall the sleepers arise from their tombs?

Amulet for 1828

All is vigour and activity in the vegetable kingdom in this month, and the most patient observer of Nature is almost bewildered by the countless profusion of interesting objects. The *garden* affords many gay inmates, as lilies, pinks, carnations; and marigolds, and poppies of various colours, which are now in blossom. Speedwell (*Veronica*) is in perfection. Towards the middle of the month, the spiked willow, hyssop, and the bell-flower (*Campanula*), have their flowers full blown. The virginian sumach now exhibits its scarlet tufts of flowers upon its bright green circles of leaves. The berries of the mountain ash turn red. Lavender and jessamine are now in blossom.

The scarlet lychnis is in bloom, and, with its rich coronets of flowers growing on a tall slender stem, adds greatly to the beauty of the garden. Among the flowers of summer, we must not forget to mention the evening primrose (*Ænothera biennis*). This plant bears its primrose-coloured flowers on branches of three or four feet in height, and hence it is called the tree-primrose, or *evening star*, because the flowers regularly burst open and expand in the evening, between six and seven o'clock.

The DIAL *of* FLOWERS.

[By Mrs. Hemans.]

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup or bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Hath sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Marked thus—even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

Amulet, 1828.

The young of all sorts of *birds* are now seen. The love-song of the greater number is nearly over, except such as breed late. Rooks are congregated, and, joined by the jackdaw, find their food on open fields or downs; retiring to their roosting-places in high woods, on the approach of night. If the weather proves dry, so that their natural food (grubs) descend into the ground beyond their reach, they will sometimes betake themselves to fields of corn, where they will do much damage, if not scared away in time. If a late brood or two are hatched after the rest, these do not, for some time, associate with the general company, but are led about by the old ones to cherry-orchards, and are often greater plagues to the orchardist than the whole rookery together. Coveys of *partridges* are often met with, and if before the young



can fly, they instantly squat motionless; and it is amusing to see the old ones' pretended helplessness in awkwardly fluttering away,

to beguile the intruder from the place; and with what address she steals in a circuit round, to call her young from the too public spot. The sparrow-hawk is often seen rapidly skirting the hedge, or skimming the fields, in quest of young birds: soon as observed, the swallow gives his shrill signal-note of danger, in which he is joined by the blue titmouse and some other birds. The swallow, house-martin, and wagtail, pursue the hawk with threatening cries, secure in their superior power of flight; all others escaping, with cries of alarm, to thickets for safety. Small birds are not alarmed in the same way by the larger kind of hawks. The crow and magpie sound an alarm on sight of the falcon, buzzard, kite, and raven; the three last fly before the audacious crow, but he rarely approaches near the first. The cuckoo, and the principal of the migratory birds, are now nearly mute, and begin to steal away imperceptibly. The swift or black martin, almost always on wing round their place of resort, generally leave about the 8th of August; sooner if the season is cold and wet, but seldom later if the weather be ever so warm. The sky and wood-larks, with, here and there, a blackbird and song-thrush, are our principal songsters. The notes of other birds are only calls of fear or invitation to each other.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

The beautiful but evanescent flowers of the *convolvulus* now open; they live but for a day, opening their cups in the morning, and at sunset closing them for ever. Towards the close of the month, the splendid fringed water-lily *(Menyanthes Nymphöides)* is seen on the slow-flowing rivers and on ponds. When the fructification of this wonderful plant is completed, the stem, which rose many feet in order to support the flower above the surface of the water, sinks considerably beneath it, and there remains till the next season of flowering, when it again resumes its annual task. The enchanter's nightshade; the Yorkshire sanicle; the water horehound or gypsy wort; the great cat's tail, or reed mace; the common nettle; goose grass; solanum (dulcamara and nigrum); the belladonna; asparagus and some species of rumex; with buck-wheat, and a variety of other plants, may be almost said to bloom, fade, and die, within the present month.

The *fields* now glow with every hue and shade of colorific radiance, the several species of *Lychnis*,

Cerastium, and *Spergula,* contributing their share of beauty to animate this delightful scene.



The Roach.

Fishes.—The finny inhabitants of rivers and lakes may be seen variously employed, watching their prey, basking in the sunshine, or roving about in shoals. The springing trout rises in the air to catch the passing fly, and the voracious pike darts like an arrow from his lurking-place among the heedless fry of minor fish. Of these and sea-fish, the following are in season for the next two months: *viz.* salmon, salmon-trout, trout, john dorée, turbot, mullet, mackerel, gurnard, sturgeon, whiting, haddock, white-bait, with other common fresh-water fish. The lobster, crab, crawfish, prawn, and shrimps, are now brought to market.

The *insect tribes,* which at this time sport in the sunbeam, visit the flowers and tender leaves, or crawl on the surface of the ground, are innumerable. By day, the gaudy butterflies add life and variety of colours even to the parterre. Among them the following are the most conspicuous:—The swallow-tailed Papilio Machaon, Peacock, Grand Admiral, Orange-tip, Marble, Tortoise-shell, and Blue Argus. By night, the no less splendid family of *moths* are on wing, but can only be admired when they happen to be disturbed from their retreats by day. The elephant-hawk-moth is a beautiful type of the sphinx family. Beetles, in their metallic-coloured mail, are seen on flowers, on foliage, or on our

paths. The stag, tree, hoary, and rose beetles, are met with in gardens; and the variously-marked lady-birds are everywhere, if the green aphides are prevalent. The splendid green cincindella flits before us on dry paths; and many others of this curious tribe. Of the family of *bees* all are in full enjoyment at this time; the mason-bee is one of the most curious; unlike some of its congeners, its abode is solitary; the habitation built by itself appears like a patch of mud stuck into a small hollow, on the face of a wall. Within this are chambers, lined with leaves, and containing one egg, which, becoming a maggot, lives on the store provided by the mother, changes to a chrysalis, and comes forth a perfect insect in the following spring. The dragon-flies are also an interesting tribe of insects; their four transparent and ample wings, their lengthened, slender shape, and curious mailed structure and colours, and their habits of hovering over ponds and banks of rivers, where they are bred, sufficiently point them out to the notice of the naturalist. The largest of the genus known in this country is the Libellula grandis. This magnificent insect may be often observed in shady walks or lanes, darting with astonishing velocity after every fly that passes, and on which he preys. The house-fly does not enter houses till the wet or cold of autumn drives them in. Young frogs change from their tadpole state.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

Towards the end of the month, the various tints of green, which have been so refreshing to the eye, begin to lose their verdant beauty, the insect tribe having commenced their devastations; but although deprived, in this month, of many of the exquisite beauties of Flora, her sister-goddess Pomona offers, with liberal hand, her cooling fruits: the juicy gooseberry, the liquid currant, the rich raspberry, and the substantial *cherry*, all contend for our preference.

The Groffien, or *bigaroon* cherry, ripens about the beginning of July, and continues till August. Some persons have supposed that the two names given to this cherry belong to two different varieties; but this is not the case: the French have a cherry known by the appellation of *bigaroon*, but none by the former name, which is probably that of the person who first introduced this new sort from France. The flavour of this cherry is greatly superior to any other; the flesh has a pleasant firmness, and the stone is very small for the size of the fruit; it is a fine,

handsome cherry, of a beautiful rose-tint on one side, and light yellow on the other; it is also finely speckled. The bigaroon is an indispensable ornament to the dessert, and brings a higher price at market than any other cherry. It is a very good bearer, either against a wall or as a standard; but if required in the greatest perfection, it should be grown on a wall. In wet seasons it is very apt to crack. This cherry has a broad, bell-shaped, coarsely serrated leaf.

The *Harrison's Heart* ranks next to the Groffien in quality: the flesh is rather firm, and the stone small. It is of a dull crimson colour all over, and speckled with rather long speckles, by which it may be readily distinguished from any other cherry. The Harrison's Heart will grow as a standard (although more liable to crack than on a wall), ripening the second week in July; and if the fruit be matted, and kept from rains, it will keep till September. The leaf of this cherry is long, narrow, and coarsely serrated. It is not so free a bearer as the bigaroon; but as the fruit keeps so long, it is worthy of being planted as a standard in a garden where there is a deficiency of walling, care being taken to have the tree well matted.—See *Brookshaw's Horticultural Repository*, with beautiful coloured figures of the different fruits.

Another fruit brought to market in July or August is the *Green Gage*. This is the best plum which our gardens produce, and it is much to be regretted that it is so uncertain a bearer: fine trees, in the highest state of cultivation, will have a good crop upon them one year, and for two or three seasons afterwards scarcely a plum will be seen. To eat the green gage in the highest state of perfection, it should be gathered when a yellowish tint begins to appear round the stem; but if the fruit be suffered to remain on the tree, till this tint spreads half over the plum, the gage will lose its brisk flavour, become extremely luscious, and the flesh will be much softer.

They who prefer a plum before it can be said to be quite ripe, that is, when the flesh is firm and crisp, should gather the plum before any yellow tint appears round the stem.

The *Blue Gage*.—This plum is not, by any means, so well flavoured as the green gage; but it deserves a place in a large garden, as it is useful in giving variety to the dessert on account of its colour: it ripens the same time as the green gage. We have sought in vain for this plum in many of the best gardens, and have found, as usual, many inferior sorts.—*Brookshaw*.

The *animals of the chase* have now a respite from their foes: the crops on the fields prevent pursuit. On the grassy margins of fields, however, hares are often seen, at dawn or twilight, limping and frisking about with all their characteristic playfulness. At the same hours, rabbits issue from their burrows. *Foxes*, polecats, stoats, and weasels, prowl about during the night; and bats are seen in the evening, wheeling about and seizing their prey, the nocturnal moths.



Storms of hail and rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning, are not unfrequent in this month. These phenomena are thus poetically described by the Spanish poet *Ercilla*.

The air grew troubled with portentous sound,
And mournful omens multiplied around:
With furious shock the elements engage,
And all the winds contend in all their rage.
From clashing clouds their mingled torrents gush,
And rain and hail with rival fury rush;
Bolts of loud thunder, floods of lightning rend
The opening skies, and into earth descend. HAYLEY.

A Thunder-storm in America.—Clouds (says M. de Chateaubriand) are beginning to spring up from the north-western horizon, and slowly rising in the sky. We are making a shelter for ourselves with boughs, in the best manner we can. The sun becomes overcast; the first muttering of the thunder is heard; the crocodiles reply to it with a hollow roar, as one thunder-peal answers another. An immense column of clouds extends from north-east to south-east; the rest of the sky is of a dirty copper colour, semi-transparent, and tinged with the lightning. The wilderness, illumined by a false day-light, the storm suspended over our heads and ready to burst, present a scene replete with grandeur. The tempest commences. Figure to yourself a deluge of fire, without wind and without water. The smell of sulphur fills the atmosphere. Nature is lighted as by the flames of a conflagration. Now the cataracts of the abyss open; the drops of rain are not separate; a sheet of water unites the clouds and the earth. The Indians say that the noise of thunder is caused by immense birds fighting in the air, and by the efforts of an old man to vomit a viper of fire. In proof of this assertion they show you trees which the lightning has branded with the likeness of a serpent. These storms frequently set fire to the forests; they continue to burn till the conflagration is stopped by the current of some river: these burned forests are converted into lakes and marshes. The curlews, whose voices we hear in the atmosphere amidst the rain and the thunder, announce the conclusion of the storm. The wind rends the clouds, which fly shattered across the heavens; the thunder

and the lightning, attached to their flanks, follow them; the air becomes cool and sonorous: no relic of the deluge is left but the drops of water which fall in pearls from the foliage of the trees.



A thunder-storm!—the eloquence of heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumber driven!
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt an Omnipresence round him thrown?
With what a gloom the ush'ring scene appears!
The leaves all shiv'ring with expectant fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A veiling fervour round creation spread,
And, last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops patt'ring on the tree and bower,
While wizard shapes the bowing sky deform,—
All mark the coming of the thunder-storm!

Oh! now to be alone on some still height,
Where heaven's black curtains hang before the sight,
And watch the swollen clouds their bosoms clash,
While fleet and far the lightning-daggers flash,—
Like rocks in battle, on the ocean's bed,
While the dashed billows foam around their head!—
To mark the caverns of the sky disclose
The furnace-flames that in their wombs repose,
And see the fiery arrows fall and rise
In dizzy chase along the rattling skies!—
How stirs the spirit while the thunders roll,
And some vast Presence rocks from pole to pole!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

For an account of hail-storms, the prevention of their fatal consequences, and the wonderful effect of lightning in America, see our last volume, pp. 182, et seq.

In the 'Magazine of Natural History,' so often quoted, are the following notes for July, 1828:—

Flora.—It was near the end of the month before the sunflower, hollyhock, and dahlia presented their conspicuous flowers. On the 21st the large horse-mushroom (*Agaricus campestris var.*) was sold in the streets. Except for catsup, this species of mushroom should be cautiously eaten. In wet seasons, or if produced on wet ground, it is very deleterious, if used in any great quantity.

Fauna.—The nightingale silent on the 1st; the processional moth appeared on the 3d, laying its eggs, in connected cylinders, round the twigs of apple or blackthorn trees; vast numbers of the Ichneumon peregrinator fly, with their long vibrating, clouded antennæ, in gardens, in search of dormant insects, or places where larvæ are, on which to lay their eggs, about the 3d; hoary beetle seen on the 9th; hair-worm plentiful on moist ground on the 10th. About this time the skylark, black-cap, reed and sedge warblers, are the principal song-birds heard. Harvest-men (*Phalangium Opilio*) appeared on the 17th, and the carrion beetle on the 28th. This last insect may be seen in the evening hovering under hedges, or in thick woods, in search of dead animals, on which it preys and breeds; colour black, with two belts of yellow across each shell. A dead mole seems to be its favourite repast.

Poetical Pictures in July.

Summer Morning Landscape: *by* Delta.

The eyelids of the morning are awake;
The dews are disappearing from the grass;
The sun is o'er the mountains; and the trees,
Moveless, are stretching through the blue of heaven,
Exuberantly green. All noiseless
The shadows of the twilight fleet away,
And draw their misty legion to the west,
Seen for awhile, 'mid the salubrious air,
Suspended in the silent atmosphere,
As in Medina's mosque Mahomet's tomb.
Up from the coppice, on exulting wing,
Mounts, mounts the skylark through the clouds of dawn,—
The clouds, whose snow-white canopy is spread
Athwart, yet hiding not, at intervals,
The azure beauty of the summer sky;

And, at far distance heard, a bodiless note
Pours down, as if from cherub strayed from heaven!

* * *

And now the wood engirds me, the tall stems
Of birch and beech tree hemming me around,
Like pillars of some natural temple vast;
And, here and there, some giant pines ascend,
Briareus-like, amid the stirless air,
High stretching; like a good man's virtuous thoughts
Forsaking earth for heaven. The cushat stands
Amidst the topmost boughs, with azure vest,
And neck aslant, listening the amorous coo
Of her, his mate, who, with maternal wing
Wide-spread, sits brooding on opponent tree.
Why, from the rank grass underneath my feet,
Aside on ruffled pinion dost thou start,
Sweet minstrel of the morn? Behold her nest,
Thatched o'er with cunning skill, and there, her young,
With sparkling eye, and thin-fledged russet wing.
Younglings of air! probationers of song!
From lurking dangers may ye rest secure,
Secure from prowling weasel, or the tread
Of steed incautious, wandering 'mid the flowers!
Secure beneath the fostering care of her
Who warmed you into life, and gave you birth;
Till, plumed and strong, unto the buoyant air
Ye spread your equal wings, and to the morn,
Lifting your freckled bosoms, dew-besprent,
Salute, with spirit-stirring song, the man
Wayfaring lonely. Hark! the striderous neigh!
There, o'er his dogrose fence, the chestnut foal,
Shaking his silver forelock, proudly stands,—
To snuff the balmy fragrance of the morn:
Up comes his ebon compeer, and, anon,
Around the field in mimic chase they fly,
Startling the echoes of the woodland gloom.

Blackwood's Magazine.

AWAKE, MY LOVE: *by* ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Awake, my love! ere morning's ray
Throws off night's weed of pilgrim grey;
Ere yet the hare, cowered close from view,
Licks from her fleece the clover dew;
Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,
By hunters roused from secret springs;
Or birds upon the boughs awake,
Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake!

She combed her curling ringlets down,
Laced her green jupes and clasped her shoon,
And from her home, by Preston burn,
Came forth the rival light of morn.
The lark's song dropt, now loud, now hush,—
The gold-spink answered from the bush,—
The plover, fed on heather crop,
Called from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
Grows into gold from silvery grey,
To hearken heaven, and bush and brake,
Instinct with soul of song, awake;—
To see the smoke, in many a wreath,
Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,
Where yon blithe mower hastes along
With glittering scythe and rustic song.

London Magazine, and Watts's Poetical Album.

Having perused this exquisitely beautiful invitation to early rising, our readers may just glance at the opinion of another great northern luminary on the subject: poets differ,—let the ladies decide! they will probably think with SIR WALTER SCOTT, that

Menseful[1] maiden ne'er should rise
Till the first beam tinge the skies;
Silk-fringed eyelids still should close
Till the sun has kissed the rose;
Maiden's foot we should not view,
Marked with tiny print on dew,
Till the opening flowerets spread
Carpet meet for beauty's tread. *Pirate.*

Evening.

There is an hour when leaves are still and winds sleep on the wave;
When far beneath the closing clouds the day hath found a grave;
And stars, that at the note of dawn begin their circling flight,
Return, like sun-tired birds, to seek the sable boughs of night.

The curtains of the mind are closed, and slumber is most sweet,
And visions to the hearts of men direct their fairy feet;
The wearied wing hath gained a tree, pain sighs itself to rest,
And beauty's bridegroom lies upon the pillow of her breast.

There is a feeling in that hour which tumult ne'er hath known,
Which nature seems to dedicate to silent things alone;
The spirit of the lonely wakes as rising from the dead,
And finds its shroud adorned with flowers, its night-lamp newly fed.

Discreet.

The mournful moon her rainbows hath, and mid the blight of all
That garlands life some blossoms live, like lilies on a pall;
Thus while to lone Affliction's couch some stranger-joy may come,
The bee that hoardeth sweets all day hath sadness in its hum.

Yet some there are whose fire of years leaves no remembered spark,
Whose summer-time itself is bleak, whose very daybreak dark.
The stem though naked still may live, the leaf though perished cling,
But if at first the root be cleft, it lies a branchless thing.

And oh! to such—long, hallowed nights their patient music send:
The hours like drooping angels walk, more graceful as they bend;
And stars emit a hope-like ray, that melts as it comes nigh,
And nothing in that calm hath life that doth not wish to die.

Blanchard's Lyric Offerings.

Sunset.

[Written for Time's Telescope by Richard Howitt]

The fleecy clouds that skim the blue expanse,
And with the winds of heaven in dalliance go,
In the glad sun's illuminating glance
Blush the deep crimson of his setting glow:
Bright is the azure sky—the world below
Is not less beautiful; the streaming gold
Is on the hills—is on the river's flow:
Whate'er of rich Arcadia hath been told,
Lies here in beauty's tints, before mine eyes unrolled.

Hushed is the busy hum of toiling man;
And Nature's voice, long drowned, is sweetly heard:
Again the river, which unmurmuring ran,
Is audible—each merry woodland bird
Carols aloud—the shadowy woods are stirred
To music in the wind; and on the air
Have odorous flowers their perfumed breath conferred:
Whate'er in sound is dear, in sight is fair,
Lives here in Nature's breast to calm the brow of care.

The Clouds.

But when the day was almost done,
The clouds were beautiful indeed,
When, from his daily duty freed,
Still in his glorious strength, the sun
Shone forth upon the twilight skies,
And graced them with his myriad dyes.
I saw the clouds that onward drew
From out the deep and distant blue,
Become all beautiful and bright,
As if to show the coming night
How great the radiance and the power,
E'en of the sun's departing hour.
They took all shapes, as Fancy wrought
Her web, and mingled thought with thought:

Some like familiar forms—the themes
Of early loves that fade to dreams—
Some were of rainbow shape and hues;
Some glistened, like our earth, with dews;
Some were like forests, seen afar;
Some like the restless wandering star;
While some appeared like coral caves
Half hidden by the ocean waves,
All covered with their snow-white spray;
Others were there, which seemed to be
Fair islands in a dark blue sea,
Which human eyes at eve behold;
But only then—unseen by day
Their shores and mountains all of gold.
They vanished as the night came on—
Those varied hues and forms were gone;
But in their stead Reflection woke
To teach her lesson—thus she spoke:

'Those very clouds, so bright, so gay,
So fair, are vapours which the earth
Flung, as diseased parts, away—
Foul mists, which owe their second birth
To Him who keeps his throne on high,
To bless the earth and gild the sky.
Yes, 'tis the sun whose influence brings
A change to these degraded things—
That gives them lovely forms, and then
Deprives them of their baneful powers,
And sends to mother earth again,
In gentle dews and cheering showers,
What was her burden and her ban.'

Mr. Hall, in the Amulet for 1828.

Description of a Dutch Garden near Antwerp.

[From a Cruise; or Three Months on the Continent.]

We were now gratified with seeing the garden of a private individual, laid out with all that taste and fancy could collect, or caprice imagine: there were about six miles of walks through gardens, shrubberies, fields, wildernesses, and woods; these were variously intersected with ponds (containing a quantity of large roach, tench, and carp) covered with swans and water-fowl, beautified with grottos, ornamental bridges, and boats of the Chinese style of building; besides which there were a number of pagodas and little retreats, where he had placed painted images in different postures. After passing through some fine parterres of flowers, fenced round with box-wood cut into numerous devices, with rows of niches filled with busts, we were led to a hermitage, built of the bark of trees: in the inside was seen, sitting in an arm-chair, a reverend hermit fast asleep, with a bible on

his lap; two young mice are venturing abroad, while the cat is on the watch to seize: all so naturally done, that while it at first startles and again engages the attention, through the upper part of the door, which is open, the gardener pulls a bell, and a shower of water pours on the neck and shoulders of the astonished stranger. This seems to be a favourite Dutch joke: happily for us, it was out of order at this moment.

We met with places for children to swing on, fitted with figures of swans and sea-horses; and passing through a field of sheep, so natural that it was difficult to doubt their reality, we arrived at a tomb with the bust of a figure pointing to the inscription, '*Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas.*' Entering the sepulchral mansion through a subterraneous winding, we came to a figure of Diogenes in the tub: here they again pulled a rope, and Diogenes grins upon you, while the waters pour in from all quarters so as to cut off a retreat. Leaving this, we entered the grand pagoda, one hundred feet in height, with four gilt snakes intertwining from the top, and a pine-apple crown, making the further addition of twenty feet. This must have been raised at an immense expense. In the lower chamber were four niches with heads of mandarins, gilt and carved work of various devices: these opened into two apartments, a pump-room and staircase equally elegant, adorned with Chinese characters, through five different flights, from each of which there are round balconies, and a prospect enlarging in beauty as you ascend, until the view extends about five leagues all round. The town of Antwerp is seen to the greatest advantage; the town of Malines, too. It is a scene that rivetted our attention. The extent, in a clear day, appears a vast garden, a natural one, embellished with fifty different spires and towers; numerous windmills, farm-houses, villages, and towns. The roof inside has a fine painting, representing a group of heads looking down, and is seen with great effect from below. Over this is a reservoir for a hundred tons of water, which is pumped up from beneath, and made to rise from the surrounding woods, *jets d'eau*, to refresh and heighten the pleasure of the scene.

We now left this elegant and tasteful pavilion, and were conducted over several bridges, passing temples hung with bells and boats, all in the same style. From the highest arch of one we saw various sorts of fish, even to the bottom. After going through a shrubbery, all of which was undermined, we descended into a cave, opening out at the foot of the bridge we had left. Here one may have a cool and delightful bath in the hottest day. Another field presented itself, in which there was a wolf tearing a cow to pieces, while she is defending herself by the horns. Nor, though several more grottoes crowded on us, did we think there would be an end to this magic treat, before we reached a pile of ruins, making a sort of summer-house, with

seats before the door, when the unwary stranger is again immersed in a tub of cool spring water, and roused from his enchantment. There were extensive hot and green-houses filled with hosts of exotics.

The author of the 'Miseries of Human Life' has the following allusion to gardens like that we have just described:—'Walking in gardens laid out in *the ancient taste*—parterres tortured into diagrams—spouting lions—a mile's length of clipped trees—statues, with the air of petrified sentinels, startling you at every corner—fish-ponds as round as a wheel, the circle being struck from a perpendicular squirt of water in the centre—a parallelogram of stagnant water, ennobled by the name of the "Canal"—six or eight stages of ruled terraces, suggesting the idea of a flight of rural steps for a retired giant—a summer house, with a yawning window at each of the four sides to swallow in the sun-beams, from which it professes to protect you.'

Is there any remembrance at Banstead (says Mr. Southey, in his Omniana) of a clergyman, who amused himself there for fifty years with ornamenting his gardens, and died in a state of dotage about the beginning of the last century? The company from Epsom used to visit his curiosities, as he might well call them! for this gentleman had discovered more capabilities in wood and stone than ever Lancelot Brown dreamt of. You ascended one of his trees by a straight flight of steps, the top had been flattened in the middle, and the boughs round about clipped into a parapet; here there was an octagon bench; and this place he called his Teneriffe. Another tree was manufactured into Mount Parnassus; and there Apollo was to be seen perched with the nine Muses. That they might not want worthy company, the Great Mogul, the Grand Signior, the Cham of Tartary, and the Czar of Moscovy, were all to be seen in the garden. Two other trees, clothed with ivy and cut smooth, stood for the pillars of Hercules. The

old gentleman was a wit as well as a scholar; he had cut one tree into the shape of a rose, and placed a bench under it, where lovers might talk 'under the rose.' Uncle Toby might also have found something to interest him. There was the whole confederated army and their generals represented by stones, of which the large ones were the officers, and the little ones the men. Within doors he had montero caps, shoulders of mutton, apples, &c. cut in stone, and painted.



AUGUST.

THIS month received its name in honour of *Augustus*. Its sign is *Virgo*.

Remarkable Days

In AUGUST 1829.

1.—LAMMAS DAY.

THIS was anciently *loaf-mass*, it being customary for the Saxons to offer an oblation of new bread on this day, as the first fruits of the harvest.

6.—TRANSFIGURATION.

This festival, in remembrance of our Lord's transfiguration on the Mount, was instituted by Pope Calixtus in 1455.

7.—NAME OF JESUS.

This day, previously to the reformation, was assigned to Donatus: our reformers gave it its present appropriation. The representation of the Deity in the form of a child is very common in Spain. The number of little figures, about a foot high, called Niño Dios, or Niño Jesus, is nearly equal to that of nuns in most convents. The nuns dress them in all the variety of the national costumes, such as clergymen, canons in their choral robes, doctors of divinity in their hoods, physicians in their wigs and gold-headed canes, &c. &c. The Niño Jesus is often found in private houses; and in some parts of Spain, where contraband trade is the main occupation of the people, is seen in the dress of a smuggler with a brace of pistols at his girdle, and a blunderbuss leaning on his arm.—*Doblado*.

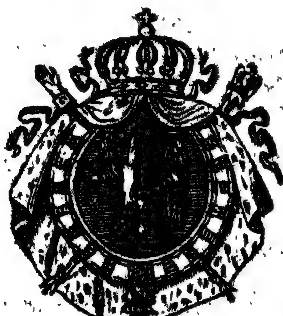
*8. 1828.—THE NAPOLEON CHILD IN LONDON.

A writer in the 'Mirror' says, on the 8th August, we paid a visit to the Bazaar in Oxford Street, to witness this extraordinary sport of Nature, about which the French and English newspapers have lately

been so communicative. The child is an engaging little girl, about three years old. The colour of her eyes is pale blue, and on the iris, or circle round their pupils, the inscriptions on

Left Eye	*Right Eye*
NAPOLEON	EMPEREUR
EMPEREUR	NAPOLEON

may be traced in the above sized letters, although all the letters are not equally visible, the commencement 'NAP' and 'EMP' being the most distinct. The colour of the letters is almost white, and at first sight of the child they look like *rays*, which make the eyes appear vivacious and sparkling. The accuracy of the inscriptions is much assisted by the stillness of the eye, on its being directed upwards, as to an object on the ceiling of the room, &c.; and with this aid the several letters may be traced with the naked eye.



*9. 1827.—REV. SIR H. MONCRIEF WELLWOOD DIED.

This distinguished divine was, for half a century, one of the greatest ornaments of the Scottish church. He was the author of 'Sermons,' 'Discourses on the Evidences of the Jewish and Christian Revelations,' and an 'Account of the Life and Writings of John Erskine, D.D.'

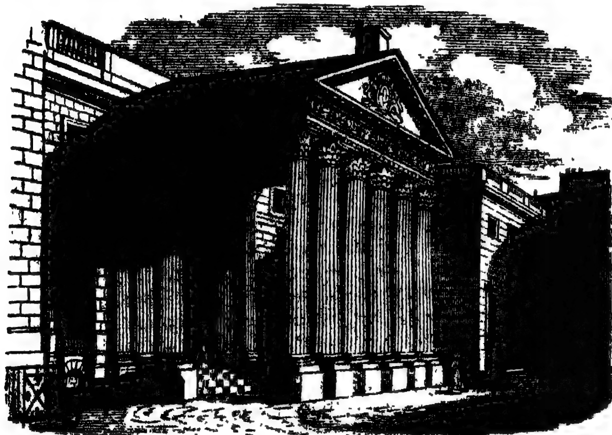
10.—SAINT LAWRENCE.

Saint Lawrence was by birth a Spaniard, and flourished about the middle of the third century. He

was laid upon a gridiron, and broiled till he died, August 10th, 258.

12. 1762.—King George IV born.

As Carlton House was, for many years, the town residence of his Majesty, while Prince of Wales and Prince Regent, and has been lately pulled down, our readers will be pleased to see the following representation; and it can be nowhere more appropriately placed than under the date of the birth-day of our most gracious Sovereign.



*12. 1816.—DOMESTIC SLAVERY ABOLISHED IN CEYLON.

Among various measures which Sir ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, President of his Majesty's Council, adopted with equal ability and integrity, for raising the political, moral, and intellectual character of the inhabitants of Ceylon, he obtained a charter from the crown to extend the right of sitting upon juries to all the natives of the country; a privilege possessed by no other natives of Asia. In return for this boon, Sir Alexander urged them, for many years, to adopt some means for the gradual, but effectual abolition of domestic slavery. In consequence of his suggestion upon this point, and the anxiety of the inhabitants to show themselves worthy of the privilege which had been granted them, the proprietors of domestic slaves came to a resolution, that all chil-

dren born of their slaves after the 12th August, 1816, should be *free;* thereby putting an end to domestic slavery, which had prevailed in Ceylon for three centuries.

The 12th of August was the day fixed upon by Sir Alexander for the commencement of the era of liberty; that being the birthday of the then Prince Regent, our present most gracious Sovereign, in order that the slaves might associate the more indissolubly the idea of the freedom of their descendants with that of reverence for the Crown, under the protection of which that blessing was received.

To commemorate that event, Mrs. H. More wrote a little lyric drama, entitled THE FEAST OF FREEDOM; *or the Abolition of Domestic Slavery in Ceylon.* This has already been rendered into many of the Indian languages: its first translation was made into the Cingalese by the Buddoo priests, who were brought to this country by Sir Alexander Johnston. One of these priests was a physician and a painter, and both are elegant poets, and considerable linguists.

Mr. Charles Wesley, Organist in Ordinary to his Majesty, set this to music, and performed it before his Majesty at Windsor, on his birth-day, August 12, 1827. This led to the publication of the piece with the music, to which Mrs. H. More added a few unpublished trifles, which were printed in a very thin volume, and the profits given to the appointed Irish Scripture Readers, and the Irish Tract Society.—See Mrs. H. More's publication.

It seems from the Preface to Miss Baillie's drama of THE BRIDE, just published, that the drama is an entertainment much admired by the people of Ceylon; and frequently made use of as the most effectual mode of imparting instruction. With this view, some of the sacred dramas of Mrs. H. More have been translated into Cingalese, under the auspices of Sir A. Johnston, and likewise Miss Baillie's drama of *The Martyrs;* and that lady has now written THE BRIDE, with an express view of meeting the taste and passions of that interesting people. The profits arising from its publication in England are to be devoted towards procuring translations of other works into the Cingalese language; so that the purchasers of the work, besides the high gratification which they will receive from the perusal of it, will contribute to the moral and religious improvement of the people of Ceylon.

15.—ASSUMPTION OF B. V. M.

This is a festival, in the Greek and Romish churches, in honour of the supposed miraculous ascension of the Virgin Mary into heaven.—See an account of a splendid pageant formerly exhibited at Dieppe in honour of this day, in T.T. for 1823, pp. 224-227.

24.—SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

For some interesting historical matters relating to this day, consult our former volumes, particularly the last, pp. 196-198.

28.—SAINT AUGUSTINE.

He was born in the year 354; in 391 was chosen Bishop of Hippo; and died in 430, at the age of 76.

29.—JOHN BAPTIST BEHEADED.

This day was formerly denominated *Festum Collectionis Sancti Johannis Baptistæ;* or the feast of gathering up St. John the Baptist's relics. His nativity is celebrated on the 24th of June, which see. Consult also T.T. for 1823, p. 234.



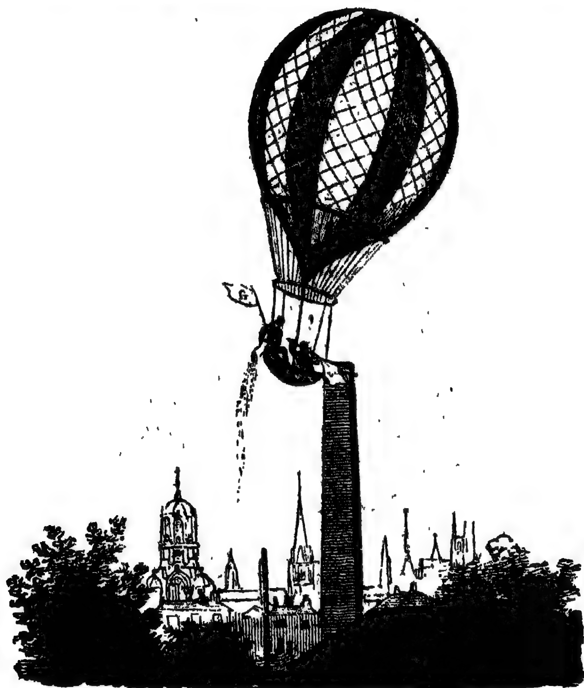
Ancient Font in Stepney Church.

*AUG. 1823.—M. GARNERIN DIED,

The celebrated aëronaut, who first made the experiment of descending in a *parachute*.—For an account of this intrepid balloonist, see Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xciii, p. ii, p. 642.

Journeying on high *the silken castle* glides,
Bright as a meteor through the azure tides;
O'er towns, and tow'rs, and temples winds its way,
Or mounts sublime, and gilds the vault of day!

Silent, with upturned eye, unbreathing crowds
Pursue the floating wonder to the clouds,
And flushed with transport, or benumbed with fear,
Watch as it rises the diminished sphere.
Now less and less—and now a speck is seen!
And now the fleeting rack intrudes between!
The calm philosopher in æther sails,
Views broader stars and breathes in purer gales;
Sees like a map, in many a waving line,
Round Earth's blue plains her lucid waters shine;
Sees at his feet the forked lightnings glow,
And hears the harmless thunders roar below! DARWIN.



In the darkness of the middle ages, every man distinguished by superior knowledge was supposed to possess the power of flying in the air: the idea soon descended to a lower class of projectors, many of whom perished in their unskilful attempts. So early as the reign of Harold, in the eleventh century, Elmer, a

monk of Malmsbury, made one of these dangerous experiments; and, in the true spirit of an inventor, though he failed, still he believed it possible to succeed. Milton, in his History of Britain, speaking of this monk, says—'He, in his youth strangely aspiring, had made and fitted wings to his hands and feet; with these, on the top of a tower, spread out to gather air, he *flew more than a furlong;* but the wing being too high, he came fluttering down to the maiming of all his limbs: yet so conceited was he of his art, that he attributed the cause of his fall to the want of a tail, as birds have, which he forgot to make to his hinder parts.'

We need not, however, go so far back as the middle ages, since, so late as the year 1755, a fanciful scheme, on the grandest scale, for navigating the atmosphere, was made by one Joseph Galien, a Dominican friar at Avignon. This visionary proposed to collect the fine diffuse air of the higher regions, where hail is formed, above the summit of the loftiest mountains, and to inclose it in a bag of a cubical shape and of the most enormous dimensions, extending a mile every way, and composed of the thickest sailcloth. With such a vast machine, far outrivalling in the boldness and magnitude the ark of Noah, he thought it would be possible to transport a whole army through the air, with all their munitions of war. Men of science had long been acquainted with the principles on which a balloon could be conducted, but it was reserved for Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, sons of the proprietor of an extensive paper manufactory at Annonay in France, to reduce these principles to complete effect. The first public ascent of a balloon was exhibited at their native town on the 5th of June, 1783. They afterwards constructed one on a larger scale at Paris, which reached the height of 1500 feet. A sheep, a cock, and a duck, which had been put into the basket, the first animals ever carried up in the air, were found perfectly safe and unhurt by the journey, and the sheep was even feeding at perfect ease.

The first aërial voyage ever made by man, was on the 21st of November, 1783, when Pilatre de Rozier, a young naturalist of great promise, accompanied by the Marquess d'Arlandes, ascended from the Chateau de Murette. When the balloon was launched, wonder mixed with anxiety was depicted in every countenance; but when, from their lofty station in the sky, the navigators calmly waved their hats, and saluted the spectators below, a general shout of acclamation burst forth on all sides. As they rose much higher, however, they were no longer visible to the naked eye; they,

In the surging smoke
Uplifted, spurn the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair ascending, rise
Audacious.

This balloon soared to an elevation of more than 3000 feet, and

traversed by a circuitous route the whole of Paris. The daring aëronauts, after a journey of twenty-four or twenty-five minutes, in which they described a track of six miles, safely alighted beyond the Boulevards. Such was the prosperous issue of the first aërial navigation ever performed by mortals; it was a conquest of science which all the world could understand. Other experiments were now made in rapid succession, and some of the adventurers soared to the immense height of *thirteen thousand* feet. Of the history of balloons since that period, little remains to be said; for neither in their construction nor in the manner of steering them has there been much improvement, though aërial ascents have been frequent in every country of Europe.

VOYAGE *in a* BALLOON.

Now indeed I mount up; my heart beats, my hair bristles,
The sun throws its light on my sparkling balloon;
And as I move onward, oh, how the wind whistles,
How rattle the cords, as I sail to the moon!
Below me are fields, cities, water, and woods;
Light and darkness distinguish the land from the floods.
A gooseberry-bush Epping-Forest appears:
Ah, me!—should I fall there—away, ye vain fears:
I mark the deep ruts—like black ants are the men,
How busy they move!—But already I ken
More distinct the pale orb—Russell's map I find true,
And the Man in the Moon stands there full in my view.

Mordaunt's Imitation of the 'Peace' of Aristophanes.

*AUG. 1828.—SIR WILLIAM CONGREVE DIED.

He was descended from a family settled in Staffordshire, when that county formed part of the kingdom of Mercia. His father, the first baronet (so created in 1812), was an officer of rank in the artillery. Sir William was born in the year 1770, and entered young in the same branch of military service. Having a great mechanical genius, he effected many important improvements. In 1808, he invented a formidable engine of military annoyance, which, having been tried and approved, was used by Lord Cochrane in Basque Roads—in the expedition against Walcheren—in attacks on several places in Spain—at Waterloo, &c. The effects of these weapons, generally called *Congreve Rockets*, and now adopted in the armies of all the European powers, are tremendous. They have been employed, also, in a modified form, in the whale fishery. Sir William Congreve was Equerry to the King, Comptroller of

the Laboratory at Woolwich, &c. Besides many other works, abounding in ingenious ideas, he published treatises on the mounting of iron ordnance, on his hydro-pneumatic lock for saving water, on the means of preventing the forgery of Bank notes, &c.

PICTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

[From the French of Lebrun.]

Queen of the Morn! Sultana of the East!
City of wonders, on whose sparkling breast,
Fair, slight, and tall, a thousand palaces
Fling their gay shadows over golden seas!
Where towers and domes bestud the gorgeous land,
And countless masts, a mimic forest, stand;
Where cypress shades the minaret's snowy hue,
And gleams of gold dissolve in skies of blue.
Daughter of Eastern art, the most divine—
Lovely yet faithless bride of Constantine—
Fair Istamboul, whose tranquil mirror flings
Back with delight thy thousand colourings,
And who no equal in the world dost know,
Save thy own image pictured thus below!

Dazzled, amazed, our eyes half-blinded, fail,
While sweeps the phantasm past our gliding sail—
Like as in festive scene some sudden light
Rises in clouds of stars upon the night.
Struck by a splendour never seen before,
Drunk with the perfumes wafted from the shore,
Approaching near these peopled groves, we deem
That from enchantment rose the gorgeous dream;
Day without voice, and motion without sound,
Silently beautiful! The haunted ground
Is paved with roofs beyond the bounds of sight,
Countless, and coloured, wrapped in golden light.
'Mid groves of cypress, measureless and vast,
In thousand forms of circles—crescents—cast,
Gold glitters, spangling all the wide extent,
And flashes back to heaven the rays it sent.
Gardens and domes, bazaars begem the woods;
Seraglios, harems—peopled solitudes,
Where the veiled idol kneels; and vistas, through
Barred lattices, that give the enamoured view,
Flowers, orange-trees, and waters sparkling near,
And black and lovely eyes.—Alas, that Fear,
At those heaven-gates, dark sentinel should stand,
To scare even Fancy from her promised land!

Foreign Quarterly Review.

Astronomical Occurrences

In AUGUST 1829.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Virgo at 33 m. after 11 in the morning of the 23d of this month; and he rises and sets during the same period as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

	Sun rises m. after		sets m. after	
August 1st,	20	4,	40	7
6th	28	4	32	7
11th	36	4	24	7
16th	45	4	15	7
21st	54	4	6	7
26th	2	5	58	6
31st	12	5	48	6

Equation of Time.

When apparent time is known, and mean or true time required, the one may be easily found from the other by using the numbers as directed in the following Table. If the time be required for any day intermediate to those in the Table, the correction must be found by proportion, as already explained.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	s.
Saturday	August 1st,	to the time by the dial *add*	5	58
Thursday	6th		5	34
Tuesday	11th		4	54
Sunday	16th		4	1
Friday	21st		2	54
Wednesday	26th		1	36
Monday	31st		0	9

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

		m. past		
First Quarter	7th day, at	18 m. past	10	in the evening
Full Moon	14th	26	10	
Last Quarter	21st	35	1	in the afternoon
New Moon	29th	55	8	in the morning

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the first meridian at the following times this month, which will afford opportunities for observation if the weather prove favourable: *viz.*

August 7th,	at 36 m.	after 5	in the afternoon
8th	.. 24	 6	....
9th	.. 15	 7	in the evening
10th	.. 9	 8	....
11th	.. 5	 9	....
12th	.. 3	10	....
13th	.. 1	11	....
20th	.. 36	 4	in the morning
21st	.. 29	 5	....
22d	.. 22	 6	....
23d	.. 15	 7	....
24th	.. 7	 8	....

Phenomena Planetarum.

Phases of Venus.

The illuminated phase of Venus now begins to decrease in magnitude, but to increase in brilliancy, on account of her approach towards the earth.

August 1st { Illuminated part = 11·27124
Dark part ..... = 0·72876

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The following will be the only eclipse of the first and second of these satellites that will be visible this month, though there will be twenty-seven others.

Emersion.

First Satellite...20th day, at 4 m. 11 s. past 9 in the evening.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

August 3d,	with β	in Virgo	at 6	in the evening
8th	.... γ ..	Libra	1	in the afternoon
13th	.... β ..	Capricorn ..	9	....
21st	.... γ ..	Taurus	11	at night
22d	.. 1 & 2 θ.	Taurus	1	in the morning
22d	.... α ..	Taurus	6	....
31st	.... β ..	Virgo	1	....
31st	....	Venus	10	at night.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury and Saturn will be in conjunction with each other at 8 in the evening of the 11th of this month. Mars will be in conjunction at 45 m. past 3 in the morning of the 19th; and also in conjunction with Mercury at 11 in the morning of the 20th. Mercury will also be in his superior conjunction at a quarter past midnight of the 20th; and Jupiter in quadrature at 15 m. after 7 in the morning of the 30th.

METEORIC APPEARANCES.

Alloa, Monday evening, half past 8 o'clock, 15th Sept. 1828.

Meteor.—A splendid luminous arch appeared in the heavens, embracing the whole horizon, from south-west to north-east, while its breadth seemed to be little more than that of a rainbow. The night was calm and clear, and before the arch appeared several columns of the aurora borealis were seen in the north, which continued luminous a considerable time. The light of the meteor was very much the same as that of the aurora borealis—only that it was stationary. It retained its brilliancy and beauty for about an hour, when it gradually melted away. This interesting object was also seen in Edinburgh and Glasgow. This phenomenon, interesting from the rarity of its occurrence, was, in the present instance, rendered still more so from being in opposition to the received notions of the causes which are believed to produce it, and the season of its appearance. It has been supposed, that they appear only at the full of the Moon; now, the bow in question appeared just at the time the Moon set, and which, instead of being at its full, was only nine days old, and there was no rain at the time, the evening being uncommonly serene, the sky almost unclouded, and the air rather dry and frosty than humid; the thermometer at the time standing at 50, and the barometer rather above 30.—*Communicated by William Brodie, Esq.*

At ten minutes past six o'clock one evening lately (January 1828), a luminous arch appeared across the heavens, stretching directly from the magnetic east and west through the zenith—the east extremity being by far the most intense in light, and narrower than the west one. The east end appeared much more compact than the west; the latter having the appearance of streaks of light. The centre, which passed directly through Cassiopeia, had the appearance of flocci, and at least three times the breadth of the west end, and four times that of the east. About 20° farther north another arch of light appeared, quite distinct from the former, but much thinner; its ends terminated in the extremities of the larger bow. The north horizon exhibited the aurora by appearing like the sky when illuminated by the rising Sun. Round the Moon was a very distinct halo, and she had attained the altitude of about 50°. In the south were thick white clouds, which concealed the south horizon. After the appearance had continued about ten minutes, the larger bow began to move at the centre towards the south, and to increase in breadth, the extremities remaining stationary; and this continued till the part of the bow that had been in the zenith united with the clouds, the smaller bow advancing in the same degree. When the centre of the bow had moved about 20° toward the south, the halo entirely disappeared. The bow, during the whole time, seemed to have motion from one extremity to the other, as though impelled by wind from the west to the east. The wind at the surface of the earth was at the same same time north-west by north. The thermometer was 40°, the barometer 30·30, and had risen during the day from 30·07. The whole appearance lasted about half an hour, after which the whole sky was clear, except in the south. No streamers were visible, except from the east end, whence a few large ones moved towards the magnetic north, but rather sluggishly. The weather changed during the night, by

the thermometer falling to 29°, and the sky clear.—*Westmorland Advertiser.*

Meteor exhibiting a peculiar green colour.—On the night of the 11th of February (1828), between 11 and 12 o'clock, as I was crossing the east river between this city (New York) and Long Island, I observed a beautiful meteor, which was visible for about two seconds. Its course was from a point perhaps 5° below the zenith, towards the horizon, in a north-eastern direction. It described an arc of perhaps 20°, when it apparently exploded, but without any report that I could hear. Its colour was a singularly pure *grass green,* of a light shade; the trail which it left was of the same colour, and so were the scintillations which accompanied its apparent explosion. The latter were distinct, like those which accompany the bursting of a rocket, but by no means so numerous. Two gentlemen who were in the boat with me at the same time also saw it.—*Silliman's Journal.*

Meteors seen in India.—Colonel Blacker has given the Asiatic Society an account of a singular meteor, having the appearance of an elongated ball of fire, which he observed at Calcutta, a little after sunset, when on the road between the court-house and the town hall. Its colour was pale, for the daylight was still strong, and its larger diameter appeared greater, and its smaller less, than the semi-diameter of the Moon. Its direction was from east to west, its tract nearly horizontal, and the altitude about 30 degrees. Colonel Blacker regrets not having heard of any other observation of this phenomenon at a greater distance, whereby he might have estimated its absolute height. As, however, it did not apparently move with the velocity of ordinary meteors, it was probably at a greater distance, and consequently of great size. So long as Colonel Blacker beheld it, which was for five or six seconds, its motion was steady, its light equable, and its size and figure permanent. It latterly, however, left a train of sparks, soon after which

it disappeared suddenly, without the attendant circumstance of any report audible in Colonel Blacker's situation. Colonel Blacker concludes his paper with some interesting observations on luminous meteors; and considers them of perpetual recurrence, although daylight, clouds, and misty weather so often exclude them from our view. Of their number no conception can be formed by the unassisted eye; but some conjecture may be formed of their extent from the fact mentioned by the author, that in using his astronomical telescope he has often seen what are called falling stars, shooting through the field of view, when they were not visible to the naked eye; and when it is considered that the glass only embraced one twenty-five thousandth part of the celestial hemisphere, it will be apparent that these phenomena must be infinitely numerous, to occur so frequently in so small a space.

Aurora Borealis, December 1827.—That beautiful appearance denominated the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Light, was lately visible at Carnarvon and Bangor, about two o'clock in the morning, when some persons arose and prepared to dress themselves, conceiving it to be dawn of day, from the brilliancy of the heavens in a north-west direction; but were speedily thrown into consternation, for the appearance of the hemisphere inclined them then to believe that an extensive conflagration was raging in the centre of the Island of Anglesea. At half past three the coruscations flashed upwards, passed one side of the pole, and, forming beautiful streaks or arches of lambent light, became so bright that the persons employed about the inns where the coaches usually stop, could see to read in the street the way-bills and directions of packages without the aid of lamps or candles. The phenomenon continued till the dawn of morning.

We subjoin the following lines, which are adapted to this season of the year:—

SUMMER MOON.

'Tis a bright summer's moon; along the shore
Float the white sea-mews rapturously; the grove,
Responsive to the small birds' song of love,
Is murmurous with sweet sound. But ah! no more
Come bright skies to me, as they came of yore,
When youth's Elysian cestus girdled all
The visible world, and every object bore
The trace of what Earth was before man's fall.
Yet pleasant is the green-sward, bright the day,
And musical hoar Ocean as he raves
With a majestic voice among his caves.
But Memory heedeth not: and far away
Turns to calm sunshine, sleeping on the graves
Of joys that perished in life's morning ray.

DELTA.



Gate of Cawood Castle, Yorkshire

The Naturalist's Diary

For AUGUST 1829.

In harvest time, when the abounding earth
Is full of solemn beauty, and the mirth
Of gleesome peasants seems to stay awhile
The fleeting grace of summer's radiant smile;
When Dryads from the silent woods look out,
To see the jocund rout,
Hearing loud laughs, and airy voices borne
From sunlit fields of thickly piled corn.

Howitt's Forest Minstrel.

THE various kinds of grain are generally ripened in this month by the powerful influence of the solar ray; and as *every* month has its *peculiar* beauties, so August has its fields of waving corn, its groups of nut-brown reapers, and its cheerful HARVEST-HOME.—The rural ceremonies at this period, in England, as well as in foreign countries, have been noticed in our previous volumes; we will now add another sheaf to the harvest field, from the sunny clime of Portugal.

In this country, they celebrate the arrival of the last sheaf from the field in the following manner. It happened (says the author of 'Portugal Illustrated,') to be our host's celebration of harvest-home upon the evening of our arrival, and every room but our own was nearly filled with the large yellow and brown heads of the Indian corn. At night a noisy party of rustics assembled in the kitchen to dance and make libations to Ceres. In yielding to an entreaty that we would descend from our apartment and witness the festivities, we only exchanged one scene of filth for another—the latter being rather the more amusing of the twain. The life of the party had already begun to shine forth. An elderly inhabitant from a neighbouring village, whose dark features and large piercing eyes were shaded by the breadth of an enormous slouch hat, such as Murillo would put upon the heads of his peasants, the dark cloak being thrown aside, wearing black gaiters, and sandals of untanned leather,—was ready on his legs, with castanets, inviting one from the fair throng to figure off with him to the monotonous tones of a bag-pipe, played upon by a Spaniard, the only wandering musicians allowed in Portugal being natives of Spain, whose appearance altogether was as rough and uncouth as the notes of his instrument were sorry and inharmonious. The scene was worthy

the pencil of a Teniers or a Jan Steen. Bacalhao, rice, onions, and sardinhas fried in oil, formed the humble preparations for supper; and on one side of the room was extended a long table, at which some of the guests had already seated themselves, expectant of the more substantial part of the festivity. In a corner sat three of the hinds, eating out of the same wooden bowl a savoury olio, which betrayed no slight suspicion of garlic; and overhead were suspended Lamego hams, strings of onions, dried parcels of herbs and pumpkins, bladders, poles, guns, lamps, baskets, sheepskins, shoes and stockings of all ages, hues, and quality. The sound of the bagpipe had now attracted a crowd of spectators to the doors of the room, and therefore we took leave to sound an early retreat, and ascended aloft to enjoy the peculiar comforts in reserve for the travellers.

About the 11th of August, the puffin migrates; and soon afterwards the swift disappears, probably winging its way to more southern regions. Lapwings and linnets congregate, and the nuthatch chatters. Young broods of *goldfinches* are now seen.

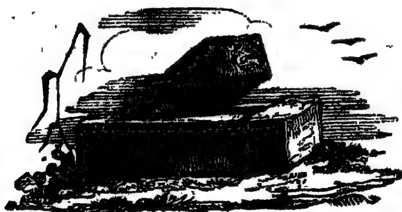


The GOLDFINCH.

Goldfinch, pride of woodland glade,
In thy jet and gold arrayed;
Gentle bird, that lov'st to feed
On the thistle's downy seed;
Freely frolic, lightly sing,
In the sunbeam spread thy wing!
Spread thy plumage, trim and gay,
Glittering in the noontide ray!
As upon the thorn-tree's stem
Perched thou sip'st the dewy gem.
Fickle bird, for ever roving,
Endless changes ever loving;

Now in orchards gaily sporting,
Now to flowery fields resorting;
Chasing now the thistle's down,
By the gentle zephyrs blown;
Lightly on thou wing'st thy way,
Always happy, always gay!

In solitude, the goldfinch delights to view its image in a mirror; fancying, probably, that it sees another of its own species: and this attachment to society seems to equal the cravings of nature; for it is often observed to pick up the hemp-seed, grain by grain, and advance to eat it at the mirror, imagining, no doubt, that it is thus feeding in company. If a young goldfinch be educated under a canary-bird, a wood-lark, or any other singing bird, it will readily catch their song. Mr. Albin mentions a lady who had a goldfinch which was even able to speak several words with great distinctness. Towards winter these birds usually assemble in flocks. They feed on various kinds of seeds, but are more partial to those of the thistle than any others. They sometimes have been known to attain a great age. Willughby speaks of one that was twenty-three years old; and Albin says, that they not unfrequently arrive at the age of twenty years.



The mountain ash, or rowan tree, now displays its bunches of red berries amid its elegant and light foliage, rivalling the flaming honours of the pyracanthus at a later period. The *jessamine* shows its pretty little flowers, and diffuses its fragrant scent.

The *geranium* tribe add to the beauty of the garden, and many pretty species also decorate our sunny

banks; the malvaceous order, and the spurges, bearing the seed always elevated on the flower, are seen in great variety. The *Genista* or broom flowers in this month; and the common flax, with its pretty pale blue flowers. The *sun-flower* adds its stately beauties to the garden.

The HELIOTROPE.

There is a flower whose modest eye
Is turned with looks of light and love,
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
Her fond idolatry is fled;
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,—
The loving eye is cold and dead.

Canst thou not trace a moral here,
False flatterer of the prosperous hour?
Let but an adverse cloud appear,
And thou art faithless as the flower!

T. GENT.

The sweet scabious is in flower, and the common blue passion-flower, which flowers from June to October, may, in the general dearth of flowers, be introduced to our notice in August.

Insects now abound, and afford a never-failing source of amusement and instruction to the inquiring entomologist. In this month, the *Papilio Io, Argus,* and *Phlæas* attract our attention.

The harvest-bug *(Acarus ricinus)*, in this and the following month, proves a very troublesome and disagreeable insect, particularly in some of the southern counties of England. The best cure for the bite is *spirit of hartshorn.* Flies now abound, and torment both men and animals with their perpetual buzzing. *Wasps* also become very troublesome.—See T.T. for 1822, p. 240, and our last volume, p. 211.

The WASP, *or* VANITY'S RUIN.

The Wasp was a very fine gentleman:
Such was his silly pride,
He wore his coat laced over with gold,
And his hat cocked on one side.

One morning he rose betimes from his bed,
  And called the drone to bring
His cowslip boots, with spurs of steel,
  And his sword with pointed sting.

Said he, 'I'll fly from east to west,
  And none shall dare dispute
My right o'er the sweetest blossoms around,
  Or claim to the ripest fruit.

And if a vile bee cross my path,
  I'll soon despatch his life,
Then fly to his hive and eat all his honey,
  And drink his wine with his wife.

What care I for a paltry tribe
  Of insects mean and vile?
Such low mechanics as worms and ants,
  I scornful on them smile.

And as for moth and beetle, they
  My contempt are quite beneath;
'Tis very hard that I'm condemned
  The self-same air to breathe.

On the cricket, who dares of knowledge boast,
  I most indignant frown:
What signifies learning to such as I?
  The world *is* all my own.

I'll get me a golden sceptre bright—
  I'll brandish it over all—
I'll crush beneath my royal foot
  The reptiles, great and small.

And when I'm gone, o'er my honoured dust
  A diamond tomb shall rise;
Therein I'll sleep, while the insects wail,
  And never more dry their eyes.

Their tears shall fall so far and wide
  As dew-drops from the sky,
And thus shall be, on onyx wrought,
  My modest elegy:

'Here lies the best, the noblest Wasp
  That ever waved a wing:
His virtues bloomed like sweetest flowers
  In nature's fairest spring.

Without conceit, and wise, he was,
  And great and grand of birth;
But could we write a thousand years,
  We could not write his worth.'

Just here, in wo's vast pomp, Wasp threw
His regal wing aside,
And tumbled into the mustard-pot,
Wherein, alas! he died.
Whims and Oddities for the Young.

Among the fish taken in this month is the *Dace.*



The *Swedish Plum* and the *Melon* attract our notice among the fruits of August.

The Swedish Plum constitutes an entirely new variety in this country: Mr. Wilmot, of Isleworth, has reared it from a cutting which he received from Sweden, and is the only person in possession of this delightful fruit. From a change of climate, and from the high state of cultivation of fruit trees in England, there is little doubt that the Swedish Plum will be greatly improved. The flesh is rather firm, extremely pleasant to eat, and of an exceedingly good flavour: it is, apparently, a very free bearer, and ripens about the middle of August.

The Melon.

The *Polignac Melon* is one of the best melons we have for richness of flavour: the Black Rock is generally considered the first; but if the Polignac were more known, there is little doubt that it would find as many admirers as the Black Rock. There was a specimen in the garden of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, at Oatlands; the Duchess being very partial to melons, this garden was remarkable for its great collection of the very best

fruit of this kind. Nearly the whole of the inside of the Polignac Melon is eatable, being more free from the seedy part than any other melons. It seldom weighs more than three or four pounds.

The melon was first introduced into Europe from Persia, and appears to have been cultivated in England before the year 1570. Gerarde, who wrote about twenty years afterwards, says, that he saw at the Queen's house, at St. James's, very many green melons with a red flesh, 'ripe through the diligent and curious nourishing of them by a skilful gentleman, the keeper of the said house, called Master Fowle; and in other places, near unto the right honourable the Lord of Sussex house, of *Bermondsey*, by London, where, from year to year, there was very great plenty, especially if the weather was any thing temperate.'

About the year 1629, melons were not only delicate, but rare, and were found chiefly at the tables of the rich and the nobility: many were then brought from France, and being carefully and skilfully propagated, were afterwards produced in greater abundance.

Many varieties of the melon are cultivated in this country, especially by those who attend the markets, chiefly on account of their size; thus by endeavouring to augment their bulk, the fruit is rendered of no value. We shall briefly enumerate the varieties most deserving of care, excluding the common melons as being unworthy of the trouble and expense of cultivation. The *Cantaleupe*, the most celebrated melon in every part of Europe, is so called from a place about fourteen miles from Rome, where the Pope has a country seat, in which place this fruit has been long cultivated; it was brought thither from that part of Armenia bordering on Persia, where the fruit is so plentiful, that a horse-load is sold for a French crown. The flesh of this melon, when in perfection, is delicious, and may be taken with safety by the most delicate stomachs. The outer coat is very rough, and full of knobs or protuberances, like warts; it is of a middling size, rather round than long, and the flesh is, for the most part, of an orange colour. The Dutch are so fond of this fruit, as to cultivate few other sorts, and name it The Cantaloupe only, without the addition of melon, which they give to all the other varieties.

They who are desirous of early melons, may cultivate the *Romana*, which, when the fruit is well conditioned, the plants in perfect health, and the season dry, is a very excellent melon. The *Black Galloway*, brought from Portugal many years since by Lord Galloway, and now scarcely to be met with, comes to perfection sooner than any other variety, and when suffered to ripen naturally, is by no means a bad fruit.

Two uncommon varieties of the melon, lately introduced into this country, deserve notice—the Salonica and the Valentia. The *Salonica* Melon is nearly of a spherical shape, and without

depressions on its surface; its colour approaches that of gold; its pulp is of a pure white, of the consistence of that of the Water Melon, and very saccharine. The fruit should remain on the plant till it be completely matured; for it improves in flavour and sweetness till it becomes soft and ready to decay.

The *Valentia* Melon is produced plentifully in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. It is remarkable for the property of keeping for many weeks, insomuch that it has been sometimes imported into London from Spain. In this country it is raised in the manner of other melons. The fruit gathered when nearly ripe, and suspended in a dry airy room, will keep till January or February; hence it is often called the Winter Melon. It is oval-shaped and somewhat pointed at the ends; the skin thin, and of a dark green colour; the pulp whitish, firm, saccharine, and juicy: though the flavour is not rich, it is pleasant to the taste.

The importance of *preserving the leaves* of the melon during its growth and cultivation, cannot be too often insisted on, as many gardeners are very apt to think that, in thinning out the leaves, they are rendering the fruit an essential service by admitting sun and air to it, while they are probably inflicting a positive injury. The success of the fruit depends very much on the plant possessing a luxuriant and healthy foliage, having the upper surfaces regularly presented to the light, and remaining as much as possible undisturbed in that position. Pegs are therefore to be freely employed, not only with the view of retaining the shoots in their place, but of keeping the leaves steady and upright; and when water is necessary, it is to be introduced without touching the leaves. Melons are also frequently much injured by being planted too near cucumbers and gourds.

There are three principal varieties of the WATER MELON: 1, with firm flesh; 2, with reddish flesh; 3, with whitish flesh. The first is particularly distinguished in the south of France by the name of *pasteque*, and is eaten only with fricassees, or baked with sweet wine, like Burgundy pears. The two latter are the true Water Melons, so much esteemed in all hot countries for their pleasant, cool, refreshing flesh, which is always of a deep colour, and so succulent that it melts in the mouth; the central pulp is so fluid, that, like the milk of the cocoa-nut, it may be sucked or poured out through a hole in the rind, and affords an agreeable beverage. It is a native of the East Indies, Cochin-China, and China, and is found in Brazil. On account of its excellent qualities, it is much cultivated in all the warmer countries of the four quarters of the globe; and is said to serve the Egyptians for meat, drink, and physic, as long as it continues in season, which is from the beginning of May to the end of July, or the beginning of August.—*Brookshaw's Horticultural Repository*.

Those interesting insects the lady-bird and the *glow-worm* are seen in profusion in this month.

> Oh! gaze on yon *Glow-worm*—though pale be its light,
> Though faintly it shines through the darkness of night,
> Its glittering taper an emblem may be
> Of the truth of my quiet affection for thee.
>
> When Fortune and Fame brightly shone on thy way,
> And crowds of gay flatterers basked in the ray,
> I loved, but resolved in seclusion to hide
> A love unbefitting the morn of thy pride.
>
> But when Sorrow assailed thee, when friends were unkind,
> And the meteor-like blaze of thy fortunes declined,
> My faith, like the Glow-worm, imparted its spark,
> And smiled on a path-way deserted and dark.
>
> Oh! thousands have offered a flame at thy shrine,
> More sparkling, more ardent, more burning than mine;
> But remember, it shone when thy sky was o'ercast,
> And will shine on through sadness and gloom to the last.
>
> *New Monthly Magazine.*

Much amusement may be derived, in this month, from searching for insects among the weeds thrown up in clearing ponds. Among these will be found the larvæ of the *Phryganea,* or caddis-fly. (See T.T. for 1824, p. 234.)

The solitary bee and the white moth are observed in this month: the *Ptinus pectinicornis* also makes its appearance, the larvæ of which are very destructive to wooden furniture, boring holes in tables, chairs, bed-posts, &c. The vapourer-moth *(Bombyx antiqua)* may be found in this month.

Notes for August 1828, from the 'Magazine of Natural History.'—Many of what are called 'the solstitial wreath of the goddess of flowers' are still in beauty; to which there are added dahlias, hollyhocks, convolvuli, and all the new splendid varieties of Œnothera, Nicotiana, &c., in the gardens. In the fields, and on wastes, foxgloves, toadflax, chiccory, &c., are the most striking flowers. Our song-birds are almost all silent. The black-cap has not been heard during the last week. A song-thrush, and now and then a sky-lark, may occasionally be heard; but the general harmony of the woods is over. Swifts appear to be directing their flight to the south-westward, the wet season urging their departure. Insects do not appear to be so plentiful as they are in dry summers; the common lady-bird (Coccinella 7-punctata *Lin.*) is

even rare about London this year, but the C. 2-punctatæ are numerous; neither are aphides so prevalent as they sometimes are. *The weather*, for the last two months, has only been a continuation of that which preceded. Unfortunately for the country, but few places have escaped heavy and unseasonable rains; causing floods, and much damage to the crops.

During the great heats of this and the preceding month, how often may we be tempted to exclaim with Navagero,—

> Gentle airs, that on light wing
> Through the high woods softly sing
> In low murmurs! these sweet wreaths,
> Violets, blue bells, woodbines, heaths,
> Rustic Idmon loves to throw
> To you thus in handfuls; so
> Temper you the heat of day,
> And the thin chaff blow away,
> When at noon his van again
> Winnows out the golden grain. WIFFEN.

If prevented by the excessive glow of burning heat from reposing on the green velvet of Nature's carpet, we may throw our listless length upon the luxurious *cane* sofa, and listen to the soft but melancholy murmurs of the harp of Æolus.—This harp is a long box or case of light wood, with harp or violin strings extended on its face. These are generally tuned in perfect unison with each other, or to the same pitch, as it is expressed; but when the harp is suspended among trees, or in any situation where the fluctuating breeze may reach it, each string, according to the manner in which it receives the blast, sounds either entire or breaks into some simple divisions. The result of this is the production of the most pleasing combination and succession of sounds that fancy has ever listened to or perhaps conceived. After a pause, this fairy harp is often heard beginning with a low and solemn note, like the bass of distant music in the sky: the sound then swells as if approaching, and other tones break forth, mingling with the first and with each other. In the combined and varying strain sometimes one sweet note predominates and some-

times another, as if single musicians alternately led the band; and the concert often seems to approach and again to recede, until with the unequal breeze it dies away, and all is again at rest. It is no wonder that the ancients, who understood not the nature of air, nor, consequently, even of simple sound, should have deemed the music of the Æolian harp supernatural; and in their warm and chaste imaginations should have supposed that it was the strain of invisible beings from above, descended in the stillness of evening or night, to commune with men in the heavenly language of soul, intelligible to both. But even now that we understand it well, there are few persons so insensible to what is delicate and beautiful in nature as to listen to this wild music without emotion; while to the informed ear it is additionally delightful, from the fine illustration which it affords of those simple laws of sound which human ingenuity, at last, has traced.—*Arnott's Elements of Physics.*

Sonnet.

[Written for Time's Telescope by Richard Howitt.]

Oh! were I spiritual as the wafting wind
That breathes its sighing music through the wood,
Sports with the dancing leaves, and crisps the flood,
Then would I glide away from cares which bind
Me down to haunts that taint the healthful mind;
And I would sport with many a bloom and bud,
Happiest the farthest from the neighbourhood,
And from the crimes and miseries of mankind!
Then would I waft me to the cowslip's bell;
And to the wild-rose should my voyage be;
Unto the lily, vestal of the dell,
Or daisy, the pet-child of Poesy;
Or be, beside some mossy forest-well,
Companion to the wood-anemone!

August and September constitute the English *villeggiatura,* and most persons who possess a sufficient portion of the 'glittering ore,' the *passe-par-tout* of this chequered scene,—seek health and pleasure in exploring the beauties of our picturesque and fertile country.

A Summer Tour.—If we were called upon to propose any *summer's journey* for a young English traveller (and it is a call often made with reference to continental tours), we might reasonably suggest the *coasts* of Great Britain, as affording every kind of various interest which can by possibility be desired. Such a scheme would include the ports and vast commercial establishments of Liverpool, Bristol, Greenock, Leith, Newcastle, and Hull; the great naval stations of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Chatham, and Milford; the magnificent estuaries of the Clyde and Forth, and of the Bristol Channel, not surpassed by any in Europe; the wild and romantic coasts of the Hebrides and Western Highlands; the bold shore of North Wales; the Menai, Conway, and Sunderland bridges; the gigantic works of the Caledonian Canal and Plymouth Breakwater; and numerous other objects, which it is beyond our purpose and power to enumerate. It cannot be surely too much to advise, that Englishmen, who have only slightly and partially seen these things, should subtract something from the length or frequency of their continental journeys, and give the time so gained to a survey of their own country's wonders of nature and art.

To the agriculturist, and to the lover of rural scenery, England offers much that is remarkable. The rich alluvial plains of continents may throw out a more profuse exuberance and succession of crops; but we doubt whether agriculture, as an art, has anywhere (except in Flanders and Tuscany alone) reached the same perfection as in the less fertile soils of the Lothians, Northumberland, and Norfolk. Still more peculiar is the rural scenery of England, in the various and beautiful landscape it affords—in the undulating surface—the greenness of the inclosures—the hamlets and country churches—and the farm-houses and cottages dispersed over the face of the country, instead of being congregated into villages, as in France and Italy. We might select Devonshire, Somersetshire, Herefordshire, and others of the midland counties, as pre-eminent in this character of beauty, which, however, is too familiar to our daily observation to make it needful to expatiate upon it.

Nor will our limits allow us to dwell upon that bolder form of natural scenery which we possess in the Highlands of Scotland, in Wales, Cumberland, and Derbyshire, and which entitles us to speak of this island as rich in landscape of the higher class. In the scale of objects, it is true that no comparison can exist between the mountain scenery of Britain, and that of many parts of the continent of Europe. But it must be remembered, that magnitude is not essential to beauty, and that even sublimity is not always to be measured by yards and feet. A mountain may be loftier, or a lake longer and wider, without any gain to that picturesque effect which mainly depends on form, combination, and colouring. Still we do not mean to claim, in these points, any sort of equality with the Alps, Apennines, or Pyrenees; or

to do more than assert that, with the exception of these, the more magnificent memorials of Nature's workings on the globe, our own country possesses as large a proportion of fine scenery as any part of the continent of Europe.

To thee, fair Freedom, I retire,
  From flattery, cards, and dice, and din,
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
  Than the low cot or humble *inn*.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
  And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne—
  Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
  I fly from Falsehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
  And choose my lodgings at an inn

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
  Which lackeys else might hope to win,
It buys what courts have not in store—
  It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
  Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
  The warmest welcome at an inn. SHENSTONE.



The Swan, at Ditton.

Poetical Pictures in August.

VIRGINIA WATER: *by* CHARLES KNIGHT.

A wild and solemn scene in the green woods—
A close and shaded scene—where the quick water
Wakes its own musical voice, unvexed by man.
It is a quiet, heart-entrancing tone,
A mellow sound, in which, amidst the leaps
Of the white sparkling foam, a constant roll
Swells like the deep flow of the organ's peal.
Unwearied minstrelsy! thou art not dull;
But in the noontide glow 'twere sweet to dream,
Hushed by thy murmuring song, and hear in thee
Gushes of choral hymns, the slumbering airs
Of music indistinct, such as the wind
Breathes on its own lute with a balmy kiss.
Faint image of the loud and mighty falls
That headlong tumble down unfathomed steeps,
And lift, amidst the hills eternally,
A voice more dreary than the whirlwind's roar,
I love thee not the less that thou hast come
Fresh from the hand of art, a gentle thing,
A pleasant tranquil thing, such as in groves,
Where a soft glimmering light for ever lies,
May mingle with the breeze and the blithe song
Of evening nightingales. Yet thou art not
A crude unripened bauble; for the sun,
And dew, and frost, have long conversed with thee,
'Till thy brown rocky stones are crumbling and hoar,
While the moss clings to them as if they grew
Here with the hills. The graceful willows droop
Beautiful o'er thee, and the weeping birch
Is listening to thy voice. Fair at thy feet
The acacia blooms; the uncropped turf is fresh
With spongy moss, mid knots of rank thick grass,
And straggling fern, and frequent dewy nooks,
Where the bright harebell gleams like a precious gem.
Deep by thy side there is a rocky cave,
Piled up as if in sport, where the high sun
Not often looks through its thick doming boughs
Here, the close lichen, and the delicate heath,
And yellow pellitory, have singled out
Green vegetative spots, where they may creep
Blooming amidst the dark and dripping walls.
Hollowly here the gushing water sounds,
With a mysterious voice; and one might pause
Upon its echoes, till it seemed a noise
Of fathomless wilds where man had never walked.

Friendship's Offering. 1828.

Oh! 'tis sad to see the splendour
Of the Summer pass away,
When the night is always stealing
Precious moments from the day:
But in Spring each lengthened evening
Tempts us farther off from home;
And *if* Summer has more beauty,
All that beauty is to come.

It is thus in manhood's summer,
That the heart too often grieves
Over friends lost prematurely,
Like the fall of blighted leaves;
But life's spring-time is far sweeter,
When each green bud that appears
May expand into a blossom
To enliven future years. T. H. BAYLY.

The Ancient Kirk.



How like an image of repose it looks
That ancient, holy, and sequestered pile!
Silence abides in each tree-shaded aisle,
And on the grey spire caw the hermit rooks;
So absent is the stamp of modern days,
That, in the quaint, carved oak, and oriel stained,
With saintly legend, to Reflection's gaze
The star of Eld seems not yet to have waned.

At pensive eventide, when streams the west
On moss-ground pediment, and tombstone grey,
And spectral silence pointeth to decay,
How preacheth wisdom to the conscious breast,
Saying, 'each foot that roameth here shall rest;'
To God and heaven, Death's is the only way.

Delta, of Blackwood's Magazine.

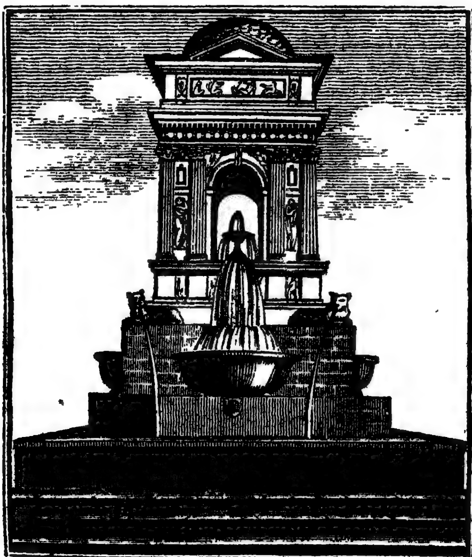
A Lapland Summer.

In no part of the world are the opposite seasons of the year more strikingly contrasted, and nowhere do the alterations of summer and winter present, in every point of view, a more sudden and remarkable change, than in the countries beyond the polar circle. Should the traveller be pursuing his way at the commencement of the former season, he cannot see without astonishment the rapidity with which the whole vegetable kingdom starts into life; accustomed as he has been to the slowness with which, in more temperate climes, it recovers from the torpidity of winter. His journeying is slow, laborious, and even painful; contending, as he is obliged to do, against the endless rapids that oppose the progress of his slight canoe; toiling through pathless thickets, or climbing the rugged mountain's side. Should he, when exhausted by fatigue, seek shelter from the blaze of the meridian sun, the silence that reigns throughout the deep and interminable pine-forests is interrupted by the loud hum of myriads of the insect tribe which disturb his slumbers; while their incessant attacks are directed against him equally during the noontide heat and the midnight glare. If, during what would be night in other climes, he repose himself on the banks of the broad Tornea river, and be lulled to sleep by the murmurings of the distant rapids, his slumber is no sooner broken than his eye is caught by the dazzling beams of the sun high above the northern horizon, and bringing forcibly to his mind the recollection, that he is far from those countries where the approach of evening is announced by the deep glow of the western sky, and midnight is devoted to obscurity. How different is the scene that is presented to the winter traveller, whose course throughout the day is illumined by the pale moon, while at night ten thousand meteors serve him for torches, as lashed in his boat, with his eye directed to the starry vault of heaven, he lightly glides with swift and silent steps along the trackless snows of the north.—*De Capell Brooke's Winter in Lapland.*

To a Fountain.

Sweet Fountain, in thy cool and glassy bed
  The forms of things around reflected lie
  With all the brightness of reality,
And all the softness which thy wave can shed—
As clear as if within thy depths were laid
  Some brighter world beneath that pictured sky:
  But with a thought the vision passes by,
Before the rising breeze, and all is fled.
So on the stream of life, all bright and gay,
  A thousand pleasures glitter to the view,
Which *Hope* enlightens with her fairest ray,
  And *Fancy* colours with her richest hue;
But with the breath of TRUTH they pass away,
  Like thine, sweet Fountain, fair, but fleeting too.

New Monthly Magazine.



Fountain of the Innocents, at Paris.

September.

SEPTEMBER derived its name from the place which it occupied in the Romulean calendar; it was the seventh. The sign *Libra* is appropriated to it.

Remarkable Days

In SEPTEMBER 1829.

1.—SAINT GILES.

GILES was born at Athens, but removed to France, and there died towards the end of the eighth century.

2.—LONDON BURNT.

The fire raged with irresistible fury nearly four days and nights: nor was it entirely mastered till the fifth morning after it began.—See T.T. for 1816, p. 249; T.T. for 1820, p. 213; and T.T. for 1826, p. 217.

Old Houses and Remains of Ancient Buildings.

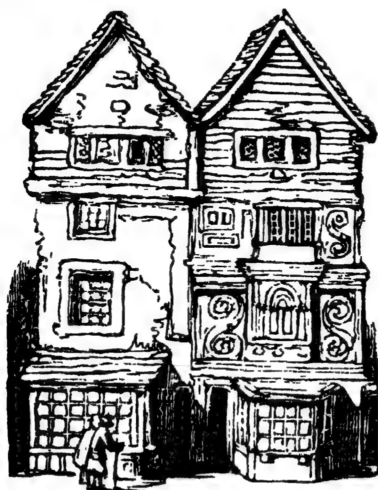


Nothing can better evince the present state of improvement than the contrast which may still be made between our ancient and more modern structures in various parts of this metropolis.

To pass over the exceedingly rude dwellings of our early forefathers, the buildings of the middle ages, with stories projecting beyond each other as they ascended, still remind us of the slow march of improvement during several ages. A few of these old and curious buildings, which exhibit a specimen of ancient London, remain about Bishopsgate and Leadenhall Streets, and particularly in Holywell-street in the Strand. However, it is probable that another half century will obliterate the remembrance of them from almost every testimony but the works of those artists whose taste, skill, and indefatigable research, have preserved many rare and valuable representations of the remains of antiquity, no longer visible. Here we do not allude altogether to the houses of the common people, though, speaking of these, a writer upon architecture observed, several years since, 'When I compare the modern English way of building with the old way, I cannot but wonder at the genius of old times. Nothing is or can be more delightful and convenient than light, and nothing more agreeable to health than free air. And yet of old they used to dwell in houses, most of them with a blind staircase, low ceilings, and dark windows; the rooms built at random, without any convenience, and often with steps from one to another. So that one would think the people of former ages were afraid of light, or loved to play at hide and seek. Whereas the taste of our times is altogether for light stair-cases, fine sash windows, and lofty ceilings.'

Among the few ancient houses still remaining in London, we may mention one on the west side of Little Moorfields, of which a cut has been given in p. 95 of the present volume: it affords a specimen of the foliated front, and may be attributed to the latter period of the sixteenth century. The house consists of oak, lath, and plaster; but the ceilings, which have evidently undergone various changes, are now destitute of ornament. This house is one of the oldest standing in the neighbourhood of Moorfields. It was not unusual to fix iron hooks into the fronts of the old houses, especially in the most public streets, whereon to suspend the tapestry, which was brilliantly displayed on rejoicing or procession days; a custom that had prevailed from a very early period.

The old house represented in the next wood cut, is on the south side of London Wall; it is of oak and plaster, and the foliage of plaster alone, and exhibits a good specimen of the foliated style in the reign of Charles the First.



The houses lately standing at the west corner of Chancery-lane, as delineated in the following wood-cut, presented a genuine specimen of the grotesque bracketted front and projecting stories of the reign of Edward the Sixth. These houses were taken down by the city in May 1799, to widen the street: they were



entirely of oak and plaster. It was from the top of the corner-house that several cherubs flew down, and presented Queen Elizabeth with a crown of laurels and gold, together with some verses, when she was going into the city, upon a visit to Sir Thomas Gresham.

Crosby House, in Crosby Square.—This ancient edifice was built by Sir John Crosbie, Sheriff, in 1470; and here Richard, Duke of Gloucester, lodged, after he had conveyed his devoted nephews to the Tower. It is singular that when Crosby House was first erected, it was supposed to have been the highest in London, and occupied the whole of Crosby-square. Henry the Eighth granted this house to Anthony Bonvica, an Italian merchant, and in Queen Elizabeth's time it was appropriated for the reception of ambassadors; though in 1594, Sir John Spencer kept his mayoralty here.

The hall, the principal of the remains, has been miscalled Richard the Third's Chapel; and, for the convenience of the late occupants, has been divided into floors. The building is still majestic; and the west side presents a range of beautiful Gothic windows: here is also a fine circular window. The timber roof, of most exquisite workmanship, is divided by three rows of pendants, ranging along, and connected by pointed arches: the whole has been highly ornamented. This hall has been let to several religious assemblies, and since to tradesmen. This noble room is of stone, fifty-four feet long, twenty-seven feet wide (exactly half its length), and forty feet high. It has eight windows on a side, at a considerable elevation from the ground, each measuring eleven feet six inches high, by five feet six inches wide; in which number may be included a spacious recess, or larger window, towards the north-east, reaching from the floor to the roof. Adjoining this recess, on the north side, is a handsome doorway, bricked up, which formerly communicated with the ground-floor in the north wing; and nearly opposite, a ponderous stone chimney-piece, calculated to give warmth to so large a space, being ten feet five inches broad, by seven feet high. The floor has been formerly paved with hard stones, seemingly a species of marble, laid diamond-ways, but is much damaged. A number of small square tiles, the former paving of some of the other rooms or passages, were long preserved here with mere lumber. They are extremely hard, glazed, and ornamented with different figures.

The principal remains of Crosby House consist of three large apartments, *viz.* the hall and two adjoining chambers, forming the eastern and northern sides of a quadrangle. The former of these sides, which faces Bishopsgate-street, extends from the entrance of Crosby-square to Great St. Helen's church-yard, a distance of about eighty-four feet, and contains the hall, a room of one story, together with some smaller apartments at each end.

The northern side is about half that length, and is divided into two stories, an upper and a lower one, each containing a large chamber.

The present approach to the hall is from Bishopsgate-street, or rather from the passage to Crosby-square, by a modern flight of stone steps: here the only part of its outside is visible, which is not surrounded by houses. It appears of no great length, plastered, and surmounted by a stone parapet, but remarkable for the elegance of its windows. A small fragment of the outside of Crosby House itself, is to be seen likewise in St. Helen's church-yard; but though since serving as an entrance to the hall, it formed no part of it originally. Of the north wing, part of the outside is completely modernized, and the rest hid. The back entrance is represented in the following cut.



Nearly opposite to Widegate-street were the remains of the residence of *Sir Paul Pindar* (see the cut in p. 23 of our volume), but recently pulled down, and till lately occupied as a liquor-shop. The original owner was one of the richest merchants of his time, and was ruined by his conscientious attachment to Charles the First: he died in 1650, aged eighty-four. An old house still remaining in Half-moon-street, running from Bishopsgate-street towards Long-alley, and which is easily distinguished by its raised figures upon the front, was, according to tradition, that of Sir Paul Pindar's gardener.

At the northern extremity of Aldermanbury is the site of Elsing Spital, founded by William Elsing, citizen and mercer of London, in 1329, afterwards converted into a priory of canons regular. The window of the old church of this Spital, represented in the next page, now forms a part of the north-west corner of the present church of St. Alphage.



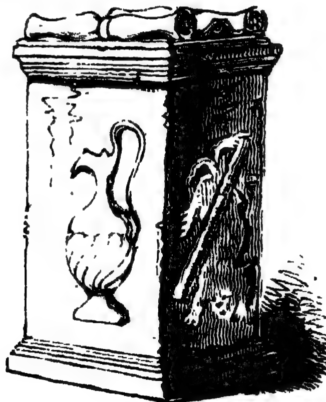
In a niche over the avenue into Christ's Hospital, from the passage leading from Newgate-street to the west door of Christ's Church, is the statue of Edward the Sixth, as represented in the following cut.



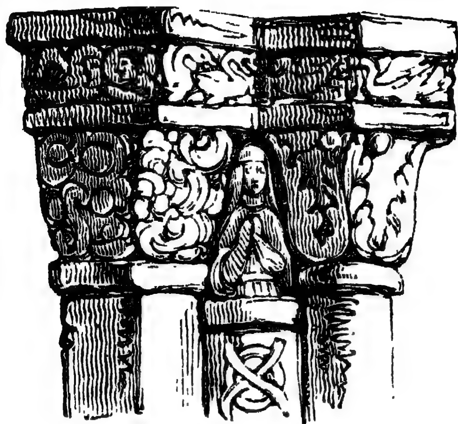
Over the entrance of Bull-head-court, Newgate-street, is a small stone, sculptured with the figures of *William Evans*, the gigantic porter belonging to Charles I, and his diminutive fellow-servant, *Jeffery Hudson*, dwarf to the same monarch, as represented in the cut.



In a small court before the house of Mr. Soane, the architect, in Lincoln's Inn-fields, is the following Roman altar, supposed to have been dedicated to Bacchus.



The following cut represents the capitals of columns at the entrance of the church in the Temple.



7.—SAINT EUNERCHUS.

Eunerchus was Bishop of Orleans in the year 375. The circumstances of his election were regarded as miraculous.

8.—NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

For particulars of this day, consult our previous volumes.

14.—HOLY CROSS.

This festival was first observed in the year 615; see our volume for 1824, p. 236. For an account of the ceremony of *kissing the cross*, performed in the Greek church on this day, see T.T. for 1822, p. 245. —See also T.T. for 1826, p. 231, for a description of the *Pentangle of Solomon*, and other curious matters. Consult also T.T. for 1827, p. 300, for an account of the fragment of the *true cross*.

16, 18, 19.—EMBER DAYS. See p. 88.

17.—SAINT LAMBERT.

Lambert was appointed Bishop of Maestricht in 673, and was murdered September 17th, 708. He was canonized in 1240.

21.—SAINT MATTHEW.

St. Matthew the Evangelist was slain at Nadabœr, about the year 60. He wrote his Gospel in Hebrew. His festival was not instituted till the year 1090.

*23. 1828.—R. P. BONINGTON DIED, ÆT. 26.

At the early age of *three* years, he discovered a very extraordinary attachment to the fine arts, which was principally evinced by his sketching almost every object that presented itself to his observation. But he went even farther, and not unfrequently ventured upon designs; some specimens of which precocious efforts are still in the possession of his parents. They were chiefly drawn in pen-and-ink, with surprising accuracy, and illustrative of history, which, from the moment our infant artist was capable of thought, became his favourite study and research. We ought also to notice, that his sketches of marine subjects (in which he afterwards shone so conspicuously) were, beyond description, wonderful, both for correctness and neatness. These productions completely confirmed his father's desire to take every opportunity of leading him to the arts as a profession; and he accordingly continued to direct his attention to the works of the best masters; but, above all, to Nature, the mother, nurse, and guide of true genius. Thus cherished, when Richard was not more than seven or eight years of age, he made some drawings from old buildings situated at Nottingham, which surpassed every thing he had before done; and, about the same time, he took a more decided turn for marine subjects, which bent of mind appears never afterwards to have forsaken him.

At the age of fifteen, his parents journeyed to Paris, feeling assured that the facilities for study afforded by that capital were much more important than any which could elsewhere be attained. Upon his arrival there, application was made for permission to draw in the Louvre; and the gentlemen who conducted that department, astonished beyond measure at the examples of the young English painter's skill, instantly, and in the most flattering manner, granted the boon required. He very soon after became a student of the Institute, and also drew at M. Le Baron Gros's *atelier*. It was about this period, when not occupied at the Institute or at the Baron's gallery, that he made many extraordinary drawings of coast scenery; particularly some representing fish-markets, with groups of figures, and for which he at all times found a ready sale. We should not omit to mention, that his study from the figure was exceedingly good; though, were it requisite to define his forte, we should certainly say, that, amid all the diversity of his unbounded talents, marine pieces were at once his favourites and *chef-d'œuvres*. Sometime afterwards, Mr. Bonington undertook a tour to Italy, from which country he

brought back some splendid specimens of his abilities; his studies from nature literally breathing the atmosphere of the scenes so faithfully and beautifully represented. The public, and the lovers of the fine arts, will long lament the loss of this eminent artist; for, except, perhaps, in Harlowe, there has been no such ornament of our native school cut off in early prime, and in the full effulgence of spreading fame.—*Literary Gazette.*

*25. 1827.—GEORGE DODD DIED, ÆT. 44,

Civil Engineer, and the original designer of Waterloo Bridge. This talented, but unfortunate individual, was son of Mr. Ralph Dodd, the projector of Vauxhall Bridge, the South London Waterworks, the Tunnel at Gravesend, the Surrey Canal, &c. &c., The works of his son were of a similar nature, alike beneficial to the public, but little productive to his own fortunes. Having revived the idea of the Strand Bridge, which was first proposed in 1766, in Gwynn's 'London and Westminster Improved,' he was, on its being seriously undertaken, appointed the resident engineer, with a salary of £1000 a year, though MR. RENNIE, from his superior experience and rank in the profession, became the principal engineer at the same salary. This situation Mr. Dodd was so imprudent as to *resign;* but it is known that the sums he received from the Company amounted altogether to upwards of £5000.

To Mr. G. Dodd the public were first indebted for the idea of *steam passage boats* from London to Margate and Richmond: he prevailed on a party of tradesmen to purchase an old steam-boat, called the Margery, which was brought from Scotland, altered and adapted for the purpose, and the name changed to the Thames. This was followed by the building of the Victory, Sons of Commerce, and other Margate steam-boats; but his continuance with this connexion was of short duration; and he had the mortification of seeing his plans put into execution on most of the navigable rivers in Great Britain, with fame and credit to others; but without these, or, what was infinitely of more consequence, emolument

to himself. The want of encouragement to his last invention, of extinguishing accidental fire on board vessels at sea, which, by men of nautical experience, had been much approved, contributed greatly to depress his spirits; and to those who formerly knew, and lately met him, there was an evident aberration of intellect.

26.—OLD HOLY-ROOD.—See HOLY CROSS, p. 330, and T.T. for 1826, p. 233.

26.—SAINT CYPRIAN.

St. Cyprian was made Bishop of Carthage in the year 248. After many persecutions, he was beheaded in 258. His works were translated by Dr. Marshall, and published in one folio volume.

*28. 1827.—C. G. KIESEWETTER DIED,

The celebrated violinist. He was born at Anspach, and his father was the first violin at the Royal Chapel of that court. The subject of this notice was first introduced to a British audience in the winter of 1821, at the Philharmonic Concert. His success before that judicious assembly was complete; and since that period he spent much of his time in England, and acquired great popularity by his concerto and solo playing. He was the first who introduced the compositions of the celebrated Mayseder into this country. A competent judge of the science has observed—'Kiesewetter was on the violin what Munden was in comedy; like him, he could either raise a smile by his comic skips and eccentric *roulemens*, or move the heart by his touches of exquisite feeling.'

29.—ST. MICHAEL.

St. Michael, the Archangel. His festival was first observed in the year 487.—Some curious particulars relative to this day may be seen in T.T. for 1827, p. 302.

St. Michael's Chair.—On one of the angles of the tower at St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, is to be seen the carcass of a stone lantern, in which, during the fishing season, and in dark, tempestuous nights, it may reasonably be supposed that the monks,

to whom the tithe of such fishery belonged, kept a light as a guide to sailors, and a safeguard to their own property. This lantern is now vulgarly denominated St. Michael's Chair, since it will just admit one person to sit down in it: the attempt is not without danger; for the chair, elevated above the battlements, projects so far over the precipice, that the climber must actually turn the whole body at that altitude in order to take a seat in it; notwithstanding the danger, however, it is often attempted: indeed, one of the first questions generally put to a stranger, if married, after he has visited the mount—Did you sit in the chair? —for there is a conceit, that if a married woman has sufficient resolution to place herself in it, it will at once invest her with all the regalia of petticoat government; and that if a married man sit in it, he will thereby receive ample powers for the management of his wife. This is probably a remnant of monkish fable, a supposed virtue conferred by some saint, perhaps a legacy of St. Keyne, for the same virtue is attributed to her well.

> The person of that man or wife
> Whose chance or choice attains
> First of this sacred stream to drink,
> Thereby the mastery gains[1].

30.—SAINT JEROME.

St. Jerome was the most eminent biblical scholar of the fourth century. He was born at Stridon, about the year 331, and died at or near Bethlehem, A.D. 420, in the 90th year of his age.

*Sep. 1828.—MAJOR LAING MURDERED.

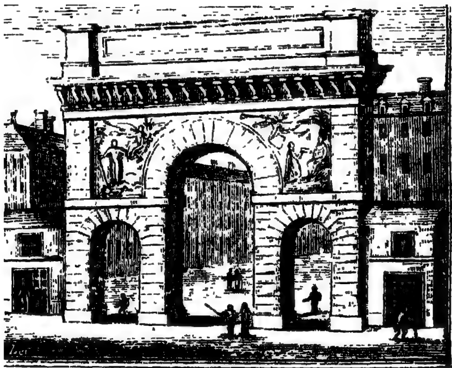
This enterprising traveller had reached Timbuctoo, where he had resided for a considerable time; but upon his taking his departure for Sego, he was, three days after he quitted Timbuctoo, murdered, between the 21st September and the 1st October. This lamentable intelligence was communicated to the Colonial Office by his father-in-law, the British Consul at Tripoli.

*Sep. 1828.—PROFESSOR BOUTERWEK DIED.

Literature has sustained a considerable loss in the death of this eminent man, who was of the University of Göttingen. His health had been in a declining state for some time, and his decease is considered to

[1] The Guide to Mount's Bay and Land's End.

have been hastened by his incessant application to literary labours. Independently of various other writings on philosophy and the belles lettres, he acquired, by his General History of Poetry and Eloquence (a stupendous work on the history of French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, English, and German literature), the reputation of one of the most distinguished *littérateurs* of the continent; and his *dicta* are considered as affording unquestionable authority on the most important subjects of modern polite letters.



Gate of St. Martin, at Paris.

Astronomical Occurrences

In SEPTEMBER 1829.

Oh! it is beautiful to see this world
Poised in the crystal air, with all its seas,
Mountains, and plains, majestically rolling
Around its noiseless axis, day by day,
And year by year, and century after century;
And, as it turns, still wheeling through the immense
Of ether, circling the resplendent sun
In calm and simple grandeur. ATHERSTONE.

THUS faithfully does the poet describe the rotation and revolution of the Earth, which beneficent arrangement, combined with the inclination of its axis, successively adorns this globe with the flowers of spring, tempers the fervid heat of a tropical sun, dispenses abundantly the ripened fruits of autumn, stills the howling tempest, and loosens the icy fetters which mark the gloom and desolation of winter. This interchange of the seasons is forcibly presented to our minds by the arrival of our planet at that part of its orbit when the sun shines from pole to pole, and the days and nights are every where equal,—a cheering event to that part of the human family in high southern latitudes, who will, on the 23d, have their vernal equinox, and bid adieu to the rigours of winter, to anticipate the cheering influence of the summer's sun; while to our hemisphere there awaits the sere and yellow leaf of autumn, the fitful blast, and the snowy livery of winter; but bearing also to the Briton's home the anticipation of the cheerful hearth, drawing around it, as with a magic wand, the social and domestic circle.—*Literary Gazette.*

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

The Sun enters Aries at 17 m. after 8 in the morning of the 23d of this month. He will also be eclipsed on the 28th; but the eclipse will be *invisible,* as it takes place under the following circumstances:—Ecliptic conjunction at 2¾ m. after 2 in the morning, in longitude 6ˢ 4° 39¼′, the Moon's latitude being at

that time 33¾′ north. The Sun will be centrally eclipsed on the meridian at 31¾ m. after 1 in the morning, in longitude 157° 5½′ east, and latitude 30° 22¾′ north; he will also rise and set during this period as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

September	Sun rises (m. after)	(h.)	sets (m. after)	(h.)
1st	14	5	46	6
6th	23	5	37	6
11th	33	5	27	6
16th	43	5	17	6
21st	53	5	7	6
26th	2	6	58	5

Equation of Time.

When apparent time is known, and true time required, it may be found by using the equation as directed in the following Table. The equation for any intermediate day is to be found by proportion.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Tuesday, September 1st, from the time by the dial *sub.*		0	9
Sunday	6th	1	46
Friday	11th	3	28
Wednesday	16th	5	14
Monday	21st	6	59
Saturday	26th	8	42

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

First Quarter	6th day,	at noon	
Full Moon	13th	29 m.	after 6 in the morning
Last Quarter	19th	6	midnight
New Moon	28th	3	2 in the morning.

Eclipse of the Moon.

The Moon will be eclipsed on the 13th of this month, and the eclipse will be partly visible here. The following are the circumstances under which it will take place: *viz.*

	h.	m.	
Beginning of the eclipse	5	25	morning
Moon's upper limb sets	5	38¾	
Ecliptic opposition	6	29½	
Middle of the eclipse	6	37	
End of the eclipse	7	49	

The digits eclipsed are 6° 5′ on the Moon's southern limb, or from the northern side of the earth's shadow.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following transits of the Moon will afford opportunities for observation during this month, if the weather be favourable: *viz.*

	m.	after	
September 5th, at	14 m.	after 5	in the afternoon
6th ..	5	 6	....
7th ..	56	 6	....
8th ..	54	 7	in the evening
9th ..	51	 8	....
10th ..	48	 9	....
11th ..	46	10	....
12th ..	43	11	....
19th ..	18	 5	in the morning
20th ..	11	 6	....
21st ..	8	 7	....
22d ..	52	 7	....
23d ..	40	 8	....
24th ..	26	 9	....

Phenomena Planetarum.

Phases of Venus.

The following is the proportion of the bright and dark phases of this planet at the commencement of this month: *viz.*

September 1st { Illuminated part = 10·55897
Dark part...... = 1·44103

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Though there will be nearly thirty eclipses of the first and second of these satellites this month, only the two following will be visible.

Emersions.

First Satellite ... 5th day, at 23 m. 5 s. after 7 in the evening
Second Satellite, 26th ...... 44 .. 11 ...... 6 ....

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

September 4th, with γ in Libra .... at 8 in the evening
10th .... β .. Capricorn... 1 in the morning
18th .... γ .. Taurus ..... 7 ....
18th .. 1 & 2 δ . Taurus ..... 8 ....
18th .... α .. Taurus ..... 1 in the afternoon
27th .... β .. Virgo ...... 7 in the morning.

LUMINOUS ARCH.

[*Seen September 29th*, 1828.]

Several accounts of this phenomenon have been given by observers at various places from five to nearly fifty miles from London; but the two following descriptions, from the *Literary Gazette*, will put our readers in possession of the principal circumstances respecting it. The first was written by J. T. B., of Deptford; the second, by Mr. *Sturgeon*, of Woolwich.

'A very remarkable phenomenon, of the nature of Aurora Borealis, was witnessed on Monday evening last (Sept. 29th day, 8 hrs. 20 min.) A vast arch of silvery light appeared in the direction of the magnetic east and west, extending over nearly the whole of the heavens, and making with the western horizon an angle of about 70°, inclining to the south: the stars ε and δ Serpentarii were seen through its western extremity, from which the stream pursued its course between Lyra and Aquila, passing Cygnus, and after intersecting the Galaxy (which it considerably surpassed in brightness), proceeded through Andromeda to the Pleïades, where it terminated, describing in its course an uninterrupted luminous curve 160° in length, its mean breadth about 3°, slightly expanding as it approached the magnetic east. A faint crepusculum, of a saffron hue, was observed in the magnetic north, but perfectly quiescent.

'8 hrs. 30 min.—The two stars in Serpentarius were occasionally obscured, or dimly seen through the extremity of the luminous arch, which, at that part nearest the horizon, seemed circular and well defined. At intervals these stars shone forth with undiminished brightness, forcibly suggesting the idea of the glowing nucleus of a comet, for which it was mistaken by many, who considered this unexpected appearance as the predicted messenger in its most tremendous form, suddenly arrived to execute its work of destruction.

'8 hrs. 45 min.—Until this time the splendid arch

had continued stationary, with the exception of a diminution of its brilliancy in the north-east; there now, however, appeared in the north-west transient gleams of light, separating from the luminous stream in a lateral direction, the coruscations of which determined the nature of the phenomenon.

'8 hrs. 57 min.—A meteoric star rushed from the western part of the arch, and pursued a course towards the south: after traversing a space of about 10°, it suddenly disappeared.

'9 hrs.—A narrow stratum of cloud intersected the stream at an altitude of 20°; shortly after this, the brilliancy gradually abated; and at 9 hrs. 30 min. the phenomenon had wholly disappeared. A brisk wind from the south-west prevailed during its appearance: the verge of the horizon was occupied by a low range of dense clouds.

'The most remarkable circumstances attending this phenomenon were, its long quiescence, brilliancy, general equality of breadth, and uniformity of silvery semblance, not in the slightest degree resembling those red and brilliant hues which distinguished the aurora borealis of September 1827. It is to be regretted that there is not sufficient data for determining the height of this and similar phenomena: the calculations which have been made, vary from 150 miles to several thousands of miles: one observed in 1716 was seen under the same appearances in places very remote from each other, and ascertained to be visible from lat. 50° north all over the northern part of Europe, and from the confines of Poland and Russia in the East, to Ireland in the west, and most probably beyond these limits,—a sufficient confirmation of its very great altitude. The aurora borealis has been observed to be more frequent about the period of the equinoxes, and is considered by some as an unerring precursor of stormy weather: there is no doubt but that it is a magnetic phenomenon, the peculiarities of which are governed by the Earth's magnetism.'

Mr. *Sturgeon* observes—'About a quarter before nine o'clock, when the light of the eastern limb began to be diffused, and exhibited lambent coruscations, with the assistance of Mr. Marsh, the electrical kite was raised in the Artillery Barrack-field: the wind blew briskly from about south-west, and three hundred yards of wired string were let off the reel. Strong sparks were obtained by presenting the knuckle to the reel, and a jar was frequently charged to a considerable intensity; but nothing particular, as regarded the electricity of the atmosphere, during a quarter of an hour that the kite was afloat, was by any means observed. I had, from my first observing the celestial phenomenon, expected to have seen a dense cloud (such as is generally observed to accompany the aurora borealis) in the horizon; but, until the arch had nearly reached the zenith, no such cloud was visible. About this time, however, the anticipated associate began to make its appearance, which for awhile could only be faintly traced by the eye, in the north part of the horizon. It soon became more dense, and better defined by a bright light round its upper edge; but no coruscations, although anxiously looked for, were ever observed to emanate from this part of the aurora.

'Whatever general relation terrestrial magnetism has to the aurora borealis, I think it may fairly be inferred, that this particular display strikingly manifested their connexion. The plane of the curve, during the whole of the time, was unquestionably nearly (perhaps exactly) at right angles to the magnetic meridian.

'Notwithstanding the atmosphere, during the display of the aurora, exhibited no unusual electrical phenomena, it certainly became more intensely charged during the following day than I had ever observed it in the whole of the past summer. The kite was raised in the Artillery Barrack-grounds between twelve and one o'clock, and the same twine that was used the

preceding night was let out. On presenting the knuckle to the insulated wire, I experienced a tremendous shock, which affected my shoulders and legs, as if an immense battery of low intensity had been discharged from my hand to my feet. This unusual discharge suggested the propriety of immediately quitting the string. The insulating part was therefore tied to a tree, and there left, the kite floating about a hundred yards above the ground. Heavy clouds soon appeared to windward; but advantage was taken to lower the kite before they arrived over it. To prevent the effect of another discharge whilst running down the string, a loop was made at one end of a silk riband, through which the string passed, the other end of the riband being held in the hand. Notwithstanding this precaution, I received another blow much more formidable than the former. The discharge, in this case, passed over three-quarters of a yard of silk riband, from the kite-string to my hand; and as the silken insulation at the tree was not so long, it is likely that a considerable quantity of fluid was discharged from the end of the twine over the insulation to the tree. This discharge happened when about a hundred yards of the kite-string had become horizontal betwixt my hand and the tree; and what rendered it more extraordinary, no perceptible cloud was near the kite at the time. The kite, however, was soon brought to the ground without any other disagreeable effect. I never experienced any thing of the kind before, although I have had the kite afloat, with the same twine, more than a hundred times this year, under almost every circumstance of weather, and at various times of the day. The kite-string has uniformly exhibited positive electricity in every experiment.'

The Naturalist's Diary

For SEPTEMBER 1829.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the *lark* is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.

COWPER.

In September and October, the generality of our *singing birds* are to be no longer distinguished by their voices: the sweet sounds they are gifted with, which we call their *song*, seem to proceed from the male bird only during the season of incubation, and, except from accidental causes, all these cares have terminated before this period. One little bird, however, yet delights us with the sweetest harmony: in the calm mornings of this season of the year, the woodlark carols in the air, chiefly in the neighbourhood of thickets and copses, with a soft quietness perfectly in unison with the sober, almost melancholy stillness of the hour. The sweet, simple note of the robin is again heard, and the *skylark* delights us with his melody.



Go, tuneful *lark*, on quiv'ring pinions borne
To dewy-bosomed skies, and wing thy way
Up to heav'n-gate, while now the young-eyed day
Peeps underneath the veiling lids of morn,
With warble sweet of early notes, to warn
The ling'ring sun; then, as thy liquid lay
Steals softly o'er the mountain-summit gray,
Thy mate, light tripping on the grassy bourne,
Shall listen to thy song. HOLMES.

A green and silent spot amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing *skylark* ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely: but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh, 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the *singing-lark* (that sings unseen—
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O *singing-lark*,
That singest like an angel in the clouds!

COLERIDGE.



Autumnal Eve.

[Written for Time's Telescope, by Delta of Blackwood's Magazine.]

The shower hath drifted o'er; the blue
Of cloudless heaven shines softly through;
Still is the air, the sea is calm,
The bright-bloomed flowers outbreathing balm;
And from the west, with orange ray,
Serenely clear, and calmly gay,
The sun looks forth o'er ocean's isles,
O'er earth and heaven, and, setting, smiles.

What, though the day in clouds hath passed,
Though dripped the rain, and roared the blast,
Though Morning's orient flag unfurled
Scarce awed the shades that dimmed the world,
And fire-eyed Noon's resplendent car
Ploughed vainly through deep mists afar,—
This scene of beauty and delights,
And evening radiance, well requites
For dreary doubts, for boding gloom,
And dreams, whose dwelling was the tomb.

The murmuring bee, from flower to flower,
Is roaming round the blos'my bower,—
The clustering bower, where jasmine wreath
Is mixed with odorous flowers; beneath
The creeping honeysuckle weaves
Its yellow horns with ivy leaves;
And round about, in many a row,
The lilies of the valley blow,
Upshooting snowy bells between
Luxuriant stems of darkest green.

How bright, how beautiful, the day
In its calm lustre dies away,
As if the clouds that wept the while
Now dried their tears, and turned to smile
Down on the verdant vales of earth,
Whose looks have changed from gloom to mirth:
On every blade, and leaf, and stem,
Of diamond drops a diadem
Around is sprinkled, bright and clear
As Beauty's sympathizing tear
When sinless sorrows cause its flow;—
The fruits depend from every bough,
Mellow and ripe; the downy peach,
The purpled plum, and nectarine, each
Half shaded by its leaves, in hue
Diversified, and varying too.—

With note melodious, clear and free,
Upon the moss-browned apple-tree,
Within the ancient orchard's pale,
The *blackbird*, Scotland's nightingale,
Sits singing, and responses sound
From every grove and garden round.

When worldly strife is hushed, and all
With Music's murmuring, dying fall,
The air is stirred, how sweet to rest,
Remote from men, with easy breast,
While scenes awake to Memory's eye,
Scenes whose bright hues can never die,
As round the pictures of the past
Her more than sun-light glow is cast,—
Scenes, 'mid Time's landscape far, but seen
By Distance hallowed, calm, serene,
And bearing in their mellow dyes,
As 'twere, the mark of Paradise;—
So, over Ocean's billows curled,
Blue coasts seem confines of a world—
A world of hope, and love, and truth,
And beauty, to the eyes of youth;
Some realm of fancy, which, how fain
The feet would traverse, but in vain.

Yes! all of calm, and grand, and fair,
In iris hues are pictured there;
There, from terrestrial dross refined,
We see the shadows of mankind,
Beyond the clouds of grief and fear,
Bright wandering in a fairy sphere;
All low-born cares dispersed and gone,
Misfortune fled, and Pain unknown.

We look on valorous deeds, which raise
To ecstacy the voice of praise,
As youthful *Wolfe* sinks down to die
Within the arms of Victory;
Or *Moore*, without a murmur, yields
His spirit on the last of fields,
And, by his mourning comrades brave
Is laid, at midnight, in the grave:—
We listen to the words, whose glow
Makes nations like a river flow,
As Chatham's kindled lips dispense
The lava tide of eloquence,
Unmanacle the friendless slave,
Stir up the nerveless to be brave,
And bid his country's armies be
Unmatched on shore, supreme at sea;—

We marvel at the thoughts which climb
Above our nature, bright, sublime,
As, of the immortal, Milton sings,
His muse, on angel-pinioned wings,
Aspiring high, till Heaven above
Seems linked to Earth with chains of love.

Although *Flora* is not lavish of her beauties in this month, she still presents specimens worthy of our admiration. There are in blow, in September, heart's-ease, nasturtia, marigolds, sweet peas, mignionette, golden rod, stocks, tangier pea, holly-hock, michaelmas daisy[1], saffron, and ivy. The *dahlia* and the *Marvel of Peru* exhibit an abundance of beautiful flowers in this and the succeeding month.

China asters and African marigolds are now leading ornaments, with some Chelones and Phloxes. The flowering rush, smallage, and the great burnet saxifrage, are now in flower. The *convolvuli*, or bind weeds, adorn almost every hedge with their milk-white blossoms.—See our last volume, pp. 254, et seq.

The larva of the privet hawk moth may now be found on the privet-shrub, and its elegant appearance affords a contrast to the uninviting form of many of the caterpillar tribe. See T.T. for 1824, p. 248.

The *Phalæna russula* and the saffron butterfly appear in this month. The *sulphur butterfly* also will frequently be seen in the bright mornings of September, flitting about the gay flowers of our gardens.

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[1] Last smile of the departing year,
Thy sister sweets are flown;
Thy pensive wreath is far more dear
From blooming thus alone!

Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,
Unnoticed might have passed;
But now thou com'st with softer claim,
The loveliest and the last.

Sweet are the charms in thee we find,—
Emblem of Hope's gay wing:
'Tis thine to call past bloom to mind,
To promise future spring.

Literary Gazette, and Watts's Poetical Album.

The appearance of butterflies late in the season, and particularly during the *winter months*, so often mentioned in the newspapers as an extraordinary occurrence, is accounted for in T.T. for 1826, pp. 245, 246.



The *Coot* is ranked by naturalists among those birds that are completely dependent on the watery element for their support. It swims and dives with as much ease as almost any of them; and also, like those which seldom venture upon land, it is a bad traveller, and may be said not to walk, but to splash and waddle between one pool and another, with a laboured, ill-balanced, and awkward gait. These birds, like the rails and water-hens, conceal themselves during the day among rushes, sedges, and weeds, which grow abundantly in the marshes and ponds, where they take up their constant abode: they rarely venture abroad, except at dusk and in the night, in quest of their food, which consists of the herbage, seeds, insects, and the slippery inhabitants of stagnant waters.

The female commonly builds her nest in a bush of rushes surrounded by water; it is composed of a great quantity of coarse, dried weeds, well matted together, and lined with softer and finer grasses; she lays from twelve to fifteen eggs at a time, and commonly hatches twice in a season: her eggs are about the size of a pullet's, and of a pale brownish-white colour, sprinkled with numerous small dark spots.

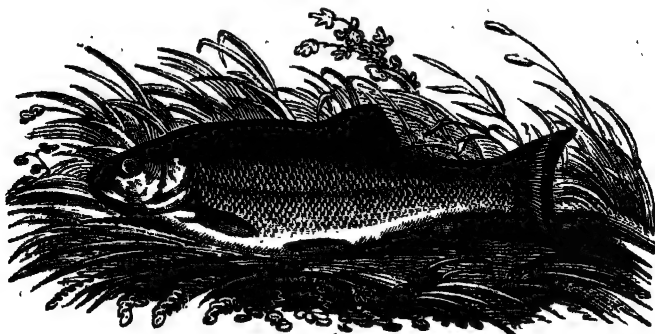
As soon as the young quit the shell, they plunge into the water, dive, and swim about with great ease; but they still gather together about the mother, taking shelter under her wings, and

they do not entirely leave her for some time. They are, at first, covered with a sooty-coloured down, and are of a shapeless appearance: while they are in this state, and before they have learned by experience to shun their foes, the kite, moor-buzzard, and others of the hawk tribe, make dreadful havoc among them; the *pike* is also the indiscriminate devourer of the young birds: and to these enemies may be attributed the scarcity of the species.



In September and October, the grape-harvest or vintage takes place in those countries where *wine* is the usual beverage of the inhabitants.—See T.T. for 1828, pp. 257-261, for some curious particulars relative to this subject. An account of *vineyards in England*, in former times, from Mr. Ellis's 'Domesday,' is given in pp. 389-391 of the same volume.

Barbel, *chub*, roach, and dace, are now about to leave the weeds, and get into deeper water.



The Chub.

The Sea.

Luminousness of the Sea.—The following curious narrative, by Dr. Hutton, was drawn up from actual observation, during a voyage from Europe to Guyana, in the year 1769. I do not recollect (says the Doctor) that we beheld the sea luminous till our arrival between the tropics; but at that period, and some weeks before we reached land, I almost constantly observed that the ship's wake was interspersed with a multitude of luminous sparks, and so much the brighter as the darkness was more perfect. The water round the rudder was, at length, entirely brilliant; and this light extended, gradually diminishing, along the whole wake. I remarked also, that if any of the ropes were immersed in the water, they produced the same effect. But it was near land that this spectacle appeared in all its beauty. It blew a fresh gale, and the whole sea was covered with small waves, which broke after having rolled for some time. When a wave broke, a flash of light was produced, so that the whole sea, as far as the eye could reach, seemed to be covered with fire, alternately kindled and extinguished. This fire in the open sea, that is, at the distance of fifty or sixty leagues from the coast of America, had a reddish cast. When we were in green water the spectacle changed. The same fresh gale continued; but, in the night time, when steering an easy course between the 3d and 4th degree of latitude, the fire above described assumed a form entirely white, and similar to the light of the moon, which, at that time, was not above the horizon. The upper part of the small waves, with which the whole surface of the sea was curled, seemed like a sheet of silver; while, on the preceding evening, it had resembled a sheet of reddish gold. The following night a beautiful phenomenon took place: for a quarter of a league the whole sea appeared like a sheet of silver, expanded in an instant, and shining with a most vivid light.—*Ozanam's Recreations.*

The causes assigned for these luminous appearances by Dr. Hutton, are—phosphoric matter produced in the sea, which hence becomes luminous by agitation—and a vast multitude of luminous insects floating over its surface.

The Mariner's Song.

[From Imlah's May-Flowers.]

Gaily we go o'er the salt blue seas,
And the wave breaks white before us!
The crowded canvass bends to the breeze,
And home points the pennant o'er us.
Speedily—speedily bound we on,
As if with the wind contending;
Now high the heaving surge upon,
Now its yawning gulfs descending.

Our ship spreads wide her snowy wing,
Like another bird of ocean;
And she shapes her way like a living thing
Of graceful make and motion.
Then speed thee! speed, my home-bound bark!
Still thy native harbour nearing;
Soon the white-cliffed isle shall the mariner mark,
O'er the azure deep appearing.

Yet no charms for me hath the fairest vale,
Like the wilderness of waters;
When the vessel stoops to the fresh'ning gale,
And the spray around her scatters!
Then may the hammock my death-bed be,
And my grave beneath the billow;
There as well will I anchor under the lee
Of the wave, as of the willow!



Pressure of Sea-water.—Some interesting experiments were made in May, 1828, by an American gentleman of the name of Green, on his passage to England, to ascertain the pressure of the sea at different depths. It has been long known to mariners; and some decisive experiments were made during the several voyages of Captain Parry, proving that the pressure of the sea on a bottle sent down by a lead-line, is in proportion to its depth; but the experiments of Mr. Green extended to six different bottles suspended at different depths on a deep-sea line. At eighty fathoms deep, a thin bottle, empty and well sealed over the cork, came up to the surface half full of water, without the cork being, apparently, at all disturbed. Another bottle, at one hundred fathoms, previously filled with fresh water, and sealed over, was found to be filled with half sea-water, or brackish. A very strong bottle, well sealed and empty, was brought up in the same state. A fourth bottle, not so strong as the preceding, was crushed in pieces by the pressure of the water. Another bottle, with a glass-ground stopper, air-tight, came up partly filled with

sea-water. While the sixth was a strong glass globe, hermetically sealed, and empty, which was sunk to the depth of 230 fathoms, but which being strong enough to resist the great external pressure of the water, came up empty. These experiments give a negative to the statements, that water is capable of penetrating through the pores of glass, while they sufficiently prove the enormous pressure of the sea at great depths.

Waves.—The common cause of waves is the friction of the wind upon the surface of the water. Little ridges or elevations first appear, which, by continuance of the force, gradually increase until they become the rolling mountains seen where the winds sweep over a great extent of water. The heaving of the bay of Biscay, and still more that of the open ocean beyond the southern capes of America and Africa, is one extreme; and the stillness of the tropical seas, which are guarded by near encircling lands, is the other. In the vast Archipelago of the east, where Borneo, and Java, and Sumatra lie, and the Molucca islands, and the Philippines, the sea is often fanned only by the land and sea breezes, and is like a smooth bed, on which these islands seem to sleep in bliss—islands in which the spice and perfume gardens of the world are embowered, and where the bird of paradise has its home, and the golden pheasant, and a hundred others of brilliant plumage, whose flight is among thickets so luxuriant, and scenery so picturesque, that European strangers find there the fairy land of their youthful dreams[1].

And I have seen thy billows madly foam,
And chase upon thy breast in hideous throng,
As if they left for ever their deep home,
Thy sunken rocks and hidden caves among;
While as the wind waxed stronger and more strong,
The roaring surges, like wild horses, rose,
To whirl the chariot of the storm along,—
To deal around them shipwreck, death, and woes,
And rise to heaven itself, as if its deadliest foes.

By man the earthly wild may be reclaimed—
Unmeasured Ocean! who can rule o'er thee?
Thy waves still roll—untameable—untamed;
None can control thee—thou art wild and free:
No earthly power can calm thee;—thou must be
Kept in subjection but by One alone;—
He, who once calmed the raging of the sea,
And still to thee, proud Ocean, will be known;—
He holds thee in his hand, thy might is all his own.

MARY ANNE BROWNE.

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[1] Arnott's Elements of Physics.—For an account of sea-polypi, sea-eryngo, &c. see our last volume, pp. 263-266.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER was named, like the preceding month, from the place it occupied in the Romulean calendar: it was the eighth. *Scorpio* is the sign into which the Sun enters during this month.

Remarkable Days

In OCTOBER 1829.

1.—SAINT REMIGIUS.

REMIGIUS, the great apostle of the French, was born in 439, and was chosen Archbishop of Rheims at 22 years of age. He died in his 96th year.

*1. 1828.—THE LONDON UNIVERSITY OPENED.

The first of a course of lectures, dedicated to the medical classes of this institution, was commenced on this day, by Mr. BELL, the professor of physiology and surgery. A considerable part of the building is as yet (Nov. 1828) unfinished, but in a state rapidly approaching completion. The museum of pharmacy, and the materia medica, is already very forward. The dried medical plants are arranged with great ingenuity, and extremely convenient for the access of students. The anatomical and surgical museum is in great forwardness: it contains some very rare and curious specimens, prepared with great skill and beauty; and is furnished with some part of a very large collection of drawings made by Mr. Bell. Among the many judicious arrangements which have been made for the accommodation of pupils, is one which will obviate some of the objections that have been raised against the institution. The lower part of the building has been fitted up as a refreshment room, in which the students may be supplied, at a very moderate rate, with dinners, breakfasts, and other refreshments. Any thing like an approach to luxury has been wisely avoided; but all that is necessary and convenient is furnished.

6.—SAINT FAITH.

This virgin martyr suffered death under Dacianus, about the year 290, the most cruel torments being inflicted upon her.

*6. 1828.—CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA MATILDA,

Princess Royal of England, and Dowager Queen of Würtemberg, died.

Her Majesty, who was the eldest daughter of George III, was born on the 29th of September, 1766. She married, on the 18th May, 1797, Frederick, late king of Würtemberg, who died on the 30th October, 1816, leaving no issue.

9.—SAINT DENYS,

Or Dionysius, was martyred under the persecution of Domitian, A.D. 96.

11.—OLD MICHAELMAS DAY,

Still observed, in many places, as the end of one year, and beginning of another, in hiring servants.

13.—TRANSLATION OF K. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

He built Westminster Abbey, and was the first that was buried in the new building, in 1066.

*14. 1827.—EARL OF GUILFORD DIED.

This amiable peer was the third and youngest son of Frederick the second Earl, K.G. and celebrated Minister, by Anne, daughter and sole heiress of George Speke, Esq. Through his father's interest he obtained the patent place of one of the Chamberlains of the Tally Court, which office, by act of Parliament, expires with him; and also that of Comptroller of the Customs of the Port of London. On his appointment to the latter office, in 1794, he resigned the representation of the family borough of Banbury, to which he had succeeded on his eldest brother's coming to the earldom two years before. That short period was the only time he sat in the House of Commons, being soon after appointed Governor of Ceylon. There he acquired an easy fortune, and during his stay made a tour of the island, accompanied by the Rev. James Cordiner, who, in 1807, published a 'Description of Ceylon,' in two volumes quarto. Having subsequently been sent by Government on a mission to the Ionian islands, his liberal efforts introduced there a system of education, which has been productive of the following results:—

Islands.	Inhabitants.	Schools.	Pupils
Corfu	48,737	3	239
Paxo	3,970	1	40
Zante	40,063	13	363
Cephalonica	49,857	2	157
Ithaca	8,200	1	87
Santa Maura	17,425	1	75
Cerigo	8,146	8	772
Total,	176,398	29	1,733

While to the inferior classes the blessings of education are thus dispensed, colleges have been established for the young nobility, who were absolutely destitute of all knowledge. The Greek Patois, which has hitherto been spoken in the Ionian islands, is gradually changing into the more elegant and copious language of continental Greece. A library has also been established by Lord Guilford; and, although it has existed but two years, it contains above 30,000 volumes of select authors, most of them contributed by the noble Lord. Whether the infant institution will fall with its founder, or obtain other patrons, remains to be proved. Applications will, probably, be made to the liberality of the British Government. His Lordship succeeded to the family titles on the decease of his brother Francis, in January, 1817; and, having died unmarried, has left them to devolve on his first cousin, the Rev. Francis North, Prebendary of Winchester, and Master of the Hospital of St. Cross, the eldest son of the late Bishop of Winchester. The new peer, who succeeds to a property of £18,000 a year, has resigned the Prebend, but retains the Mastership.

17.—SAINT ETHELDREDA.

Etheldreda was daughter of Annas, King of the East Angles, and lived under a vow of perpetual chastity. She erected an abbey at Ely, and died there in 679.

18.—SAINT LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

The period and manner of the death of St. Luke are alike unknown. His festival was first instituted A.D. 1130. See T.T. for 1826, p. 251, for an account of a curious custom at Stoke Verdon, in Wiltshire.

*20. 1827.—BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

25.—SAINT CRISPIN.

Crispin, and his brother, Crispianus, born at Rome, in the year 303, maintained themselves by exercising

the trade of *shoe-makers;* a circumstance which, naturally enough, led to their being regarded as the patrons of 'the gentle craft.' These brothers were both beheaded.—There is a curious anecdote relative to this day in T. T. for 1816, p. 291. See also T. T. for 1824, p. 259.

28.—SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE, *Apostles.*

The Simon here meant is *Simon the Canaanite,* or *Simon Zelotes.* He and Jude both suffered martyrdom together in Persia, about the year 74.

*29. 1828.—LUKE HANSARD DIED, ÆT. 77.

He was, for more than fifty years, printer to the House of Commons, and fulfilled this important office with credit to himself and advantage to the nation. When we penned the tribute to his worth, inserted in p. 246 of our volume, under the head of 'Public Printing,' we had hoped that his life might have been spared, if it were only to discover that one obscure individual who had long known and esteemed him, was not insensible to his value as a useful member of society, and a faithful servant of the public.—His sons, *James* and *Luke,* are the worthy successors of their venerable parent, and cannot fail to display all his talent and industry in the execution of the anxious task confided to them by the Government. May a kind Providence permit them long to remain the worthy and efficient representatives of their lamented and respected father!

*30. 1827.—HENRY SALT DIED,

British Consul-General in Egypt. He was born at Lichfield, and received his education in the grammar-school of that city. His love of travelling, and taste for drawing, procured him the friendship of Lord Valentia, whom he accompanied to the Levant, Egypt, Abyssinia, and the East Indies. The travels of that nobleman, published in 1809, 4to, derived great benefit from the graphic illustrations of Mr. Salt, who also published, about the same time, twenty-four of his views in a folio size. In consequence of the knowledge of the East which Mr. Salt had thus acquired, he was employed by Government as the bearer of presents to the Emperor of Abyssinia, the result of which mission appeared before the public in 1814, in a work of high importance to commerce and science. It is entitled 'A Voyage to Abyssinia, and Travels into the interior of that Country, executed under the orders of the British Government, in the Years 1809 and 1810, in which is included an Account of the Portuguese Settlements on the East Coast of Africa.' He died at a village between Cairo and Alexandria.

***31. 1827.— —— PARK DIED,**

A midshipman of his Majesty's Ship Sybille, and son of the late enterprising Mungo Park. He went out in this ship with a full determination to proceed on foot, and alone, from the coast to the spot where his father perished, in the hope of hearing some authentic and more detailed account of the catastrophe than had yet been received. With leave of the commodore, he set out from Accra, and proceeded as far as Yansong, the chief town of Acquimbo, distant from the coast about one hundred and forty miles. · Here the natives were celebrating the *Yam feast*, a sort of religious ceremony, to witness which Park got up into a Fetish tree, which is regarded by the natives with fear and dread; where he remained the great part of the day, exposed to the sun, and was observed to drink a great quantity of palm wine. In dropping down from one of the lower branches, he fell on the ground, and said that he felt a severe shock in his head. He was that evening seized with a fever, and died in three days afterwards. As soon as the king, Akitto, heard of his death, he ordered all his baggage to be brought to his house, and instantly despatched a messenger to Accra, first making him swear 'by the head of his father,' that he would not sleep till he had delivered the message: it was to inform the resident of the event, and that all the property of the deceased would be forthwith sent down to Accra. This was accordingly done, and it did not appear, on examination, that a single article was missing; even an old hat, without a crown, was not omitted. There was an idle report of Park being poisoned, for which there appears not the slightest foundation.



Hotel de Ville, at Paris.

Astronomical Occurrences

In OCTOBER 1829.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Scorpio at 29 m. after 4 in the afternoon of the 23d of this month; and he rises and sets during the same period as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

October 1st, Sun rises	12 m. after	6, sets	48 m. after	5
6th	22	6	38	5
11th	32	6	28	5
16th	42	6	18	5
21st	51	6	9	5
26th	1	7	59	4
31st	10	7	50	4

Equation of Time.

One of the most convenient ways of ascertaining true time is to correct apparent time by the numbers given in the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	s
Thursday,	October 1st,	from the time by the dial *sub.*	10	20
Tuesday	6th		11	56
Sunday	11th		13	12
Friday	16th		14	22
Wednesday	21st		15	17
Monday	26th		15	55
Saturday	31st		16	14

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

First Quarter	5th day,	at 49 m. after	11	at night
Full Moon	12th	29	3	in the afternoon
Last Quarter	19th	30	2	....
New Moon	27th	44	7	at night.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following passages of the Moon over the first meridian will afford opportunities for observation, if the weather prove favourable at the respective times: *viz.*

October 4th,	at 0 m.	after 5	in the afternoon
5th	.. 54	 5	....
6th	.. 48	 6	in the evening
7th	.. 43	 7	....
8th	.. 39	 8	....
9th	.. 34	 9	....
10th	.. 30	10	....
17th	.. 9	 4	in the morning
18th	.. 8	 5	....
19th	.. 54	 5	....
20th	.. 43	 6	....
21st	.. 30	 7	....
22d	.. 15	 8	....
23d	.. 58	 8	....
24th	.. 41	 9	....

Phenomena Planetarum.

Phases of Venus.

The following are the proportional phases of Venus at this time: *viz.*

October 1st { Illuminated part = 0·70908
Dark part ...... = 2·29192

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

There will be a great number of eclipses of the first and second of these satellites during this month; but only one of them will be visible here.

Emersion.

First Satellite, 14th day, at 55 m. 7 s. after 5 in the evening.

Form of Saturn's Ring.

The transverse and conjugate axes of this ring now exhibit the following proportion: *viz.*

October 1st { Transverse axis = 1·000
Conjugate axis = — 0·271

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

October 2d,	with γ	in Libra	at 2	in the morning
7th	.... β	.. Capricorn ...	10	....
15th	.... γ	.. Taurus	4	in the afternoon
15th	....1ϑ	.. Taurus	5	....
15th	....2ϑ	.. Taurus	6	....
15th	.... α	.. Taurus	11	at night
24th	.... β	.. Virgo	1	in the afternoon
25th	....	Mars	5	....
29th	.... γ	.. Libra	8	in the morning.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 5th of this month: he will be stationary on the 17th,

and in his inferior conjunction at one in the morning of the 29th. Georgium Sidus will be stationary on the 12th, and in quadrature at half past 5 in the morning of the 26th.

Nebulæ.

[From the Literary Gazette.]

Oh! when the soul, no longer earthward weighed,
Exults towards heaven, with swift seraphic wing,
Among the joys, past man's imagining,
It may be one, to scan, 'midst space displayed,
Those wondrous works our blindness now debars,—
The awful secrets written in the stars.

As the illumination of the atmosphere diminishes, and yields undivided empire to the darkness of night, a more distinct view of the wonders of the heavens is presented for our investigation; we penetrate with greater facility those awful depths, above, beneath, around; and find ample employment for contemplation and improvement.

In former astronomical papers, brief sketches have been given of those wonders in creation—subjects of a higher astronomy—which carry the mind beyond the movements of this lower sphere, this remote province of the universe, to expatiate on the loftier pinnacles of the higher heavens—systems of suns, performing their revolutions about their common centre of gravity, in vastly extended periods of time—lost stars, those bodies which, after shining for ages, gradually disappear, and are no longer seen as glittering gems in the diadem of night—new stars, or such as suddenly appear where no stars were before observed, justifying the suspicion, that these latter are new creations which have commenced their measured circling way, till the appointed period arrives for them to be commanded back to the realms of obscurity—the subject of Nebulæ, a still higher step in this wondrous scale of progression, dimly telling us, not merely of the existence of other suns like our own, with each a splendid retinue of planets, of solar stars

connected together by mutual gravitation, but of systems of these, vastly separated in space, yet almost infinite in the individual suns that form the group, and these groups perhaps infinite in number, and scattered with boundless profusion over the vast concavity of the heavens, while the whole of each starry system is, probably, revolving about some distant, stupendous, and unspeakably resplendent, glorious centre. Nebulæ may be generally divided into two kinds; one, a combination of innumerable stars, which, from their distance, have the appearance of a faint cloud,—a distance so remote, as to leave the most powerful mind faltering in endeavouring to acquire an adequate conception of it: the other, probably not so remote, though inconceivably beyond our system of fixed stars, composed of a luminous matter, of the nature and density of which but a very faint idea is furnished for conjecture. The most remarkable of this kind is that in the sword-handle of Orion; its irregularity of form suggests a resemblance to the head of a monstrous animal, with two horns of unequal lengths, making a considerable angle with each other, the lower one having an easterly direction; an unequal brilliancy occurs throughout, as though one part was formed of accumulated luminous matter, assuming, in some places, the appearance of solidity: those parts which mark the outline of the mouth and eye of the fancied animal may be better described by comparing them to deep indented bays, nearly of a quadrangular figure, well defined, and by its brightness giving an intensity to the darkness of the sky that it surrounds, which, in these openings (probably by contrast) appears of an unusual blackness. The brightest part has by no means a uniform aspect, but exhibits an unevenness not unlike fleecy clouds of a scirrhous or mottled appearance, as if undergoing some change of separation. This bright region in some directions is abruptly terminated, and beyond it is seen a fainter region of nebulosity, while other

parts gradually fade into that which is more diluted, till it subsides in the gloom of the neighbouring sky.

In these regions are several minute stars, one cluster of four, on the bright part, of different colours, arranged in the form of a trapezium; five others in the fainter part of the nebula, in the direction of the southern horn: other stars are scattered in and near the nebula, some of which are surrounded with the same milky luminosity. One most striking peculiarity is observed relative to these stars,—that the nebulous matter seems to recede from them, so as to leave a dark space between it and their brilliant points, as though the stars were either repelling the nebulous matter or absorbing it. This is particularly the case with those that form the trapezium. A similar appearance may be observed in Sagittarius,—a nebula is broken into three parts, forming dark roads through the luminous matter, leading to a centre, in which is situated a beautiful double star. On one of the sides of the dark openings before referred to, in the nebula of Orion, are filaments or fibres of light, which appear as if extending themselves to the opposite side; and on the sides of the head, in the direction of the northern horn, are faint streams of light, not unlike the tails of comets: closely adjoining to this nebula are several smaller. The whole sky for several degrees around this constellation is not free from these appearances; two, close together, one of a spindle, the other of a circular form; in the centre of the latter is a small star: a smaller nebula, at the entrance of one of the dark openings, appears as if drawing together into a star.

This is but an imperfect description of the present appearance of this magnificent phenomenon, as recently seen by Herschel's 20-feet reflecting telescope: there is every reason to believe that it has undergone considerable changes since it was first observed by Huygens, in 1656. A careful comparison of the descriptions and drawings of various astronomers seems

to indicate that the bright part of the nebula once extended over a larger space, and that it is gradually receding towards the stars that form the trapezium. Similar changes are suspected in other nebulæ: in some instances smaller ones are formed by the decomposition of larger. These mysterious luminous masses of matter may be termed the laboratories of the universe, in which are contained the principles of future systems of suns, planets, satellites, and other tributary bodies;—these elements, not in awful stagnation, but through the whole one Spirit incessantly operating with sublime, unerring energy,—a process going on which illimitably extends the fields of conjecture, as it slowly urges its awful way through this boundless range—these mighty movements and vast operations. How stupendous the consideration! Suns so immeasurably distant, that the light of those which are supposed to be contiguous, is three years in traversing the space that separates them; yet these connected with each other, and innumerable others, on the simple principle of gravitation,—these stars, so numerous, that in the small compass of half a degree a greater number has been discovered by the telescope than the naked eye can discern in the whole vault of heaven; and yet there is ground for the belief, that the whole of these millions and millions of stars would melt into a soft tint of light, if supposed to be contemplated from some remote point of space. The galaxy (to which belong several stars of the first, second, and other magnitudes), the cluster in which our sun is placed, if viewed from the bright nebula in the hand of Perseus, would probably appear as an assemblage of telescopic stars, ranged behind each other in boundless perspective. Were we to pursue our flight to that in the girdle of Andromeda, it would diminish to a milky nebulosity; and, still further to extend our ideal flight, we should indistinctly perceive it as dimly revealed,—its light being nearly blended with the surrounding gloom, like those un-

certain apparitions which are only occasionally seen in the field of view of a powerful telescope, when the air is refined and serene. How grand is the consideration of the plenitude of space! —no awful void, no dread vacancy, no dreary solitude: incessant streams of light, from myriads of systems, intersecting each other in every direction, and bearing to the boundless realms of creation evidences of creative power, benevolent design, and universal dominion.

On the Evening Star.

[From the Poems of Miss Mary Anne Browne, written in her fifteenth year.]

Star of the West! thy dewy beam
  Looks o'er our mingled joy and woe—
Reflected in the glassy stream,
  Thou deign'st to light the world below;
While the waves ripple their reply
To the low breeze's evening sigh.

Star of the West! when Nature sleeps,
  And the last glance of day is gone,
And when the balmy dew-drop weeps,
  Thou shin'st, and sparklest there alone,
And throw'st thy ray of silver light
On the dim breast of coming night.

Star of the West! thy soft beams fall,
  To light alike the prince and slave—
Impartially they shine for all:
  The sailor, wandering o'er the wave,
The king beneath his canopy,
And the poor serf may gaze on thee.

Star of the West, whose glories burn,
  As if to guard while we are sleeping,
Ere we retire to thee we turn,
  And gaze where thou thy watch art keeping.
Thy gentle influence o'er us shed,
And with sweet slumbers bless our bed.

And Thou, who mad'st the glorious star,
  And guid'st it through its heavenly flight,
Who guard'st us wheresoe'er we are,
  Through brilliant day or gloomy night;
Oh, shed around the willing heart
The light that never can depart!

The Naturalist's Diary

For OCTOBER 1829.



I saw a *falling leaf* soon strew
The soil to which it owed its birth:
I saw a bright star falling too,
But never reach the quiet earth.
Such is the lowly portion blest,
Such is ambition's foiled endeavour;
The falling leaf is soon at rest,
While stars that fall, fall on for ever!

Watts's Poetical Album.

THE infinitely various and ever-changing hues of the leaves of trees in this and the succeeding month, melting into every soft gradation of tint and shade, offer a pleasing spectacle to the eye of the admiring observer of Nature's varied beauties, and give to the philosopher and moralist, a subject for the deepest reflection.

Now to the autumn breeze's *bugle sound*,
Various and vague, the dry leaves dance their round;
Or, from the garner door on ether borne,
The chaff flies devious from the winnowed corn.

Indication of Decay in Trees.—M. Baudrillac has remarked the following signs as always indicative of decay in trees. When the top branches are withered, the decay of the central portion of the wood has commenced; but when the bark detaches itself from the wood, the progress of destruction has made great advances. When the bark becomes loaded with moss or lichens, it is also a proof that the tree is in an unhealthy condition; but which may, in some measure, be overcome, by detaching these parasitical fungi from the surface. But if the sap flows out freely from cracks in the bark, it is a sign of early destruction of the tree. These observations are worthy the attention of the horticulturist and others.

At the beginning of this month, or latter end of September, some summer birds of passage, of which the *swallow* is the first, take their departure for warmer regions. The time of their leaving this country varies in different seasons; it is sometimes protracted till the end of October or the beginning of November or December. A great diversity of opinion has existed respecting the *torpidity* and *migration* of this bird: it is an established fact, that, although the greater part of the swallows that visit England quit the country before the approach of winter, many remain and continue in a state of torpidity till the enlivening sun of April wakes them from their long sleep.—See T.T. for 1825, p. 259, and our last volume, p. 285.

The Last Swallow.

[Written for Time's Telescope by Richard Howitt.]

Away—away—why dost thou linger here,
When all thy fellows o'er the sea have passed?
Wert thou the earliest comer of the year,
Loving our land, and so dost stay the last?
Hear'st thou no warning in the autumnal blast?
And is the sound of growing streams unheard?
Dost thou not see the woods are fading fast,
Whilst the dull leaves with wailful winds are stirred?—
Haste—haste to other climes, thou solitary bird!

Thy coming was in lovelier skies—thy wing,
Long wearied, rested in delightful bowers;
Thou camest when the living breath of spring,
Had filled the world with gladness and with flowers!

Skyward the carolling lark no longer towers—
Alone we hear the robin's pensive lay;
And from the sky of beauty darkness lowers:
Thy coming was with hope, but thou dost stay
Midst melancholy thoughts, that dwell upon decay.

Blessed are they who have before thee fled!
Their's have been all the pleasures of the prime;
Like those who die before their joys are dead,
Leaving a lovely for a lovelier clime,
Soaring to beautiful worlds on wings sublime:
Whilst thou dost mind me of their doom severe,
Who live to feel the winter of their time;
Who linger on, till not a friend is near—
Then fade into the grave—and go without a tear.

The *throstle*, the *red-wing*, and the *field-fare*, which migrated in March, now return; and the *ring-ouzel* arrives from the Welsh and Scottish Alps to winter in more sheltered situations. About the middle of the month, the common martin disappears; and, shortly afterwards, the smallest kind of swallow, the sand-martin, and the stone-curlew, migrate. The Royston or hooded crow arrives from Scotland and the northern parts of England, being driven thence by the severity of the season. The *woodcock* returns, and is found on our eastern coasts.—A singular account of the *wild-pigeon* of America, by *M. Audubon*, may be seen in our last volume, pp. 300-304.



The Mallard.

Various kinds of waterfowl make their appearance; and, about the middle of the month, *wild geese* quit the fens, and go to the rye and wheat lands to devour the young corn; frequently leaving a field as if it had been fed off by a flock of sheep. The awk or puffin visits, for the purpose of incubation, some of the

rocky isles of Britain, in amazing numbers.—See our last volume, pp. 288, 339.



To *Dr. Philip Henry Poore*, of Littleton, near Andover, we are indebted for the following notice respecting the *king-fisher*:—'When a boy, being esteemed a great connoisseur in birds, two men brought to me a nest of young king-fishers, consisting of five or six, I forget which: I well remember they had no feathers, and you could scarcely perceive the stubs in the wing, where the feathers first make their appearance—they were what the boys at school used to call "single stubbed." I should conceive they could not be more than a week or ten days old. I gave them nothing but minnows to eat; and with that food alone they were reared till they got their wings and flew away. I shall forbear to mention the quantity of minnows the birds ate in the twenty-four hours, as it would appear to exceed all credibility. The men who brought them to me were digging chalk, and observed the king-fishers going in and out of a hole in the chalk pit, and, as they told me, the nest was found nearly a yard in from the outer opening.'

Amid the floral gaieties of autumn, may be reckoned the *Guernsey lily*, which is so conspicuous an object

in October, in the windows and green-houses of florists in London and its vicinity. In *mild* seasons there are many flowers still in blow in this month, (see our previous volumes for an enumeration of them). In the mean time, we offer our readers one of the most beautiful tributes to the *wall-flower* we ever met with: it is as delicate and elegant as the fragrance of the flower it commemorates.

The WALL-FLOWER.

[By Delta, of Blackwood's Magazine.]

The wall-flower—the wall-flower,
How beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of Time:
To beauty give the flaunting rose,—
The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place!
Gray Ruin's golden crown!
That lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown:
Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decayed;
And fillest up each envious rent
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Thy roots, outspread the ramparts o'er,
Where, in war's stormy day,
The Douglases stood forth of yore
In battle's grim array:
The clangour of the field is fled,
The beacon on the hill
No more through midnight blazes red—
But thou art blooming still!

Whither hath fled the choral band
That filled the abbey's nave?
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
O'er many a level grave:
In the belfry's crevices the dove
Her young brood nurseth well,
Whilst thou, lone flower, dost shed above
A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
And scent thee on the breeze:
The butterfly is then abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet wall-flower, sweet wall-flower!
Thou conjurest up to me
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee,
When joy from out the daisies grew,
In woodland pastures green,
And summer skies were far more blue
Than since they e'er have been.

Now autumn's pensive voice is heard
Amid the yellow bowers,
The robin is the regal bird,
And thou the Queen of Flowers!
He sings on the laburnum trees,
Amid the twilight dim,
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
Such scents as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
The rose is summer's guest;
Bland are thy charms when these decay,
Of flowers, first, last, and best!
There may be gaudier on the bower,
And statelier on the tree,
But wall-flower, loved wall-flower,
Thou art the flower for me!

Literary Souvenir, 1828.

During the months of *October*, *November*, and *December*, at the fall of the leaf, insects become less numerous, but many of the Hemiptera may be found in woods, by beating the ferns and underwood, also many very beautiful *Tineæ* and *Tortrices;* and aquatic insects may be taken in ponds, in great numbers. Roots of grass, decayed trees, &c. may again be resorted to.—*Samouelle's Introduction to British Entomology*, p. 316.

For an account of a curious manufacture produced by *caterpillars*, see our last volume, p. 286.

One of the most common objects in the vegetable kingdom, in this month, is the common bramble, with its *blackberries*. The growth of this plant is astonishing. Our Huntingdonshire correspondent informs us of a shoot that, in one year, measured *eighteen feet eleven inches*. The circumference, near the ground, was about two inches. It had risen on the side of a wild bank, in a glen, through which a road runs; and, shooting over the fork of a small ash tree, hung over to the road. The shoots of the bramble are used to briar graves in churchyards, to protect them from cattle; and, split into narrow shreds, they serve to bind the straw bandages of bee-hives.



November.

THIS was named, as the preceding months, according to the station which it occupied in the Romulean calendar; it was the ninth. The sign *Sagittarius* was appropriated to this month.

Remarkable Days

In NOVEMBER 1829.

1.—ALL SAINTS.

THIS festival served to commemorate all those saints and martyrs to whom no separate day had been assigned. An account of an extraordinary exhibition at *Lisbon*, on this day, may be seen in T.T. for 1827, p. 345. *Hallowe'en* is the eve of this day, on which many superstitious ceremonies are still observed in distant parts of the United Kingdom; see our former volumes.

A custom at Paris on the 1st of November, is thus noticed by a correspondent in the *Literary Gazette*:—The first instant was a grand day in Paris, *la Fête des Morts*. On this day, it is the custom of those who have lost any friends or relations in the course of the year to go to the cemetery, and visit the tombs of those they loved or admired. The cemetery of Père la Chaise was visited by thousands and tens of thousands; many attracted by a holy sense of duty, and others from curiosity. The day was remarkably fine, and the scene was most interesting and affecting. On this day, the graves were adorned with fresh shrubs and flowers; the tombs were decorated with festoons and wreaths of flowers, and garlands of the immortal amaranth. Here the widow and the widower, the parent and the child, approached the spot that contained what they loved when living, and respected when no more—muttered a prayer for the blissful repose of the departed, and deposited on the tomb a wreath of immortals. The grave of General Foy was literally covered with garlands; we saw several thrown on the tomb, and were surprised to find the parties were all of the lowest classes of society.



Tomb of Marshal Ney.

2.—ALL SOULS.

This festival was instituted in the ninth century. The business of the day was to pray for souls detained in purgatory.

The author of a Narrative of 'Three Years' Residence in Italy' thus notices the *Church of the Dead at Rome*:—This church belongs to a fraternity calling themselves 'The Company of the Dead,' who make it their business to search for and bury all the dead bodies of unknown persons in Rome and its environs. A regular list, divided into months, specifies how many are found in each month of the year. The number of victims of whose untimely end no notice is taken by the ruling powers is truly astonishing. How thankful may we be for our laws, where the dead body of the meanest beggar thus found would excite the strictest investigation. Such occurrences here are never permitted to be mentioned, in any of the public papers, far less commented upon. In our privileged country, though the freedom of the press may be abused, we know that no such event

could be concealed, even if it were to happen. The church is open only during the first eight days of November in every year, to say masses for the dead, for which a collection is made at the door: every one who enters must give something. On entering, you descend some steps as if into a vault, but not a dark one, for the church is well lighted up, that its ornaments may be seen to advantage; these are human bones, with which the walls are well covered. On the centre of one wall a scull is fixed, surrounded by a frame of bones, to contain holy water; and infant bones form an *à la Grecque* border in compartments on the walls. A branch chandelier, entirely formed of bones, is also suspended from the roof. The vertebræ of the back, and sockets of the joints, are strung together for loops and chains, and form wreaths round the walls. In an inner apartment adjoining, is a representation of our Lord raising Lazarus from the dead; the figures in composition as large as life, and remarkably well executed.— The Church del Santo Spirito, something similar to this, is to be seen at this time only of the year. The entrance is through a burying-ground, the graves as close as possible; they are little mounds of clay, inscribed with the name of the deceased. No green sod, nor stone, lies upon any of them; a scull and cross-bones are laid on each, and at the head grows a cypress. Before the church-door there is a pillar of dead bones; the vertebræ of the back and jaw-bones, linked together, surround it, and form a frieze at top. The walls inclosing the burying-ground are ornamented in the same manner.



Catacombs at Paris.

To enliven this lugubrious subject, we quote some pleasant lines by Mr. Hood: they are taken from Mr. Dagley's celebrated 'Death's Doings.'

DEATH (A DEALER),
To his London Correspondent.

Per post, sir, received your last invoice and letter,
No consignment of your's ever suited me better;
The burnt bones (for flour) far exceeded my wishes,
And the coculus-indicus beer was delicious.

Well, I'm glad that at last we have hit on a plan
Of destroying that long-living monster, *poor* man:
With a long-necked green bottle I'll finish a lord,
And a duke with a *pâté à la Perigord;*
But to kill a poor wretch is a different case,
For the creatures *will* live, though I stare in their face.

Thanks to you, though, the times will be speedily altered,
And the poor be got rid of without being haltered:
For ale and beer drinkers there's nothing so proper as
Your extracts of coculus, quassia, and copperas—
Called *ale*, from the hundreds that ail with them here,
And *beer*, from the numbers they bring to their bier.

In vain shall they think to find refuge in tea—
That decoction's peculiarly flavoured by me;
Sloe-leaves make the tea—verdigris gives the bloom—
And the slow poison's sure to conduct to the tomb:
As for coffee, Fred. Accum well knows the word means
Nought but sand, powder, gravel, and burnt peas and beans.

But let us suppose that they drink only *water*—
I think there may still be found methods to slaughter
A few of the blockheads who think they can cheat me
By swallowing that tasteless *liqueur.* * *
* * They shall drink till they're dead
From *lead* cisterns—to me 'twill be sugar of lead!

But why do I mention such matter to *you*,
Who, without my poor hints, know so well what to do?
You provide for the grocer, the brewer, the baker,
As they in their turn *do* for the undertaker.

P. S.—By the bye, let me beg you, in future, my neighbour,
To send me no sugar that's raised by *free labour*,
Unless you can mingle a *little* less salt
In the pound—for the public presume to find fault
With the new China *sweet'ning*—and though they allow
That they'll take the *saints' sugar* (attend to me now),
Even *cum grano salis*—they *do* say that such
An allowance as 30 *per cent.* is too much.

5.—KING WILLIAM LANDED.

This king landed November 5, 1688, although, as

Burnet informs us, his great anxiety was to land on the 4th.—See T.T. for 1826, p. 266.

5.—POWDER PLOT.

This day is kept to commemorate the diabolical attempt of the *Papists* to blow up the Parliament House—See T.T. for 1814, p. 280; and T.T. for 1826, p. 267.

6.—SAINT LEONARD,

A French nobleman of great piety and benevolence, who died in the year 500. He was, *literally*, the patron of *captives*.

9.—LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Until the year 1214, the chief magistrates of London were appointed for life. The title of *lord*, in addition to that of mayor, was first granted by Richard II to Walworth, who slew *Wat Tyler*.—See our previous volumes; particularly that for 1826, p. 268.



11.—SAINT MARTIN

Was born in Hungary in 316, and was chosen Bishop of Tours in the year 374. He had the reputation of great zeal, piety, and meekness; and died at the age of 84. Some curious customs on this

day in France, are noticed in our last volume, pp. 309, 310.

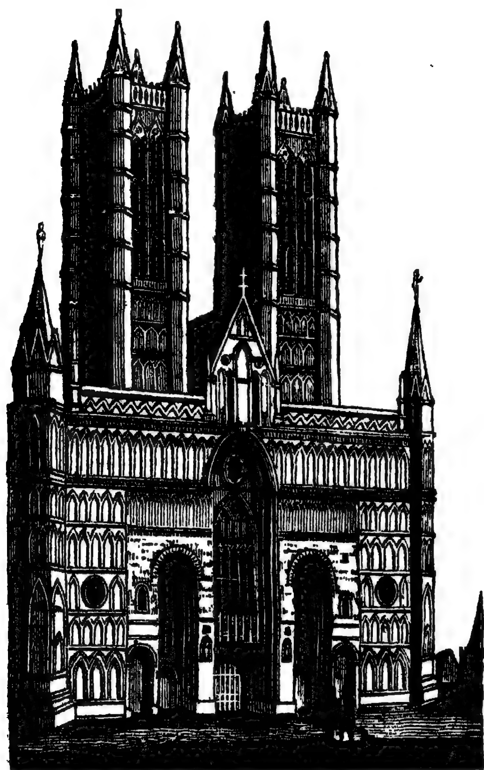
13.—SAINT BRITIUS

Was a native of Tours, educated under St. Martin, and afterwards his successor. He died A.D. 444.

*14. 1827.—RIGHT REV. SIR GEORGE PRETYMAN TOMLINE DIED,

Lord Bishop of Winchester, &c. &c. George Pretyman was born at Bury St. Edmunds, Oct. 9, 1753, the son of a tradesman in that town. He was educated with his brother John (whom he afterwards made archdeacon of Lincoln) in Bury grammar-school, and, at the age of eighteen, removed to Pembroke-hall, Cambridge. Applying to the great branch of study in that university, on taking the degree of A.B. in 1772, he was senior wrangler, and obtained the first of Dr. Smith's two mathematical prizes. In 1773 he was elected fellow, and immediately appointed public tutor of the college. It was in the same year he fortunately became connected with the Hon. William Pitt, and thus furnished with that future patron, without whom his merits might not ever, and certainly would not so early, have raised him to the distinguished rewards which were the consequence of this connection. He was not indebted for his introduction to any private interference, but, as he himself states in his Life of Pitt, 'Lord Chatham wrote a letter to the master, in which he expressed a desire that each of the two public tutors, which were then Mr. Turner (now Master of Pembroke-hall, and Dean of Norwich) and myself, would devote an hour in every day to his son. This plan was accordingly adopted; but after Mr. Pitt's first three visits to Cambridge, he was entirely under my care and tuition;' and here Mr. Pitt, who went to the university at the singularly early age of fourteen, continued for seven years.

After various preferments to which Dr. Pretyman was collated by Mr. Pitt's influence, in January 1787, his grateful pupil took the very first opportunity of raising him to the Episcopal bench. The vacancy occurred by the death of Dr. Egerton, Bishop of Durham: Dr. Thurlow was translated to that see, and Dr. Pretyman succeeded Dr. Thurlow, both as *bishop of Lincoln* and dean of St. Paul's. An anecdote is related, that, when Mr. Pitt applied to the king on this occasion, the reply of his majesty was, 'Too young, too young—can't have it, can't have it.'—'Oh, but please your majesty,' observed Mr. Pitt, 'had it not been for Dr. P., I should not have been in the office I now hold.'—'He shall have it, Pitt—he shall have it, Pitt,' was the king's immediate decision.



Western Front of Lincoln Cathedral.

Dr. Pretyman's first publication was his celebrated 'Elements of Christian Theology,' 2 vol. 8vo, 1799, expressly composed for students in divinity, and still used by them. This work, however, is, in some measure, superseded by the very comprehensive and erudite '*Critical Introduction to the Study of the Bible, by the Rev Thomas Hartwell Horne,*' in four octavo volumes, a *sixth* edition of which has been lately published. In 1811 appeared the Bishop's triumphant 'Refutation of the charge of Calvinism against the Church of England.'

In 1813, on the death of Dr. Randolph, the bishopric of London was offered to Dr. Tomline, and declined; but, after having presided over that of Lincoln for thirty-two years and a half, he ac-

cepted Winchester, on the death of Bishop North, in 1820. By the profits of his lucrative ecclesiastical preferments, in addition to some private acquisitions, his property vastly accumulated in his latter years. In 1803, Marmaduke Tomline, Esq. of Riby Grove in Lincolnshire, a gentleman with whom he had no relationship or connexion, had, on condition of his taking the name of *Tomline*, bequeathed to him a valuable estate, consisting of the manor, advowson, and whole parish of Riby, with a very handsome mansion-house; and in 1821, James Hayes, Esq. left him several farms in Suffolk, which had formerly belonged to the family of Pretyman, and had been left by the widow of a great-uncle of the Bishop to a relation of her own, the mother of Mr. Hayes. To these superfluities of wealth was shortly after added, for Mrs. Tomline's gratification (the Bishop himself was said to be indifferent to it), an accession of honour. On the 22d of March, 1823, at Haddington, in the presence of the Sheriff of the county, Bishop Tomline was, by a distinguished jury, of whom Lord Viscount Maitland was Chancellor, served heir male in general of Sir Thomas Pretyman, baronet, of Nova Scotia, who died about the middle of the last century; and his lordship also established his right to the ancient baronetcy of Nova Scotia, conferred by Charles the First on Sir John Pretyman, of Loddington, the male ancestor of Sir Thomas. The Bishop's eldest son now declines to assume this title.

In 1821 Bishop Tomline published, in two quarto volumes, a first portion of 'Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt.'—'Having had,' says the Bishop in the preface, 'the honour and happiness of superintending Mr. Pitt's education at the university; having for some time acted as his confidential secretary, and afterwards kept up a constant communication with him upon all matters connected with his official situation; having received from him the most decisive proofs of kindness and good opinion; having lived with him in the most unreserved and uninterrupted intimacy, from the beginning of our acquaintance to the hour of his death; and having access to all his papers, as one of his executors, I was emboldened by the consideration of these advantages, and urged by the combined feelings of affection, gratitude, and duty, to endeavour to convey some idea of the character of one, in whom the talents of a great statesman, and the virtues and qualities of an amiable man, were so eminently united. The volumes now offered to the public reach to the declaration of war by France against Great Britain, in 1793; a remarkable epoch both in Mr. Pitt's political life, and in the history of the country. It is my intention, if it shall please God to indulge me with a continuance of life and health, to proceed in the work with all the expedition consistent with the discharge of more important duties. The remaining portion will, I hope, be comprised in one volume, for which I now reserve what relates to Mr. Pitt's pri-

vate life.' This announcement is dated April 1821: nothing further has yet appeared; but the right reverend author is said to have been, for the last two or three years, closely employed on the conclusion, which there is, therefore, some reason to hope will not be lost to the world. The printed portion, of which there has been more than one edition in three volumes quarto, received, as far as politics would allow, the highest approbation from the public; and has been correctly characterized as 'candid, impartial, just; free from all acrimony; an honest, plain narration; displaying no more than a proper love for the object it illustrates; not made unfitly piquant, but grave, sedate, and worthy of the momentous events which fill its pages.'



Ruins of Winchester House, Southwark.

In his professional character, the conduct of Dr. Tomline was most exemplary, being vigilant, impartial, and compassionate. In ordinary intercourse, though extremely dignified, his lordship was condescending, encouraging, and kind; and, though to the inferior clergy there was unquestionably something over-awing in his presence, arising from their consciousness of his superior attainments—his comprehensive intellect, and, above all, his singular intuition and penetrating glance, yet it was impossible not to admire the courtliness of his manners, and the benevolence of his sentiments. He was never in the habit of speaking in the House of Lords; but no one can read his lordship's masterly Life of Pitt, without being convinced that his principles were firm, manly, undeviating, and constitutional. His vote was always given in defence of the Protestant church; and one of his Charges (that of 1803) is particularly devoted to examining the claims of the Papists, and exposing the dangers to be apprehended from them. In literary composition, his lordship's style is plain and perspi-

cuous: his writings evince a clear judgment, strong sense, and close reasoning, conveyed in the best chosen and most judiciously arranged expressions. In controversy he is never dogmatical; what he asserts, he proves; and he admirably succeeds in that highly difficult point, the abstinence from all asperity. The bishop's will has been proved at the Commons, and his personal effects sworn under £200,000.—See *Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1828, p. 201 et seq., for a more detailed memoir and a portrait.

15.—SAINT MACHUTUS.

Saint Machutus, or *Maclou*, was son of Went, a noble Briton; he died on this day, A.D. 630, being then 130 years old.—See T.T. for 1826, p. 272.

17.—SAINT HUGH,

Bishop of Lincoln, died in the year 1200. There is every reason to believe that he was a man of learning and piety.

20.—EDMUND, KING AND MARTYR,

Was the last titular king of East Anglia, and a tributary king to Etheldred. He is said to have been killed by the Danes in 870, because he would not renounce Christianity.

22.—SAINT CECILIA

Was a native of Rome, and was martyred by being plunged into boiling water (A.D. 230), because she refused to acknowledge the gods of the Pagans.

LINES *from a* POEM *on* MUSIC.

[By Mary Ann Browne.]

'Tis not in the harp's soft melting tone,
That music and harmony dwell alone,—
'Tis not in the voice so tender and clear
That comes like an angel's strain on the ear;
They both are sweet, but o'er dale and hill
For me there's a beautiful music still.
I hear it in every murmuring breath
That waves the hills of the purple heath;
In the watch-dog's bark, in the shepherd's song,
In the rustic's laugh as it echoes along;
In the whirring sound of the wild bird's wing—
There's music! there's music in every thing!

There's music, too, in the evening breeze,
When it sweeps the blossoms from the trees,
And wafts them into the moon-lit heaven,
Like fairy barks from their anchors driven,
And they through the clear and cloudless night
Float in a waveless sea of light.
There's music, too, when the winds are high,
And the clouds are sailing through the sky;
When ocean foams and lashes the shore,
And the lightnings flash, and the thunders roar,—
Then! then! in the tempest's jubilee,
There's music, and grandeur, and beauty for me.

23.—SAINT CLEMENT

Was converted by St. Peter, and was a zealous coadjutor of the apostles. He is mentioned in Phil. iv, 3. He was Bishop of Rome, and is generally thought to have suffered martyrdom about the year 100.

23.—O. MART.

Old Martinmas-day, an ancient quarter-day.

25.—SAINT CATHERINE,

Virgin and martyr, is said to have been tortured by wheels turning with great rapidity, having nails, knives, &c. fastened on their rims, A.D. 305.

29.—ADVENT SUNDAY.

This, and the three following Sundays, precede the grand festival of Christmas, and take their name from the Latin *advenire*, to come into, or from *adventus*, an approach. Some very singular customs take place during Advent, in the department of the Eure-et-Loir.—See our last volume, pp. 319-321.

30.—SAINT ANDREW

Was the younger brother of *Simon Peter*. He was the first apostle who came to Christ. He is regarded as the tutelary saint of Scotland; and the anniversary of the *Order of the Thistle* is on his day. The officers of the Royal Society of London are also elected on this day. The *Order of the Thistle* is described in T. T. for 1816, p. 283.

Astronomical Occurrences

In NOVEMBER 1829.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Sagittarius at 53 m. after 12 on the 22d of this month; and he rises and sets during the same period as in the following Table. The times for the intermediate days must be found by proportion, as already explained.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

	Sun rises		sets	
November 1st,	12 m. after	7,	48 m. after	4
6th	20	7	40	4
11th	29	7	31	4
16th	37	7	23	4
21st	45	7	15	4
26th	51	7	9	4

Equation of Time.

By subtracting the numbers given in the following Table from 12 hrs. when it is exactly noon by a good sun-dial, the results will be the mean corresponding time.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Sunday,	November 1st, from the time by the dial *sub.*	16	16
Friday	6th	16	12
Wednesday	11th	15	48
Monday	16th	15	8
Saturday	21st	13	58
Thursday	26th	12	28

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

First Quarter	4th day, at	51 m. after	9	in the morning
Full Moon	11th	46	1	
Last Quarter	18th	51	8	
New Moon	26th	30	0	at noon.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the first meridian at the following times this month, which will afford opportu-

nities of observation, for the exercise of our young readers, should the weather be favourable: *viz.*

November	2d,	at 47 m. after	4	in the afternoon
	3d	.. 41	5	....
	4th	.. 34	6	....
	5th	.. 27	7	in the evening
	6th	.. 21	8	....
	7th	.. 14	9	....
	8th	.. 9	10	....
	9th	.. 4	11	....
	17th	.. 24	5	in the morning
	18th	.. 10	6	....
	19th	.. 54	6	....
	20th	.. 36	7	....
	21st	.. 18	8	....
	22d	.. 0	9	....

Phenomena Planetarum.

Phases of Venus.

The brilliancy of this beautiful planet is now increasing, and the proportion of her bright and dark parts are—

November 1st { Illuminated part = 8·46904
Dark part...... = 3·53096

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

None of these eclipses will be visible this month.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

November 3d,	with β	in Capricorn,	at 4	in the afternoon
12th	.... γ	.. Taurus	3	in the morning
12th	....1ϑ	.. Taurus	4	....
12th	....2ϑ	.. Taurus	5	....
12th	.... α	.. Taurus	9	....
20th	.... β	.. Virgo	8	in the evening
25th	.... γ	.. Libra	3	in the afternoon
30th	.... β	.. Capricorn..	9	in the evening.

Other Phenomena.

Mercury will be stationary on the 5th of this month, and attain his greatest elongation on the 14th. Saturn will be in quadrature at half past 12 on the 10th, and stationary on the 29th.

DOUBLE AND TRIPLE STARS.

[From the Literary Gazette.]

Next to nebulæ, and scarcely inferior in interest, are those combinations of stars which appear to be mutually connected by the laws of gravitation. Nebulæ suggest to our thoughts, that the interminable range of space, boundless, shoreless, fathomless as it is, is filled with the wonders of creation; while the double, triple, and multiple stars intimate those laws which unite together the vast provinces of the universe. In nebulæ the mind is bewildered with the mysterious vastness which their form, multitude, and distance, unfold: we believe each nebula to be a system of fixed stars, each star a sun, with its attendant planetary bodies, all obeying the same laws which bind our solar system to its centre; while the Sun itself is either one of a double star, swinging round the centre of gravity of the two, or a member of a more complicated system of motion. There is foundation for this, from actual observations of other stars, and the change of the Sun's place relative to the Arcturus, Capella, Aldebaran, and others of our system, by which it is ascertained that the Sun, with its planets, is moving towards the constellation Hercules. In double, triple, and more complicated combinations of stars is traced the existence of central forces, on such a grand and magnificent scale as reduces all our ideas of planetary motions and periods to the sporting of an ephemera in the sunbeam. Among the most remarkable of these are Castor, round which moves a small star, the period of which is 342 years and two months; δ Serpentis, period of the small star, 375 years; γ Virginis, period 708 years; γ Leonis, period 1200 years; ε Boötes, period 1681 years. These, with many others, are called binary systems. In treble stars the periods must be more complicated: a treble star is in the foot of the Unicorn, which, at first sight, appears double, but one of these, on more

minute inspection, will be found to consist of two. This treble star was considered by a celebrated astronomer the most beautiful sight in the heavens. In Libra is a double-double star, each star being itself a double star; in Orion is a double-treble star, or two sets of treble stars; in the same constellation there is a multiple star, consisting of twelve, one of which is a double star. One striking peculiarity of these and similar stars is, their diversity of colour, rarely two of the same colour in the same combination,—red and blue, white and ash-colour, orange and purple, red and bluish-green, bluish-white and garnet, white and gray,—these being the prevailing hues. It has been attempted, by observations on double stars, to determine the parallax of the earth's orbit, it being justly supposed, that if these stars were at rest, their distance from each other would be slightly altered according to the earth's position in its annual course. It was in pursuing this investigation that the motion of stars about their centres of gravity was established. This important and interesting inquiry, relative to the parallax of the fixed stars, has been attended with some degree of success by Dr. Brinkley, the present Bishop of Cloyne, who has obtained from the following stars the results as against them expressed.

	Parallax.	No. of Obs.
α Cygni	1″·56	119
α Aquilæ	5″·00	208
α Lyræ	1″·32	262

If the last of these results be an approximation to the truth, the distance of α Lyræ from our Sun is nearly twenty billions of miles,—a distance through which light could not travel in less than three years. How distant, then, are those stars whose light is but dimly seen with telescopic aid! and how much more inconceivably remote must the nebulæ be!

The NORTHERN STAR.

[Written at Tynemouth, Northumberland.]

'The Northern Star
Sailed o'er the bar,
Bound to the Baltic Sea:
In the morning grey
She stretched away—
'Twas a weary day to me.

'And many an hour,
In sleet and shower,
By the light-house rock I stray,
And watch till dark
For the winged bark
Of him that's far away.

'The churchyard's bound
I wander round,
Among the grassy graves;
But all I hear
Is the North wind drear,
And all I see, the waves!'

Oh roam not there,
Thou mourner fair,
Nor pour the fruitless tear;
Thy plaint of woe
Is all too low—
The dead, they cannot hear.

The Northern Star
Is set afar,
Set in the raging sea;
And the billows spread
O'er the sandy bed
That holds thy love from thee!

Newcastle Courant, and Watts's Poetical Album.



The Naturalist's Diary

For NOVEMBER 1829.

Again thy winds are roaring in the wood,
Dark-featured Autumn, and their waking might,
Tossing the deep green foliage like a flood,
Rends the first pale leaves in their stormy flight:
The eyes meet sadness wheresoe'er they light;
Deep is the dark blue tincture, from the sky,
Cast o'er the valleys; the far mountain's height
Shrouds in the tempest's frowning majesty
Its rills, that roar and foam, while all is silence nigh.

Howitt's Forest Minstrel.



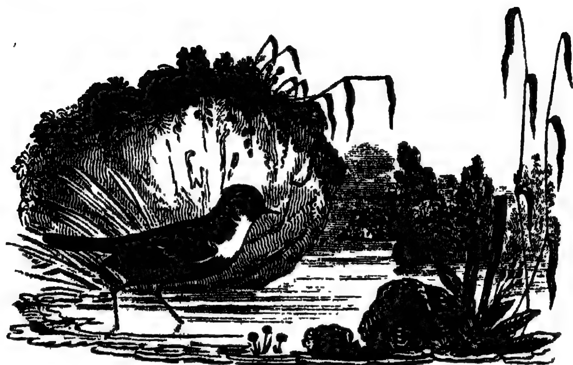
ALTHOUGH November is usually dull and cheerless, yet there are some intervals of clear and pleasant weather. The fields and inclosures are cleared of their harvest treasure, and the web of the *gossamer* extends in unbroken and floating pathway over stubble and lea. This gossamer appearance, upon which so many speculative opinions have been formed, is now considered to be produced by the *ascent of the spider into the atmosphere.* Mr. Murray, in his 'Researches into Natural History,' has given particular attention to this curious subject, and the following is the result of his observations:—

About the beginning of the last century, gossamer was supposed to be condensed vapour. Geoffroy gave it as his opinion, that it was a web spun by the acarus telarius, on the north side

of trees; and being from thence dispersed by the wind, covers the fields with those innumerable threads. It is now known to be produced by many different kinds of spiders, particularly the flying spiders. Mr. Murray assures us, that they have actually the power of projecting their threads to a considerable distance, and by such means transporting themselves from the ground to any elevation, or from the top of one elevation to another. But, what is still more astonishing, he conceives that these threads are electric, or so actuated by that subtle element, that buoyancy is imparted, and the baseless shrouds of the aërial traveller are, with itself, projected aloft into the highest regions of the air! There are but very few spiders which, in crawling over uneven surfaces, do not leave behind them a thread, serving as a cable, or rather a line of suspension, lest they should fall, or be blown off from any eminence; consequently, the whole surface of the ground, throughout the summer months, is covered with their network; not only with webs of the ground spider, which may be called personal property, but from innumerable threads of vagabonds. This accumulation creates no wonder, because it is certain that these threads, however delicate, are at the same time durable. But that this tissue is constantly increasing, may be seen by following the plough for a short space; for no sooner has the team finished one land or ridge, but the fresh ground is quickly interlaced with threads, which glisten in the sunbeam. There is no accounting for this, except on the facts stated by the author, viz. that the air in fine weather is filled with the excursive threads of the impennous aranea æronautica. The insect is often detected at the end of its thread, with its little arms extended, and balancing itself like a bird, and always proceeding before the wind. This direction of their flight always accounted for the connection between tree and tree, or hedge and hedge; moreover, the insect, by its instinctive sagacity, in committing a coil of its thread to the wind, and taking its chance of a distant attachment, could then transport itself in safety. But the author has seen threads projected or propelled in a close room, where there could be no current of air to carry the same in any direct line; and so far the relation is most interesting.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

The *water-ouzel*, or water-crake, frequents small brooks, particularly those which intersect rocky countries. It forms its nest in the holes of banks; and lays five eggs of a whitish colour, adorned with a fine blush of red. It feeds on small fish and insects; and though its feet are destitute of webs, and the whole form of its body denotes it to be a land-

fowl, it nevertheless darts itself quite under the water in search of fish. Its nest is very curiously constructed of hay and the fibres of roots, and lined with oak-leaves.

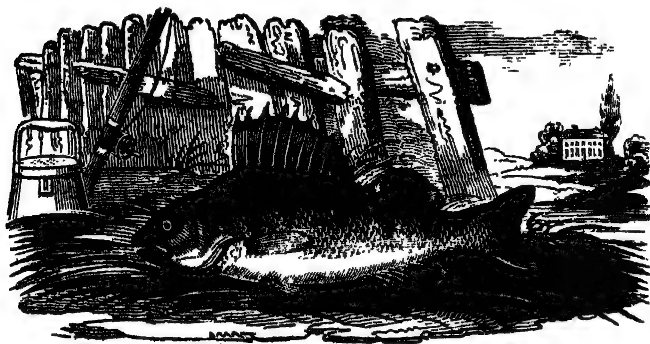


In this month, or in October, according to the time when the cold autumnal rains commence, the *larger eels* migrate towards the sea. Sir Humphrey Davy, in his *Salmonia*, says—

This is certain, that there are two migrations of eels—one up and one down rivers, one *from* and the other *to* the sea; the first in spring and summer, the second in autumn or early winter: the first of very small eels, which are sometimes not more than two or two and a half inches long; the second of large eels, which sometimes are three or four feet long, and which weigh from ten to fifteen, or even twenty pounds. There is great reason to suppose that all eels found in fresh water are the results of the first migration; they appear in millions in April and May, and sometimes continue to rise as late even as July and the beginning of August. This was the case in Ireland in 1823. It had been a cold, backward summer; and when I was at Ballyshannon, about the end of July, the mouth of the river, which had been in flood all this month, under the fall, was blackened by millions of little eels, about as long as the finger, which were constantly urging their way up the moist rocks by the side of the fall. Thousands died, but their bodies remaining moist, served as the ladder for others to make their way; and I saw some ascending even perpendicular stones, making their road through wet moss, or adhering to some eels that had died in the attempt. Such is the energy of these little animals, that they continue to find their way, in im-

mense numbers, to Loch Erne. The same thing happens at the fall of the Bann, and Loch Neagh is thus peopled by them; even the mighty Fall of Schaffhausen does not prevent them from making their way to the Lake of Constance, where I have seen many very large eels. There are eels in the Lake of Neufchatel, which communicates by a stream with the Rhine; but there are none in the Lake of Geneva, because the Rhone makes a subterraneous fall below Geneva; and though small eels can pass by moss or mount rocks, they cannot penetrate limestone rocks, or move against a rapid, descending current of water, passing, as it were, through a pipe. Again: no eels mount the Danube from the Black Sea; and there are none found in the great extent of lakes, swamps, and rivers communicating with the Danube, though some of these lakes and morasses are wonderfully fitted for them, and though they are found abundantly in the same countries, in lakes and rivers connected with the ocean and the Mediterranean. Yet, when brought into confined water in the Danube, they fatten and thrive there. As to the instinct which leads young eels to seek fresh water, it is difficult to reason; probably they prefer warmth, and, swimming at the surface in the early summer, find the lighter water warmer, and likewise containing more insects, and so pursue the courses of fresh water, as the waters from the land, at this season, become warmer than those from the sea. Mr. J. Couch, in the Linnean Transactions, says the little eels, according to his observation, are produced within reach of the tide, and climb round falls to reach fresh water from the sea. I have sometimes seen them, in spring, swimming in immense shoals in the Atlantic, in Mount Bay, making their way to the mouths of small brooks and rivers. When the cold water from the autumnal flood begins to swell the rivers, this fish tries to return to the sea; but numbers of the smaller ones hide themselves during the winter in the mud, and many of them form, as it were, masses together. Various authors have recorded the migration of eels in a singular way; such as Dr. Plot, who, in his History of Staffordshire, says they pass in the night across meadows from one pond to another; and Mr. Arderon, in the Philosophical Transactions, gives a distinct account of small eels rising up the flood-gates and posts of the water-works of the city of Norwich; and they made their way to the water above, though the boards were smooth planed, and five or six feet perpendicular. He says, when they first rose out of the water upon the dry board, they rested a little—which seemed to be till their slime was thrown out, and sufficiently glutinous—and then they rose up the perpendicular ascent with the same facility as if they had been moving on a plane surface. There can be no doubt that they are assisted by their small scales, which, placed like those of serpents, must facilitate their progressive motion: these scales have been microscopically observed by Lewenhoeck.

Eels migrate from the salt water of different sizes, never when they are above a foot long, and the great mass of them are only from two and a half to four inches. They feed, grow, and fatten in fresh water. In small rivers they seldom become very large; but in large deep lakes they become as thick as a man's arm, or even leg; and all those of a considerable size attempt to return to the sea in October or November, probably when they experience the cold of the first autumnal rains. Those that are not of the largest size pass the winter in the deepest parts of the mud of rivers and lakes, and do not seem to eat much, and remain almost torpid. Their increase is not certainly known in any given time, but must depend upon the quantity of their food: it is probable they do not become of the largest size from the smallest, in one or even two seasons; but this, as well as many other particulars, can only be ascertained by new observations and experiments. Bloch states, that they grow slowly, and mentions that some had been kept in the same pond for fifteen years. As very large eels, after having migrated, never return to the river again, they must (for it cannot be supposed that they all die immediately in the sea) remain in salt water; and there is great probability that they are then confounded with the *conger*, which is found from a few ounces to one hundred pounds in weight.



The bright-eyed Perch, with fins of Tyrian dye.

The Perch, when upwards of a pound weight, is a fine looking fish, and its flesh is reckoned firm and nutritious, being excelled by none of the fresh-water tribe. Perch delight to lie about bridges and mill-pools, in and near locks; about shipping, barges, and floats of timber in navigable rivers and canals; and at the entrance, and in wet docks; also in deep

and dark still holes, and in all bending and still parts of rivers; and in the back-water of mill-streams, as well as in deep, gentle eddies; in ponds, about sluices, and the mouths of outlets and flood-gates, on the gravel or sandy parts of the pond, and near the sides where rushes grow. The back and sides of perch are so thickly covered with small scales as almost to form a coat of mail. They are slow in growth, and seldom exceed three or four pounds in weight; but one was taken out of the Serpentine river which weighed *nine pounds!*



The *Bleak*, or bley, is found in the rivers Thames, Lea, and New River, in immense numbers. They are a handsome fish, but do not grow to a large size, and are taken by the angler from March till winter.

The Diary of the appearances of Nature in this month is, like the intervals of fine weather in November, brief indeed, and may be told in a few lines. The Virginia-creeper has now a very rich and beautiful appearance. Mushrooms are collected in abundance this month: see T.T. for 1825, p. 201. The congregating of small birds, which was noticed as commencing in October, still continues; and the long-tailed titmouse is seen in troops in the tall hedge-rows. The *stock-dove*, one of the latest winter birds of passage, arrives from more northern regions towards the end of this month.

The WINGS *of the* DOVE.

[By Mrs. Hemans.]

Oh, for thy wings, thou dove!
  Now sailing by with sunshine on thy breast,
That, borne like thee above,
  I too might flee away, and be at rest!

Where wilt thou fold those plumes,
  Bird of the forest shadows, holiest bird?
In what rich leafy glooms,
  By the sweet voice of hidden water stirred?

Over what blessed home,
  What roof with dark, deep summer foliage crowned,
O fair as Ocean's foam!
  Shall thy bright bosom shed a gleam around?

Or seek'st thou some old shrine
  Of nymph or saint no more by votary wooed,
Though still, as if divine,
  Breathing a spirit o'er the solitude?

Yet wherefore ask thy way?
  Blest, ever blest, whate'er its aim, thou art!
Unto the greenwood spray
  Bearing no dark remembrance at thy heart.

No echoes that will blend
  A sadness with the rustlings of the grove;
No memory of a friend
  Far off, or dead, or changed to thee, thou dove!

Oh, to some cool recess,
  Take, take me with thee on the summer wind!
Leaving the weariness
  And all the fever of this life behind;—

The aching and the void
  Within the heart whereunto none reply,
The early hopes destroyed—
  Bird! bear me with thee through the sunny sky.

Wild wish, and longing vain,
  And brief upspringing to be glad and free,—
Go to thy woodland reign!
  My soul is bound and held—I may not flee.

For even by all the fears
  And thoughts that haunt my dreams—untold, unknown,
And by the woman's tears
  Poured from mine eyes in silence and alone;

Had I thy wings, thou dove!
  High midst the gorgeous isles of cloud to soar,
Soon the strong cords of love
  Would draw me earthwards—homewards—yet once more.

Literary Souvenir, 1828.

THIS month was named, like the preceding ones, from the place it held in the Romulean calendar. *Capricorn* is the sign given to it.

Remarkable Days

In DECEMBER 1829.



The head of a Triton, on each side of which is a Cupid riding on a dolphin, in the Gallery of Antiquities at the British Museum, Room I. No. 5.

*3. 1827.—JOSEPH PLANTA DIED, ÆT. 83,

Principal Librarian of the British Museum, which honourable and important office he had held for the long period of twenty-eight years. Mr. Planta was born in the Grisons in Swisserland, February 21, 1744, being descended from a noble family in that country. His father, the Rev. Andrew Planta, resided in England from the year 1752, as minister of the German Reformed Church in London; and under him Mr. Planta received the first part of his education. It was completed afterwards in foreign seminaries; at Utrecht, under the learned and well-known Professor Saxius and others, for a short time, and at Göttingen. He also took early opportunities of visiting France and Italy, with a view to add the knowledge of those languages to that of German, which he already possessed. Being thus qualified for the diplomatic line, he gladly accepted the employment of Secretary to the British Minister at Brussels. In this course he would probably have proceeded with success, had not the early demise of his father, in 1773, recalled him to the care of his widowed mother

and family. Mr. Planta, sen. had been honoured with the task of instructing Queen Charlotte in the Italian language; which probably facilitated the appointment of his son, soon after his death, to the office of Assistant Librarian in the *British Museum*,



where, in 1775, he was promoted to be one of the under Librarians. In 1774, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and soon after, by the recommendation of the President (Sir John Pringle), was appointed to conduct the foreign correspondence of the Society. In 1776, he was chosen one of the ordinary Secretaries of the Society, on the death of Dr. Maty; having already distinguished himself by a learned and curious memoir on the *Romansh* language, spoken in the Grisons. This, though a philological tract, received the peculiar honour of being inserted in the Transactions of the Society. After this, by the resignation of Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Horsley, Mr. Planta became the senior Secretary; in which situation it was a part of his duty to draw up abstracts of all the communications made to the Society, to be read before the members attending their public meetings. This task he performed with the utmost accuracy and perspicuity for upwards of twenty years.

In June 1778, Mr. Planta was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Atwood, a lady of no common merits and accomplishments, whose death, in 1821, proved the first interruption to his domestic happiness. In 1788, he was appointed Paymaster of Exchequer Bills, which office he held till his voluntary resignation of it in 1811. On the death of Dr. Morton, in 1799,

Mr. Planta was appointed by his late Majesty to succeed him in the honourable office of Principal Librarian to the British Museum.

When the Swiss Republics appeared to be finally extinguished by the encroachments of Buonaparte, Mr. Planta was induced, by a laudable feeling for his native country, to draw up a complete 'History of the Helvetic Confederacy,' from its origin, which was published in 1800, in two volumes 4to: it was compiled from the best authorities, but principally, as the preface avows, from the masterly work of Müller. Its accuracy and fidelity obtained for it a respectable share of public approbation, and it was reprinted in a second edition, in 1807, in three volumes 8vo. After the happy restoration of liberty to that country, in 1815, Mr. Planta resumed his inquiries; and, from the best recent documents, drew up a short supplemental history, entitled 'A View of the Restoration of the Helvetic Confederacy, &c.' This was separately published in 8vo, in 1821. Mr. Planta left no surviving offspring, except his son; whose studies he had anxiously superintended, while he gave him every advantage of the best public education. Nor was it a small addition to his happiness, that he lived to see this son advanced, by fair and honourable exertions, to the most distinguished offices under the Government. We may say, in short, that few men have ever been more fortunate either in their marriage, or its consequences.

In the appointment of Mr. Planta's successor (HENRY ELLIS, Esq.) his present Majesty has displayed that tact and discrimination for which he is so justly distinguished in matters of taste and literature; — for whom could he have selected so well qualified to fill the important and highly responsible office of *Principal Librarian to the British Museum,* as the learned Editor of the valuable *Series of Letters Illustrative of English History,* who had devoted five and twenty years of his life to the service of that establishment of which he is now, by his Majesty's favour, the able and efficient president?—Long may he continue to fill this honourable post, and to delight and instruct the world with fresh excerpts from the 20,000 volumes of those valuable manuscripts of which he was, for so many years, the guardian—an office (it is well known to every literate) he discharged with credit to himself, and with the greatest advantage to those who had occasion to consult these re-

condite monuments of the intellectual labours of our ancestors!

6.—SAINT NICHOLAS.

Saint Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, holding a place in the calendar on the 6th December, had the title of *Great*, and appears to have been honoured with public worship, ever since the sixth century.—See some curious particulars of Saint Nicholas in our last volume, pp. 349-352.

*6. 1714.—ELIZ. THO. CORDIEUX BORN.

This female, a native of Savoy, and now in Paris, is, in all probability, say the French, the *doyenne* (the senior) of the human race. Her face is not more wrinkled than that of a female half her age; her sight is good, her appetite excellent, and she can walk ten miles a day without exhibiting fatigue; she does not make use of a stick to support herself, and it is really true that she has trudged all the way, on foot, from her native mountains to the metropolis of France. She passed through Lyons and Dijon, where she attended the theatres at the desire of the managers, who made her a liberal compensation for the benefit they obtained from her presence, people coming from all parts to behold the 'senior of the human race.'

Dr. Granville, in his interesting account of *St. Petersburgh*, lately published, says, it must be admitted, that cases of longevity are not only much more common, but also more extraordinary in respect to a greater duration, in Russia, than in any other part of Europe; thus, from the Report of the Holy Synod, published in 1827, it appears that there were living, in 1825, among those who professed the Greco-Russian religion, throughout the empire, not fewer than 848 males who were a hundred and more years old; among whom thirty-two had passed the age of 120, four were between 125 and 130, and four others between 130 and 135 years of age. The Gazette of

the Royal Academy published, in the month of January of the present year, a statement of the progress of the population in Russia, as far as it concerns those who profess the Greco-Russian religion, in the course of 1826. This document contains results still more extraordinary; for, out of 606,881 males who died that year, 2,785 had passed the age of 90 years; 1,432, that of 95; and 818, that of 100. Among the latter, thirty-eight were more than 115 years of age; twenty-four, more than 120; seven, more than 125; and one was 160 years old at his death!

There is now residing at Little Birch, in Herefordshire, a fine *young* man, in the 107th year of his age. This youth lately amused himself with ploughing a field, and afterwards sowed it with wheat in a truly husbandlike manner. He was also seen spreading manure in a field, with the vigour of a man of forty. He occasionally rides on horseback.—*Hereford Journal*, Oct. 1828.

8.—CONCEPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

This festival was instituted by Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, because William the Conqueror's fleet, being in a storm, afterwards came safe to shore.

13.—SAINT LUCY.

Lucy, a virgin martyr, was a native of Syracuse, who suffered in the year 305.

16.—O SAPIENTIA.

This is the commencement of an anthem, which, in the Romish church, used to be sung from this day until Christmas-eve: *O sapientia, quæ ex ore Altissimi, prodisti*, &c.

16, 18, 19.—EMBER DAYS. *See* p. 88.

*20. 1827.—STEPHEN JONES DIED.

He was son of Mr. Giles Jones, formerly Secretary to the York-buildings Water Company; was educated at St. Paul's School, and afterwards placed under an eminent sculptor, but, on ac-

count of some difference, he was removed from that situation, and apprenticed to a printer, in Fetter-lane. On the expiration of his time, he was engaged as corrector of the press by Mr. Strahan; but, at the end of four years, he removed to the office of Mr. Thomas Wright, in Peterborough-court, where he remained till the death of his employer, in March, 1797, an event which terminated Mr. Jones's immediate connexion with the printing business. He then became the editor of the 'Whitehall Evening Post;' but on the decline of that paper, he was appointed to the management, and became a part proprietor, of the 'General Evening Post.' This paper, too, he was destined to see gradually fall in sale till it merged in its contemporary the 'St. James's Chronicle.' Mr. Jones became also, on the death of Mr. Isaac Reed, the editor of the 'European Magazine,' and was for some time the conductor of a monthly publication called the 'Freemason's Magazine.' In the craft of freemasonry Mr. Jones was very deeply versed, and, unfortunately for his own interests, devoted too large a portion of his evenings to the lodge and other convivial parties, being himself a very good-tempered agreeable companion, and singing an excellent song. These evening habits were undoubtedly inconsistent with attention to business in the morning; and, after having had very considerable patronage from the booksellers, in enlarging former publications, and revising works of others through the press, he lived till nearly all literary employment was denied to him. His talents, in his best days, were respectable; and his 'Biographical Dictionary,' in miniature, ran through many editions. The republication of the 'Biographia Dramatica,' in four vols., 1812, was, perhaps, his largest undertaking. He was most unmercifully attacked by a critic in the 'Quarterly,' on the publication of this edition, and blamed for many articles which he merely retained from their having appeared in the former edition of that work. This attack drew from him a pamphlet, entitled 'Hypercriticism Exposed; in a letter to the readers of the Quarterly Review,' 8vo, 1812; but the article, we fear, did Mr. Jones a lasting injury in his profession. From 1799, for very many years, he selected an amusing annual volume from the newspapers, &c., under the title of 'The Spirit of the Journals.' He was also author and editor of various other works.—See *Gentleman's Magazine*, for January, 1828.

21.—SAINT THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

St. Thomas is said to have preached the Gospel in Media and Persia, and, about the year 73, to have been pierced through with a dart.

This is the *shortest* day, and is, at London, 7 h. 44 m. 17 s.; allowing 9 m. 5 s. for refraction.

All that we love and feel on Nature's face
Bear dim relations to our common doom.
The clouds that blush and die a beamy death,
Or weep themselves away in rain,—the streams
That flow along in dying music,—leaves
That fade, and drop into the frosty arms
Of Winter, there to mingle with dead flowers,—
Are all prophetic of our own decay.
And who, when hung enchanted o'er some page
Where genius flashes from each living line,
Hath never wandered to the tomb to see
The hand that penned it, and the head that thought?

Yet feelings, coloured by the cloud of death,
With sweet oppression oft o'erflow the mind;
As when with pauseful step we pace some aisle,
And own the eloquence of tombs; or when
Sublimely musing by the sounding deep,
We watch the ever-rolling waves' career
To where the ocean weds the sky, and think—
Thus roll away the restless hours of time!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

25.—CHRISTMAS DAY.

According to some authors, the festival of Christmas was first established by Pope Julius in 336, in opposition to the idolatrous worship which the heathens paid to the reviving sun, *Sol novus*; and Saint Augustin exhorts the faithful to celebrate this holy day, not as the Pagans did in honour of the sun, but to the glory of Him who created this splendid luminary.

SAPPHICS;

By Delta of Blackwood's Magazine.

[By some accident, a few stanzas only of this fine hymn appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for 1827: the above is a copy of it, in its original and perfect state, with which we have been kindly favoured by the author.]

From the dark branches down have dropped the sere leaves;
O'er the bare hill-top moan the gusty breezes;
Blue skies have waned, and earth obeys thy sceptre,
Tyrannous December.

With inefficient ray glimmers out the pale sun,
'Tween brooding rain-clouds o'er the pallid landscape;
Comfortless is noontide; desolate is evening,
Stormy and starless.

Dear is the aspect of old rugged Ocean,
To his caves of basalt riding on his foam-steed;
Forth comes the Polar duck, and the shrieking grey gull
Wings to its shelter.

Of hail, sleet, and snow the magazines thou openest;
Thy mantle of whiteness thou spreadest o'er the mountains,
Binding the blue streams, and hanging up to morning
Icicles of crystal.

Pity hast thou none for the houseless wanderer;
Shivers pauper old beside his tiny fire-place;
Howl the wild-beasts starving, and the timid songsters
Die of cold and hunger.

Yet let us think not, savage though thy looks be,
That of his handywork mindless is the Maker:
'Twas 'mid thy storms, December, that the sky-born
Came to redeem us!

When in guilt and misery sunk was the wide world,
A recreant, a lost, a perishing creation,
From the celestial abodes of his glory
Jesus descended.

Sunk had the sun; the raven wings of darkness
Brooded o'er earth; when, beautiful in brightness,
Shone the promised star, and eastward descending
Led on the wise men.

Watching their night-flocks lay Judea's shepherds,
Mantle-enwrapt, beneath the shady palm-trees,
When glory burned o'er them, and, 'mid choiring music,
Thus spake the angel:—

'Fear not,—good tidings I bring to ye,—fear not;
This day is born to ye Christ the Redeemer;
Haste ye to Bethlehem, and see the world's Saviour,
Laid in a manger.'

To the city of David journeyed up the wise men;
Up went the shepherds; and lo! the infant Jesus,
The gracious, the glorious, the Son of the Eternal,
As the angel told them.

Joy, joy to Earth! Oh tyrannous December,
'Twas 'mid thy storm-clouds that our Lord descended;
Christmas is thine; and Man will rejoice him,
Dark though thy scowl be.

Rattle and rave then, tornado and tempest,
O'er the joyless roof-tree bluster and beat ye;
But man has a home, where the arm of thy fury
Never can reach him.

A very entertaining and curious account of ceremonies and superstitions still practised at Christmas time in *France* may be seen in our last volume, pp. 355-359.

Some ceremonies at *Rome*, at this period, are thus described by the author of 'A Narrative of three Years' Residence in Italy.'

On the evening of Christmas-day we were invited to Eugenio's festa. Eugenio is a boy of eight years old, the son of Baron Kniested, High Chamberlain to the King of Wirtemburgh. Curiosity to see a German custom, induced us to accept the invitation: we were shown into a spacious apartment, in which a platform was raised, covered with moss, on which were a number of Lilliputian horses, cows, sheep, and lambs, as if in the act of grazing. In the centre was fixed a tree with spreading branches, from which were suspended Eugenio's Christmas gifts. On a table in the same room, lay all his new and best clothes; at the farther end a kind of stage was fitted up for the performance of *Marionetti*, with which the evening's entertainment was to close, and many a little eager eye was fixed on that spot. During the remainder of this month, there is a *Presepio*, or representation of the manger in which our Saviour was laid, to be seen in many of the churches. That of the Ara Coeli is best worth seeing. That church occupies the site of the Temple of Jupiter, and is adorned with some of its beautiful pillars. On entering, we found daylight completely excluded from the church; and, until we advanced, we did not perceive the artificial light, which was so well managed as to stream in fluctuating rays from intervening silvery clouds, and shed a radiance over the lovely babe and bending mother, who, in the most graceful attitude, lightly holds up the drapery which half conceals her sleeping infant from the bystanders. He lies in richly embroidered swaddling clothes, and his person, as well as that of his virgin mother, are ornamented with diamonds and other precious stones; for which purpose we were informed, the princesses and ladies of highest rank lend their jewels. Groups of cattle grazing, peasantry engaged in different occupations, and other objects enliven the picturesque scenery; every living creature in the group, with eyes directed towards the Presepio, falls prostrate in adoration. In the front of this theatrical representation, a little girl, about six or eight years old, stood on a bench preaching extempore as it appeared, to the persons who filled the church, with all the gesticulation of a little actress, probably in commemoration of those words of the Psalmist quoted by our blessed Lord, '*Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise.*'

To add to their Christmas festivities, we will present our readers with two beautiful songs, one from the 'Records of Woman and other Poems,' by that Sappho of the day, *Felicia Hemans;* and the other an offering to Time's Telescope, from the elegant and varied muse of Delta of Blackwood's Magazine.

A PARTING SONG.

When will ye think of me, my friends?
When will ye think of me?—
When the last red light, the farewell of day,
From the rock and the river is passing away,
When the air with a deep'ning hush is fraught,
And the heart grows burdened with tender thought—
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?
When will ye think of me?—
When the rose of the rich midsummer time
Is filled with the hues of its glorious prime;
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no more may tread—
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?
When will ye think of me?
When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye
At the sound of some olden melody;
When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream—
Then let it be!

Thus let my memory be with you, friends!
Thus ever think of me!
Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found—
So let it be.

FELICIA HEMANS.

GIVE ME BUT THY LOVE.

Give me but thy love, and I
Envy none beneath the sky;
Pains and perils I defy,
If thy presence cheer me.
Give me but thy love, my sweet,
Joy shall bless us when we meet;
Pleasures come, and cares retreat,
When thou smilest near me.

Happy 'twere, beloved one,
When the toils of day were done,
Ever with the set of sun
To thy fond arms retiring,—
Then to feel, and there to know
A balm that baffles every woe,
While hearts that beat and eyes that glow
Are sweetest thoughts inspiring.

What are all the joys of earth?
What are revelry and mirth?
Vacant blessings—nothing worth—
To hearts that ever knew love:
What is all the pomp of state,
What the grandeur of the great,
To the raptures that await
On the path of true love?

Should joy our days and years illume,
How sweet with thee to share such doom!
Nor, oh! less sweet, should sorrows come,
To cherish and caress thee;
Then while I live, then till I die,
Oh, be thou only smiling by,
And, while I breathe, I'll fondly try
With all my heart to bless thee! DELTA.

26.—SAINT STEPHEN.

Stephen was the first deacon chosen by the apostles: he was stoned to death in the year 33.—See an anecdote in our last volume, p. 359.

27.—JOHN EVANGELIST. See p. 221.

28.—INNOCENTS.

This day, often called *Childermas Day*, is set apart to celebrate the slaughter of the Jewish children by Herod, mentioned by Saint Matthew, and confirmed by Macrobius.—An account of the manner in which the funerals of young children are generally conducted, in Catholic countries, is given in T.T. for 1827, p. 379.

EPITAPH *on an* INFANT.

[By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.]

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came, with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

Watts's Poetical Album.

To my Twin Boys.

[By D. L. Richardson.]

Ye seem not, sweet Ones ! formed for human care ;
Your dreams are tinged by heaven ; your glad eyes meet
A charm in every scene ; for all things greet
The dawn of life with hues divinely fair !
How brightly yet your rosy features wear
The glow of early joy ! Your bosoms beat
With no bewildering fears,—your cup is sweet,—
The manna of delight is melting there !
Twin buds of Life and Love !—my hope and pride !
Fair priceless jewels of a Father's heart !
Stars of my home ! no saddening shadows hide
Your beauty now ;—your stainless years depart
Like glittering streams that softly murmur by,
Or white-winged birds that pierce the sunny sky !

London Weekly Review.

31.—SAINT SILVESTER.

Silvester was Bishop of Rome, succeeding Miltiades in 314: he died in 334.—For a curious custom in *France*, on this day, see our last volume, p. 360. On the *last* day of the year, our readers may peruse with advantage an eloquent passage from a celebrated modern author, entitled

The Last Time.

In one only situation can a man be placed where the awful doubt is converted into a tremendous certainty—not the sick patient on the bed of death, whose pulse beats faintly, and whose subsiding pain seems to announce the coming of his release. He may linger for hours ; he may recover—the ray of hope beams, and those who love him share its brightness. His hours are not numbered. The sinking mariner clings to the last fragment of his ill-fated ship, and holds on while nature gives him strength ; and as he mounts the toppling wave, strains his anxious eyes in search of assistance. A vessel *may* heave in sight ; he *may* be drifted to some kindly shore ; *his* fate is not decided.

The unhappy wretch who alone lives his last day hopeless and in unmitigated misery, is the *sentenced convict on the eve of execution ;* he sees and hears all that is passing round him with the terrible consciousness that it is for the 'last time.' He beholds the sun gleaming through the bars of his cell, in all his parting brightness, and knows he sees his golden rays for the 'last time ;' he hears the prison clock record the fleeting minutes —how fastly fleeting to him ! throughout the night each hour

sounds to him for the 'last time.' Seven strikes upon the bell—at eight he dies! His wife, his children, his beloved parents, come to him: he stands amidst his family in the full possession of his bodily health and all his mental faculties. He clasps them to his heart—they go: the door of his cell closes and shuts them from his sight: he has seen them for the 'last time.'

He is summoned to the scaffold—the engine of death stands ready: he feels the pure air of heaven blow upon his face—the summer sun shines brightly; for the 'last time' he sees the green fields and the trees, and ten thousand objects familiar to us all. The cap is drawn over his tear-fraught eyes!—the objects vanish, never, never to be seen again by him! He hears for the 'last time' the sacred word of God from human lips; in another moment the death-struggle is on him, and he breathes for the 'last time!'

To him alone, then, is the *exit* from this world of cares regular and certain: in every other case it is a mystery when the 'last time' shall come.—*Sayings and Doings, Third Series.*

The Past Year.

[By John Malcolm.]

Unto the pale, the perished past,
  Another year has darkly flown;
And, viewless as the winged blast,
  Hath come and gone.

Gone—with its fond and fairy dreams:
  Gone—with its feverish hopes and fears;
Gone—with its blossoms and its beams—
  Its smiles and tears.

What art thou, Time? and of thy course
  What may the mystic emblem be?
A rolling stream without a source—
  A shoreless sea?

In silence though thou speed'st thy flight,
  Of thee all nature utters speech;
Day unto day, and night to night,
  Doth knowledge teach.

The ocean waves upon the shore,
  That ever restless sink and swell,
Sound, with their sad and solemn roar,
  Thy ceaseless knell.

Each little floweret's fading bloom;
  Each leaflet falling from the tree;
The very silence of the tomb—
  All breathe of thee.

Fast falling from its glass, the sand
 Doth mete thy moments as they flow;
And lengthening shades—when o'er the land
 The sun is low.

And when fron ocean's verge remote
 He climbs you heaven's majestic arch—
He bodies forth to human thought
 Thy noiseless march.

Thou dost with every ebbing year
 Bid hopes, and joys, and smiles depart;
Thou, too, dost dry the mourner's tear,
 And hush his heart.

Or rudely crossed, or wildly blest,
 Thy stream, Lethean, cold and calm,
Pours down upon the fevered breast
 Oblivion's balm.

Till e'en the loved ones, wont to share
 Our joys and griefs in days gone by—
Our hours of sleep, of play, and prayer—
 Forgotten lie.



Gateway of Wolsey's College, at Ipswich.

Astronomical Occurrences

In DECEMBER 1829.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Capricorn at 19 m. after 1 in the morning of the 22d of this month; and he also rises and sets as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

December 1st,	Sun rises 56 m. after 7,		sets 4 m. after 4	
6th	1	8	59	3
11th	5	8	55	3
16th	7	8	53	3
21st	7	8	53	3
26th	7	8	53	3
31st	5	8	55	3

Equation of Time.

One of the most familiar uses of the equation of time is that of finding mean time from apparent, by employing the numbers as directed in the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Tuesday, December	1st, from the time by the dial *sub.*	10	48
Sunday	6th	8	42
Friday	11th	6	28
Wednesday	16th	4	5
Monday	21st	1	36
Saturday	26th, to the time by the dial *add*	0	54
Thursday	31st	3	22

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

First Quarter	3d day,	at 33 m. after	6	in the evening
Full Moon	10th	33	1	in the afternoon
Last Quarter	18th	4	6	in the morning
New Moon	25th	36	3	

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following transits of the Moon will afford opportunities of observation this month, should the state of the atmosphere be favourable at the time: *viz.*

December 1st,	at 25 m.	past 4	in the afternoon
2d	.. 18	 5	....
3d	.. 9	 6	....
4th	.. 1	 7	in the evening
5th	.. 52	 7	....
6th	.. 45	 8	....
7th	.. 39	 9	....
8th	.. 34	10	....
17th	.. 21	 5	in the morning
18th	.. 3	 6	....
19th	.. 45	 6	....
20th	.. 27	 7	....
21st	.. 10	 8	....
22d	.. 55	 8	....
23d	.. 42	 9	....

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The following is the proportion of these phases at the commencement of this month: *viz.*

December 1st { Illuminated part = 7·38715
December 1st { Dark part...... = 4·61285

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Jupiter is now too near the Sun to admit of any of these eclipses being visible.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

December 9th,	with γ in Taurus...	at 1	in the afternoon
9th	.. 1 & 2 τ. Taurus.....	2	....
9th	..... α .. Taurus.....	7	in the evening
18th	.... β .. Virgo......	4	in the morning
22d	.... γ . Libra......	11	at night
28th	. .. β .. Capricorn ..	3	in the morning.

Other Phenomena.

Jupiter will be in conjunction at half past 2 in the afternoon of the 18th of this month. Mercury will also be in his superior conjunction at a quarter past 1 in the morning of the 25th; and Venus will attain her greatest elongation on the 26th.

Having now traced the revolution of the Sun through the circle of the heavens, or rather the Earth through its annual orbit, a few remarks on the varied appearances that have been presented to our view will not be inappropriate. It is, chiefly, this revolution which gives that diversified aspect to the starry firmament which the different periods of the year exhibit. It is this, also, which varies the declination of the Sun—raises and depresses him in the heavens,—which changes his apparent situation with respect to the inhabitants of this globe, and produces that diversity in the seasons which so powerfully displays the wisdom, power, and goodness of HIM by whose word they are, and were created! We have seen the Sun gradually ascending through the signs of Capricorn, Aquarius, and Pisces, amidst the pelting storms and piercing cold of WINTER; yet in the midst of the deepest gloom which this season presents, there are still sufficient manifestations of infinite goodness to excite the best feelings of a grateful heart. Nor does it require long experience, or much reflection, to perceive that Nature, though partially exhausted and apparently lifeless, is still proceeding with silent but ceaseless energy in accelerating the return of spring, bursting forth in renovated beauty, and enabling us to enjoy the luxuries and pleasures of milder seasons. At last Aries presents his gentle form, and is followed by Taurus and Gemini: SPRING soon appears in full beauty, and is welcomed by the chorus of the grove. An aspect of cheerfulness is every where apparent—verdure expands, blossoms appear, and beauty tinges the landscape. But in other regions the sober tints of autumn are dropping into the lap of winter, and inducing sentient beings to anticipate their period of gloom. The Sun's ceaseless progress now changes the youthful loveliness of spring for the more mature charms of SUMMER: he pursues his course through the signs of Cancer, Leo, and Virgo; the blossoms of the one

season are succeeded by the fruits of the other—anticipation is turned to possession—and the joyous abundance of summer gives place to the still riper bounties of AUTUMN. Nature then wears an appearance of more substantial grandeur—the Sun sheds beams of a milder radiance—

> A serener blue,
> With golden light enlivened, wide invests
> The happy world;
> And oft we feel a calm—a pleasing calm.'

Creation, on every hand, is adorned with some precious proof of Jehovah's bounty. Here are the well stocked gardens and orchards, laden with the richest fruits—there are luxurious meadows, 'white with flocks,' and vallies covered with abundant harvests—

> Rich, ardent, deep they stand; for not a gale
> Rolls its light billows o'er the bending grain.

Scenes so tranquil, so innocent, so beautifully diversified as these, have a tendency to exhilarate the mind, and inspire it with sentiments of solemn and elevated gratitude. We recognize the God of Nature in his works; our thoughts rise and soar from earth to heaven, and dwell with transport there. The brightest earthly glories, while they fascinate the eye, and rouse all the powers of the imagination, do not claim our undivided regard; for we know that there are objects more sublime, more glorious, and which alone are capable of filling the heart that exults in the consciousness of immortality.—*Spirit and Manners of the Age.*

We shall conclude our annual labours with the following stanzas; and may our young readers not only be preserved 'from every harm,' but guided to every good, by a mental view of that star which once caused the Wise Men of the East to 'rejoice with exceeding great joy!'

The GUIDING STAR.

[By the late Edward Knight, Esq. of Drury Lane Theatre.]

What is yon gem, so chaste and fair,
  Exalted thus so high!
'Tis, sure, some spirit in the air,
  Transferred from earth to sky,
    The sense to charm.
I hail thee, friend of purest light!
That shin'st so beautiful and bright,
To guide my steps, this dreary night,
    From ev'ry harm.

What is yon star in the heavens set,
  Whose rays invite me on?
It seems as though we oft had met;
  'Tis, sure, some friend that's gone.
    And still would charm.
I hail thee, friend of purest light!
That shin'st so beautiful and bright,
To guide my steps, this dreary night,
    From ev'ry harm.

Forget-Me-Not, 1829.



The Naturalist's Diary

For DECEMBER 1829.



In verdant *Spring*, the breeze which gently blew
Woke in the heart blithe echoes as it past,—
Young Hope's fond flatteries,—whispering all would last,
But winged with pleasures, fresh, and fair, and new,
And bright, and lovely,—oh, how spring-time flew!
Then, like full manhood bursting from a boy,
Summer shone out—so rife in flowery joy,
That scarce the bosom owned, what well it knew,
How soon pale *Autumn* like a dying friend,
Engendering solemn thoughts of life's decay,
Would come; and—withering—withering—day by day,
Bring dark DECEMBER on—and lo, the end!
Leafless and fruitless, the year's pride is gone,—
And wintry Man looks round,—and finds himself *alone!*

Literary Souvenir, 1828.

SUCH is the melancholy picture of the poet; but let us not stop here:—let us consider winter as a season of recollection and of hope. It is in winter

that we should endeavour to enjoy the recollected pleasures of summer,—and delight ourselves with the memory of the warmth of colouring, beauty of appearance, and verdurous clothing of the estival scenes that have just passed from us; and let us *hope* that we may be permitted again to luxuriate in the golden light, the beautiful flowers, and the delicious music of birds, that ever characterise this pleasure-fraught season.—Again, winter is the season of domestic delights—of sociality—of fireside enjoyments—of twilight musing—of that mild melancholy, which whispers us of the coming winter of our lives, mixed with the cheerful hope that we yet have some delicious days of summer dreaming to enjoy and call our's, ere the May of our lives falls into 'the sere and yellow leaf,' and its autumn dies in the lap of winter. To the inhabitant of the southern countries—to the *Frenchman*, who is never happy but when at his door, or out of it—to the *Spaniard*, who loves his noon-siesta under olive shades, and the light bolero and lively click of the castanet at evening on the warm sun-burnt grass around his dwelling—to the water-surrounded and fieldless *Venetian*, with his wind-admitting lattices, and cold, damp fireless halls, it is, indeed, a 'drerie season;' but to the ENGLISHMAN, with his sea-coal fire, his home-born happiness, his house-worthiness, his cleanliness, his comfort, and his free consolations, it is the most enjoying period of the year.

The *evergreen* trees with their beautiful cones, such as firs and pines, are now particularly observed and valued.

> Fair towering there on either side,
> The bay-trees reared their stately pride;
> Unscathed by storm or wintry air,
> Their spicy blossoms flourished there!
> How oft they won the stranger's praise
> (Expressed in Holy Scripture's phrase,)
> When green amid December's snows
> Their varnished foliage darkly rose!
>
> *The Last Autumn.*

The different species of *everlasting* flowers, so pleasing an ornament to our parlours in winter, and indeed during the whole year, also attract our attention. The oak, the beech, and the hornbeam, in part retain their leaves: while other trees are entirely denuded of their beautiful dress, their 'leafy honours' being strewed in the dust, and returned to their parent earth; yet some attractions are still left as a promise of future beauty. The scarlet berries of the common holly, and the *Pyracanthus*, with its bunches of fiery berries on its dark green thorny sprays, solicit our attention—while numerous tribes of *mosses* will afford sufficient amusement and occupation for the inquiring botanist.

The migration of *oranges* into England takes place about this time. See our last volume, pp. 380-385.



The *water-hen*, or moor-hen, is shaped somewhat [illegible] the coot (see p. 348) but smaller. These birds [illegible] often seen about our rivers; they strike with [illegible]ir bills like the common hen, and in the spring have a shrill call. Their flesh is extremely well-flavoured.

The insect-swarms, which delighted us with their ceaseless hum, their varied tints, and beautiful forms, during the summer and autumnal months, are retired to their winter quarters, and remain in a state of torpidity, till awakened by the enlivening warmth of spring.—See T.T. for 1826, p. 321, 322, and T.T. for 1827, p. 390, on the dormant state of spiders and crickets.

Towards the end of the month, woodcocks and snipes become the prey of the fowler.



We have now arrived at the close of our *sixteenth* year's record of natural appearances, and have again traversed the 'circle of the seasons'—certainly with no small gratification to ourselves, and we trust with profit and amusement to our readers: we must conclude our winter's day, retire to our hybernaculum, and lay up stores for another season, when we again hope to meet our friends in health and happiness, and more than ever disposed to admire the beauties and the wonders of creation,—and to accompany us in our annual survey and contemplation of these attractive objects: until then, kind readers and contributors, farewell!

Time! Time! in thy triumphal flight
How all life's phantoms fleet away!—
The smile of Hope—and young Delight—
Fame's meteor beam—and Fancy's ray;
They fade—and on thy heaving tide,
Rolling its stormy waves afar,
Are borne the wrecks of human pride,
The broken wrecks of Fortune's war.

There, in disorder dark and wild,
  Are seen the fabrics once so high,
Which mortal vanity had piled
  As emblems of Eternity!
And deemed the stately domes, whose forms
  Frowned in their majesty sublime,
Would stand unshaken by the storms
  That gathered round the brow of Time.

Thou desolate and dying year!
  Earth's brightest pleasures fade like thine;
Like evening shadows disappear,
  And leave the spirit to repine.
The stream of life, that used to pour
  Its fresh and sparkling waters on—
While Fate stood watching on the shore,
  And numbered all the moments gone—

Where hath the morning splendour flown
  Which danced upon that crystal stream?
Where are the joys to childhood known,
  When life is an enchanted dream?
Enveloped in the starless night
  Which destiny hath overspread—
Enrolled upon the trackless flight,
  Where the dark wing of Time had sped.

Oh! thus hath life its eventide
  Of sorrow, loneliness, and grief;
And thus, divested of its pride,
  It withers like the yellow leaf!
Oh! such is life's autumnal bower,
  When plundered of its summer bloom!
And such is life's autumnal hour,
  Which heralds man unto the tomb.

Watts's Poetical Album

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